



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

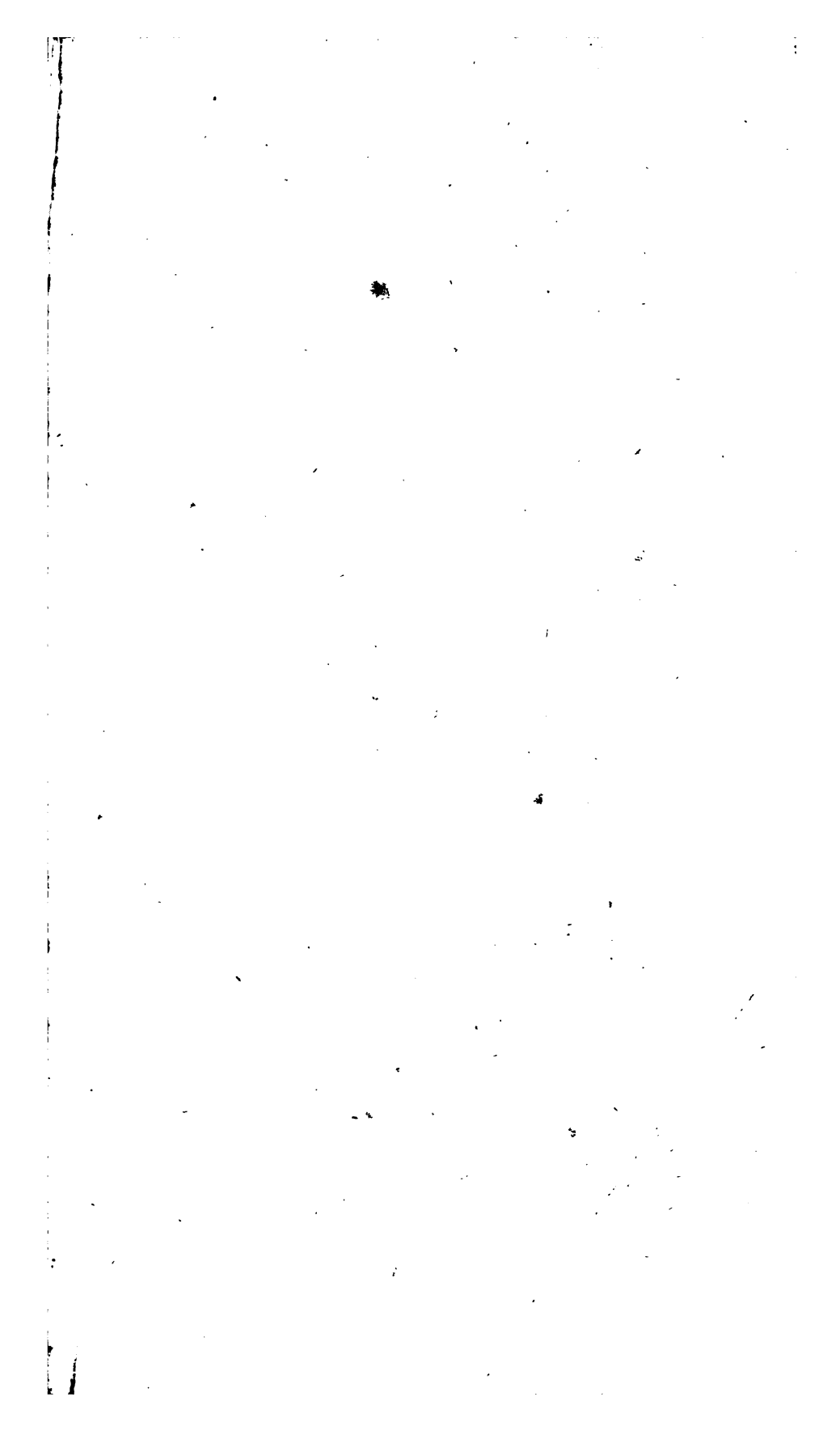
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

LENOX LIBRARY



Duyckinck Collection.
Presented in 1878.





LETTERS

FROM

P A R I S.

LETTERS
FROM
P A R I S
AND OTHER
CITIES OF FRANCE, HOLLAND, &c.
WRITTEN DURING A
TOUR AND RESIDENCE
IN THESE COUNTRIES,
IN THE YEARS,
1816, 17, 18, 19, AND 20,
WITH REMARKS ON THE CONDUCT OF THE ULTRA-
ROYALISTS SINCE THE RESTORATION.

BY FRANKLIN J. DIDIER, A. M. M. D. &c.

*La terra melle, lieta e dilettoſa,
Simili a ſe l'abitator produce.*

Taſſo.

New-York :

**PUBLISHED BY JAMES V. SEAMAN,
NO. 296 PEARL-STREET.**

J. & J. Harper, Printers.

**.....
1821.**

W. H. P.

District of Connecticut, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-second day of June, in the forty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Robert M'Nutt, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit :

" Letters from Paris and other cities of France, Holland, &c. written during a tour and residence in these Countries, in the years, 1816, 17, 18, 19, and 20, with remarks on the conduct of the ultra-royalists since the restoration, by Franklin J. Didier, A. M. M. D. &c."

La terra molle, lieta e diletta,
Simili a se l'abitator produce.

Tasso.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned."

CHARLES A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.



PREFACE.

DURING my residence in France, I kept an interesting correspondence with my friends at home ; besides, as a means of acquiring a habit of observation, I wrote down, every day, reflections on what I had heard and seen during my walks in society.

When I returned, I reduced my letters and memorandums into the form of a " Series of Letters," (adding as I procured any facts and observations which had before escaped me,) which having been perused by several of my friends, it was thought they would be interesting to the Public, as works on the same subject had hitherto enjoyed, at least, a momentary share of general patronage. Accordingly, after a few hasty alterations and additions, I now let the work take its chance down the current of public favour ; and as I make no pretensions, I hope that criticism will be indulgent. I can scarcely expect to add much to the mass of human knowledge—I shall be satisfied if I afford amusement, and if my " Letters" receive a place on the shelf of *lounging* books—" books that one takes up," says Horace Walpole, " in the gout, low spirits, ennui, or when one is waiting for company."

I imagined that the form of Letters would be more amusing than the tedious division into chapters, sections, &c. Letters that have any merit at all, are generally pleasing ; and when they treat of interesting subjects, they cannot fail to be more amusing than a continued monotonous narrative.

The politics which I display during the course of my correspondence, cannot displease an American reader, however they might offend the *fast* Quarterly Reviewers: I do not court the approbation of such mercenary critics, but, like Junius, "I speak to the plain understanding of the people, and appeal to their honest, liberal construction of me."

The period during which I resided in France, was a very interesting one. I arrived there soon after the downfall of Napoleon, and had, therefore, an opportunity of observing the current of public opinion in all its fluctuations. The struggles for and against liberty, caused many changes on the political horizon while I was in France, and what I observed will be of sufficient importance to claim the attention of the Annalist, who seeks materials for contemporary history. Madame de Sévigné said, "What disgusted me against history, is the reflection, that what now passes before my eyes will be history some future day." If those who "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm," would sometimes peruse this passage with attention, we would not have witnessed so many political calamities. If they would make this salutary reflection, "All those things which cannot be divulged now, will come to light some day."

I should, perhaps, apologize for introducing such a number of poetical and other quotations in my descriptions and observations; but, says Burns, "I like to have quotations for every thing. They give one's ideas so pat, and save one the trouble of finding expressions adequate to one's feelings. I think it is one of the greatest pleasures attending poetry, that we can give our woes, cares, joys, loves, &c. an embodied form in verse, which, to me, is ever immediate ease."

Baltimore, July 18, 1821.

CONTENTS.

LETTER		Page
_____	I.—Arrival at Havre—Situation—Rouen—Inns— Boulevards—Mount St. Catherine—Paris—Palais Royal—Houses,	9
_____	II.—Dogs harnessed—Industry of the Poor—Anecdote of a Dog Doctor—Dull Weather,	13
_____	III.—News Papers—Opera—Churches—Fortune not necessary to reap the greatest advantages of a large capital—Parallel between rich and poor	15
_____	IV.—Royal Family—Extravagance of Count d'Artois —Anecdote of Ultra-Royalists—Gambling Shops	18
_____	V.—Want of Pavements—Doct. John Bell, of Edin- burgh—New-Year's gifts—Highly-decorated Shops —Customs—Dine with a Negro	22
_____	VI.—To JULIA—The Louvre—Poussin's <i>Deluge</i> —Madame de Staël's <i>Delphine</i>	26
_____	VII.—The Carnival—Conduct of the English Govern- ment—Execution of Coquelet	29
_____	VIII.—Hôtel des Invalides—The Duke of Orleans,	32
_____	IX.—To JULIA—Rosseau's Julia—Mademoiselle Marc— Fleury—Talma,	35
_____	X.—Chamber of Deputies—Politicians—Chamber of Peers—Ecclesiastical Appropriations—Rise of the Seine—Dr. Franklin's Correspondence—Marshall Messena—Liberty of the Press—Amusements	39
_____	XI.—Gallery of the Louvre—Painting of the Refectory —Garden of Sceaux	45
_____	XII.—Conference of the Abbé Fraissinous—Fountains —Medical Students—Disturbances at the Theatre, —Duels,	49
_____	XIII.—Napoleon's Generosity—Story of the Red Man— Conversations at small parties—Dancing,	53
_____	XIV.—To JULIA—Amusements at the Gardens—The French Drama—Gallery of the Louvre—Marie Antoinette	56

LETTER		Page
	XV.—Madame de St. Jean d'Angely—John Bell—Negotiations with the Sovereign Pontiff—Duke of Feltré—The Comte Decazes—M. Dubouché—The Death's Head—Bagatelle	60
—	XVI.—From JULIA—Rousseau's Emile—Daphne	64
—	XVII.—Paintings at the Louvre—Inquisition Scene—Stag's Despair—Visit to the Mint	69
—	XVIII.—My Valet—Chateau and Forest of St. Germain—Malmaison, the residence of Josephine—Chateau de Ruel—Simple manners of the young paysannets—Pastoral Life	69
—	XIX.—Painting of the Resurrection of the Daughter of Jairus—Death of Madame de Staël—Execution of a Parricide—Double entendre on the young Napoleon	74
—	XX.—Conversation in the Demy—St. Denis—Cathedral—Destruction of the tombs in the Revolution—Walk to Montmorency—Hermitage of J. J. Rousseau	78
—	XXI.—Election of Deputies—M. de la Fayette—Royalists' detestation of Liberty—Patriots struggle for Independence—Stagnation of Commerce—Steam-Boats—Visit to St. Cloud—Fête—Lantern of Demosthenes—Chateau of St. Cloud—Fountains—An ultra-Royalist's abuse of Napoleon—Conversation with a secular Priest—The Royal Library	82
—	XXII.—To JULIA—Amusements of Paris—The Montagnes Beaujon—Madame Catalani—Character of Talma—Hygeia—Catacombs	85
—	XXIII.—The Diligence—Departure from Paris—Passengers—Auxerre—Interview between Napoleon and Marshal Ney—Approach to Avelon—Châlons sur Saône—Passage to Mâcon in the Coche d'Eau—Hermitage de Mont d'Or—Approach to Lyons—The Hôtel Dieu—Situation of Lyons	84
—	XXIV.—Sail down the Rhone—Pont St. Esprit—Triumphal Arch at Orange—Avignon—Visit to the Hospital of the Insane—Treatment of the Patients—Churches—Massacres in 1815-16—Murder of Marshal Brune	101
—	XXV.—Excursion to Vaucluse—The Fountain—The Chateau of Petrarch—Return to L'Isle—Dispute with the Maître d'Hôtel	107
—	XXVI.—Amphitheatre at Nîmes—Maison Carrée—The Temple of Diana—Treatment of the Protestants—Destruction of their property in 1816	110

CONTENTS.

ix

LETTER		Page
XXVII.	To JULIA—Journey from Paris to Montpellier—The tomb of Narcissa	114
XXVIII.	Derivation of the word Montpellier—The Peyron—Extensive View—The Pavilion—The Citadel—Count de Gilly bombards the city in July, 1815—The Marquis de Montcalm enters the city	117
XXIX.	Murder of M. Fualdès by two of his relations—The Body thrown into the Aveyron	121
XXX.	To JULIA—Beauty of the Female inhabitants of Montpellier—Their dress—Visit to Lodève—Social Happiness—Mademoiselle D.	125
XXXI.	Climate of Montpellier—Conversation with Professor Broussonet—Walk in the Graveyards—Ultra-Royalists—Napoleon's Career—Louis XVIII.—Religion of Montpellierians—Penitentiary	128
XXXII.	Beziers—Canal du Midi—Proceedings of the Secret Committee at Carcassone—Trial of M. Baux	134
XXXIII.	Castelnaudry—Toulouse—City-Hall—Mill of Basacle—Students of Medicine and Law—The <i>Verdets</i> —Murder of General Ramel—Field of Battle—Duke of Dalmatia	138
XXXIV.	Fellow Travellers—Reception of Americans—History of Bordeaux—Antiquities—Grand Theatre—Churches—The Exchange—Zeal for ultra-Royalism—Anecdote of the Dutchess d'Angoulême	142
XXXV.	To JULIA—Situation of Bordeaux—M. Gouny, Curate of Bordeaux—Catholic Faith—Disposition to Raillery—Gastrotomy— <i>Grisettes</i>	148
XXXVI.	Journey to Paris—Fellow Travellers—A Deist—Fertility of France—Violence of the French against Napoleon	152
XXXVII.	To JULIA—Religion—Sunday—Oblivion of Rank in Churches—On pure Christianity	157
XXXVIII.	To LETITIA—Education—Rousseau's Opinions	161
XXXIX.	The Carnival—Derivation of the word—The <i>fête des fous</i> —Respect paid to decency—Battle of Mont Martre	168
XL.	To J. D.—M. Thouret—Preaching Repentance—Anecdote of a Cat—Caricature of Lady Morgan's France	173
XLI.	To JULIA—Amusements—Procession of Longchamp—Madame Catalani—Beggars—The Odeon	177

CONTENTS.

	Page
LETTER XLII. —Spring—Palais Royal—Garden of the Tuileries at evening—The Garden of the Luxembourg—Anecdote of the Princess Pauline—Society of Paris—Happiness—Hospital of la Salpêtrière—Parisian Doctors	183
XLIII. —To MRS. LETITIA—Parisian Fashions—Dress of Women—Enmity to Detraction—Conversation—Marriage—Village Marriage	190
XLIV. —To J. D.—Newspapers—Amusing Advertisements—First representation of a piece at the Theatre—Anecdote of Voltaire—Of an Old Soldier—The Pantheon—Marat	196
XLV. —To MRS. LETITIA—Head-dress—Dr Franklin's Fashion—Dandies' Dress—Fashions during the Revolution	201
XLVI. —Pleasures of Spring—King's Chapel at the Tuileries—Royal Family—Dinner in celebration of the 4th of July—De la Fayette	205
XLVII. —Abbé Fraissinous' Conferences—Lottery—Discourse of Lord Stanhope—Effects of the Revolution	209
XLVIII. —To JULIA—Talma's Age—His Performance—Respect shown to Gray Hairs—Le Parleur Eternel—Madame Catalani	213
XLIX. —To J. D.—National Disposition—Ghosts—Anecdote of Madame des Houlières—Vanity in Tomb Inscriptions—The Catacombs	217
L. —To JULIA—Receipt of Julia's Portrait—Defects of the Painter—Choice of a Library	222
LI. —Missionaries—Tragical Love—A Spanish Monk—Eulogy on the Government of Mr. Monroe—Seizure of Political Works	226
LII. —To MRS. LETITIA—Accident at the Opera—Dinner at the Tuileries—Montagne Beaujon—Mademoiselle Rose—Montesquieu—Female Dress—Girls	231
LIII. —Taste for travelling—Galley Slaves—Libels and Intrigues—Design of the ultra-Royalists—Louis XIV.'s Reign	235
LIV. —British Soldiers—Field of Waterloo—Impetuosity of the French—Anecdote of Napoleon's Guide—Napoleon's Resolution—The King of Holland—The Prince of Orange—The Exchange at Amsterdam	239
LV. —Holland—Cleanliness of the Towns—Canals—Windmills—Industry	244
LVI. —To J. D.—Fair at Amsterdam—Height of the Sea—Villages of Broeck and Saardam—Dwelling of Peter the Great—Return to Saardam	248
LVII. —FROM JULIA	252

CONTENTS.

xi

LETTER		Page
—	LVIII.—To JULIA—Return to Paris—Ermenonville—Tomb of Rousseau—The Académie Française—Eulogium on Rollin—Baron Cuvier	254
—	LIX.—To J. D.—Sobriety of the French—Perfumers, &c. Market of old Linen—The <i>marchands ambulans</i>	258
—	LX.—The Rosary of Suresnes—Coronation—Fair of the Doges	261
—	LXI.—Journey to the South—Conduct of the Ultras—Library of Lyons—Soane and Rhone	265
—	LXII.—Journey to Sisteron—Appéarance of Grenoble—Donnadieu—M. Tabaré Assassinated—Sisteron	268
—	LXIII.—Aix—Approach to Marseilles—Colonized by Phœceans—The Port	272
—	LXIV.—Return of the Emigrants—Crimes committed after the Battle of Waterloo—Columns—The Theatre	275
—	LXV.—Arrival at Hières—Beauty of the Country—Islands of Hières	279
—	LXVI.—To J. D.—Toulon—Soldiers—Beggars—Bread	281
—	LXVII.—To JULIA—Journey from Paris to Toulon—Playfulness of the French—Lyons—Rousseau—Gemenos—Mild Climate	283
—	LXVIII.—Arrival at Beaucaire—Aix—Nîmes—Font du Garde—Widows—Assassins	288
—	LXIX.—Agriculture of France—The Peasantry—Respect for Napoleon	292
—	LXX.—To MRS. LETITIA—Christmas—New-Year's Day—Presents—Anecdote of a Dog—Poor Man's Funeral—Description of a Ballet	296
—	LXXI.—To J. D.—Potier—Anecdote of an Englishman—Harvest—Views of the Nations of Europe—Violence of the Ultras	300
—	LXXII.—To JULIA—Criticism on Kean's acting in the character of Sir Giles Overreach; in Hamlet; in Othello—Talma—Anticipated Return	305
—	LXXIII.—FROM JULIA—Her Sickness—Thoughts on Death—Dr. Franklin's Remarks—Serenity	309
—	LXXIV.—Gambling Houses—Magnificent Establishment—Unhappy Wretches	312
—	LXXV.—To J. D.—Cats at Coffee Houses—Civility of Dogs—American Newspapers	314
—	LXXVI.—To JULIA—Attractions of Paris—Generosity of Parisian Ladies—Institution for the Deaf and Dumb—Academy of the Blind—Rumour of the Assassination of the Duke de Berry	316

	Page
LETTER LXXVII.—The Opera—Duke de Berry Assassinated—Liberals accused as accomplices—Politics	319
—— LXXVIII.—To Mrs. LETITIA—Gracefulness of the Parisian La- dies—Gayety of Married Ladies—Ninon de l'En- clois—Antiquated Devotees—Madame de Cretot	323
—— LXXIX.—French Theatres—English Drama—Ghosts—Talma —Costume—Manner of remunerating Authors— Opera Singers—Taste of the French Women	328
—— LXXX.—Remarkable Events—Acquittal of M. Savary—M. Lavalette—Ney and Labédoyère—Louis XVIII.— Holy Alliance	334
—— LXXXI.—To Mrs. LETITIA—Death of Julia—Her Letters— Her angelic Conduct—Her Funeral	338
—— LXXXII.—Cemeteries—Destruction of Graveyards—Garlands of Flowers	341
—— LXXXIII.—Marie Antoinette's Chapel—Bodies of the late King and Queen—Foundling Hospital—Births—Mar- riages—Deaths	344
—— LXXXIV.—Execution for Murder—The Guillotine—Chateau- briand's Memoirs of the Duke de Berry—Byron's Don Juan	347
—— LXXXV.—Chamber of Deputies—Political state of France— Absurdity of Monarchists—Académie de Musique —Talma's Performance—Ancient Gravity of the Parisians	351
—— LXXXVI.—To J. D.—Lord Blaney's Forced Journey—Palais Royal—Herculean Dogs—Anecdote of Rousseau— Flower Market	357
—— LXXXVII.—Louvel's Execution—Theatre de Pierre—Repre- sentation of a Storm—Medical Wrangling	360
—— LXXXVIII.—Suicide—Causes—Rousseau's Death—Procession of the Corpus Christi—M. Romain—Fanaticism of the Jesuits	363
—— LXXXIX.—Character of Bonaparte—Murder of Paul I. of Russia—Number of Deputies—Swiss Troops—Re- flections on leaving Paris	367
—— XC.—Liverpool—Affairs of the Queen—Majocchi—M. Godefroy—Address to the Ocean	373

T O U R
THROUGH
F R A N C E.

LETTER I.

Paris, September 8, 1816.

I HASTEN to relieve your anxiety to hear from me. The Rubicon entered the port of Havre on the 31st ult. after a passage of twenty-eight days from New-York. During the first week I suffered all the horrors of sea-sickness, which commenced with almost insupportable giddiness, languor, and weakness. In less than a fortnight I perfectly recovered my appetite and strength, and then reflected on my preceding sufferings, not without pleasure, looking on them as the medium through which I enjoyed the subsequent portion of agreeable feelings.

Havre is very agreeably situated, and well adapted to commerce. Great improvements are making in the port, which is now the most commercial in the kingdom, and by which the town is divided into two parts; this large basin, which contains all the ship-

ping, is closed at night by an immense chain.— Francis I. who raised Havre to its present importance, wished it to be called Franciscopolis; but the old name, derived from a chapel called Nôtre Dame de Grâce, has continued to this day. From the tower of Nôtre Dame, which formerly served as a light-house, an immense horizon is discovered. To the west Barfleur is seen at the distance of twenty-five leagues; the eye distinguishes the rocks of Calvados, the mouths of the Orne and Dive, and the environs of Quillebœuf.

The French tell me that Paris is very dull at present: the English visitors say quite the contrary; the Parisians are naturally so vivacious, that any thing below the *sparkling* will not suit them. It is said, that within the last two months, forty thousand strangers, mostly English, have visited this city.

I left Havre, for Rouen, on the 4th instant, which I entered before dark the same day, and put up at the Hôtel de l'Europe, said to be the best in the town; but which is not above mediocrity. The inns on the road are at the same time filthy and elegant; the dinners are both uncomfortable and luxurious; at every table-d'hôte the eye is flattered with a profusion of fricassees, ragouts, silver forks and napkins! The climate is so delightful, and the people so amusing, that the stranger would put up with much worse fare at a higher price.

Rouen is a filthy, rainy, disagreeable place. The houses in general are abominably built, having the appearance of being all roof! The streets are tortuous, irregular, and dirty; and there are no amusements but the theatre, which is wretched. The envi-

rons, however, make up for the defects of the interior. The boulevards are said to be the finest in France, and the landscape, viewed from Saint Catherine's Mount, is beautifully diversified with the serpentine meanderings of the Seine, the picturesque little islands on this river, and the bridge of boats. A walk to the top of the Mount is rather fatiguing; but the traveller is amply repaid for his pains, by the variety of objects, and profusion of superb scenery presented on all sides.

I at length arrived in the gaudy capital of this interesting country, this emporium of luxuries and the fine arts, of every sensual gratification, and the greatest misery! Here novelty alone would be sufficient to render agreeable what in itself is not so. I went the very first evening to the Palais-Royal, which is really a *Macédoine universelle*.—"He who has but a day to pass in Paris, might possess himself without quitting the Palais-Royal (says Jouy) of an exact idea of the resources, of the advantages, and of the inconveniences of this immense capital." It is a species of *camera obscura*, where can be viewed every thing that passes in the metropolis,—a sink which has collected all the riches and poverty, the vices and follies, the pleasures and misery, of this "work-day world." On my first entering the garden, I was struck with the magnificence and splendour displayed in the galleries and shops. The superb structure of the Palace, the richness of the furniture, and the gorgeous eclat of the *boutiques* produced a succession of the most delightful reflections. At night the piazzas and shops; in a word, the whole of the Palace, is lighted by reverberatory lamps, producing in the garden the most vivid and brilliant illumination.

What adds peculiar interest to the motley scenes presented in this capital, is the abundance of lively contrasts with which it is replete. Here is seen a stately palace, "cloud-capt" and glittering with architectural elegance; there a filthy slop-shop, a boot-black's stall, or a rag fair; at the door of some theatre you may observe the "empty thoughtless tribe" passing with eagerness to the spleen-expanding representations of Harlequin, or a favourite buffoon—while, in the turning of the street, may be viewed a funeral procession, or a litter, conveying some sufferer to the Hôtel-Dieu, or the Charité Hospital. The houses are in general high and elegant, and, (says the Quarterly Review,) "contrasted with the narrowness of the streets, gives them the appearance of lanes cut in quarries of free-stone, where some spirit or demon has alternately hewn out a palace or a pig-stye!" Even the piles of filth and waggons of mud and offal are not displeasing, when opposed to external splendour and the pomp of equipage, which glide like meteors along the boulevards and streets! I hope that, in my ensuing letters, I will be able to give you a more detailed account of Paris: at present I have only "seen it, as through a glass, darkly."

LETTER II.

Paris, September 23, 1816.

You always put me so much in mind of Will Honeycomb, that I must begin my correspondence with you in a spectatorial style. My letters to our parents will, I hope, persuade you, that I observe every thing attentively; and those to you will prove that I will be amused as well as instructed during my sojourn in this modern Athens. Every night before Morpheus scatters his poppies over my brow, I study the plan of Paris, and note down what I shall observe next day: Early in the morning I sally forth "le levre à la main," and after having walked myself into an appetite, I enjoy a breakfast at the first coffee-house. The whole day is employed in examining the *videnda*, visiting my new acquaintances, reading books on Paris, and noting what peculiarly strikes me during my peripatetic strolls. I am reading the *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, a work of French manners and customs, by M. de Jouy, highly distinguished among the literati. It is, I am told, the only work in Paris, written in the style of the Spectator or Tatler, and designed to "catch the manners living as they rise."

Among the numerous eccentricities of this place, I cannot help noticing the custom of harnessing dogs to small carts. It is extremely diverting to observe a large mastiff, completely caparisoned, trotting the streets with the utmost gravity and composure, dragging a cart well stored with market articles! I could not fail being struck with the great industry of the

French poor; they let nothing, even of the vilest nature, escape them, but turn every thing to some use. To give you an example: I observed a set of fellows going about the streets, picking up dead cats, which, on inquiry, I find they skin, sell it to the glove-makers, make ivory-black of the bones, and oil of the rest! On the bridges I have seen several curious labels, particularly of dog-shavers, doctors, and merchants: á propos! I will give you an anecdote related by Mercier in his entertaining *Picture of Paris*: The wife of a physician had a favourite dog, which fell sick; her husband had promised to cure it, but did not succeed. At length she sent for Lionnais, a famous dog doctor, whose prescriptions had the desired effect. "How much must I pay you for this," said the grave disciple of Hippocrates to the preserver of the canine race, "Oh! Sir, (cried Lionnais,) we gentlemen of the faculty never take fees from each other."

The weather at present is so very foggy and dull, that it is very seldom we can say with Hudibras,

"———Like a lobster boiled, the morn

"From black to red begins to turn."

But there is so much to observe and amuse, that the clouds do not affect my spirits, although I sometimes cast "a longing lingering look" toward our domestic circle.

LETTER III.

Paris, November 20, 1816.

SINCE my letter of the 8th ult. I have written to several members of the family; and, as my letters are common stock, I deemed it unnecessary to write you by the same opportunities.

I have become a greater news-monger than I was formerly; and although not so profound a one as the Upholsterer in the Tattler, I am now fully aware of the utility of reading the papers. Here nothing is published in the journals but what this paternal government chooses to sanction; we hear scarcely any more of Napoleon, than if he had never existed—in fact, many of the people do not know where he is. When I say this, I allude to the political articles in the journals, and the conversations in the coffee-houses, clubs, &c. for in private assemblies the name of the Emperor is often pronounced with veneration, and the acts of his reign discussed with freedom. On the other hand, we are daily informed, with the most solemn gravity, that his Majesty went at such an hour to mass,—that *Monsieur* has taken a ride to Compiegne, and that LL. AA. RR. his sons, have gone a hunting to St. Germain, or the Bois de Vincennes.

I have at length become acquainted with the general features of Paris; most of the attractions here pleased me at first, by the charms which novelty unfolded—from variety they borrowed a great part of their lustre; and the more I see, the more have I reason to admire. The performance at the

Theatre is very fine. * There is not (says Chesterfield) nor ever was, any theatre comparable to the French." Talma, Lafon, and Mademoiselle Duchesnois in tragedy, and Fleury, Damas, and Mademoiselle Mars in comedy, exceed all possible description. I attend the Theatre François not only as an amusement, but with the intention of perfecting myself in the language, and observing the manners of the people. France being the very nursery of the graces, it may well be concluded that the Opera, (which is consecrated to their worship,) must be a master-piece of its kind. It is impossible for me to describe the effect which was produced on my mind the first time I visited this theatre: the ravishing music, varying from the most melodious sweetness to the majestic rolling of thunder; the exquisite grace and voice of the singers; the inimitable elegance of the ballettes and magnificence of the scenery, quite transported me. In the actresses I was more agreeably struck with gracefulness than personal beauty; that "graceful witchery" appeared to me as a transparent veil, through which the mind could be discovered, with all the brilliancy of imagination and the genuine lustre of luxuriant genius.

I find two or three excellent Protestant churches established at Paris, in which sermons are delivered in English and French. But religion is not very fashionable: yet I hope that by attending to its indispensable duties, I may avoid the example of those mistaken beings, who, (to use an expression of Socrates,) "prefer the condition of an oyster to the happiness of a deity."

It is often gratuitously asserted that, in order to reap most advantage from a residence in a large capi-

tal, a splendid fortune is requisite ; but I think that the falsity of this opinion can be exemplified perfectly in Paris and its environs. In general, it is a great error to suppose that the higher classes of society enjoy the most vivid and various pleasures ; while a certain decorum prevents the "curled darlings" of fortune from giving loose to the impulses of gaiety and folly : those persons whose lot it has been to remain deprived of the advantages of rank and wealth, abandon themselves, without scruple or restraint, to the emotions of a free and animated joy ; thus, dancing, which is a study, a pastime, in which vanity forms the principal pleasure with the former, is with the latter a real amusement. The minuet and the grave steps have taken their origin in courts and elegant society ; whilst the waltz, fandango, and *sarabandes*, which excite the most roaring gaiety, have been copied from rustic festivities.

LETTER IV.

Paris, December 26, 1816.

I HAD resolved, when I first came to Paris, not to intermeddle with politics in my letters, except I gave my packages to some one that was going to the United States. I find it still very necessary to be cautious in my observations; but I am not obliged to be perfectly silent on the French Government and Royal Family. As to the latter, I could only say that the king is a learned man, and a great gormandizer; *Monsieur* a ninny and a *devot*; one of his sons a capuchin, and the other a beast; that *Madame* burns with hatred and revenge against the whole French nation, and that the Dutchess de Berry is a coquette. Buonaparte used to say that the Dutchess d'Angouleme was the only *man* in the family! They say Louis XVIII. is more of a philosopher than the rest of the Bourbons; his principles are not *machievalian*, so that the votaries of the ancient régime, who are termed *blancs*, or ultra-royalists, call his Majesty a *Jacobin*; they say that "the king is no royalist!" *Monsieur* and the Duke d'Angouleme are at the head of the Ultras, and reflect on them all the hatred with which they are loaded.

When Joseph II. was at the court of France, he was surprised and disgusted at the prodigality and extravagance of the Count d'Artois, who travelled to Brest with one hundred and fifty horses, and all the splendour of royalty! When Calonne was minister, the Prince paid his gaming debts from the treasury,

which was freely opened to him by the complaisant minister. All was so suddenly paid, (says Lacrosetellé,) that Louis XVI. was tempted to believe that his brother had learned to be more moderate in his indulgence of his passion for cards.

In the good old times, the bourgeois were obliged to defray all the expenses of the noblemen who did them the honour to travel over their demesnes—horses, carriages, clothes, and stores of food—all served to gratify the rapacity of his lordship; but, very happily, “*terras Astræa reliquit*,” and feudalism has shrunk before the genius of the Revolution. Still the Ultra-Royalists, who have neither forgotten nor learned any thing by their misfortunes, sometimes take it into their heads that the ancient régime is in full force! The following anecdote will exemplify the stupidity of the modern blockhead *Marquis à vieilles prétensions*: On the 26th of last April, during the absence of M. Tessier, a respectable merchant at Angers, eight carriages crammed with ladies, and escorted by six gentlemen on horseback, arrived at his country seat. All the doors were thrown open; a parcel of scoundrelly *laquais* put the horses in the stables, filled the mangers with hay, and the whole party amused themselves without restraint. The overseer, thinking that the strangers were friends of the family, indulged them in all their desires. The company rambled over the gardens, plucked the flowers, trampled over the clover, and had the impudence to order the servants to prepare them a copious dinner. In the middle of the repast, one of the gentlemen cried out that the proprietor was approaching; when

the guests began to feel like fish out of water, and soon sneaked off in a hurry, leaving four *sous* for the hay, which M. Tessier returned to each of them next morning, with word that "he was very sorry that he was not at home to receive that amiable and honest company as they merited."

As a sort of recreation, I sometimes visit the Variétés, Vaudeville, &c. The performance of Brunet and Potier, at the first, is extremely amusing; the spectacle of vice and folly are exquisitely caricatured in "ever changing views of good and ill"—modesty is there doomed

" — To feel the hateful wounds

" Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,

" The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply."

Among the numberless gulphs into which the unwary Parisians, but more particularly strangers, are precipitated, is gaming. The "gambling-shops," as they are called, were first begun by the Directory as a speculation on the tears and blood of the inhabitants, and not unfrequently open the door to suicide or the guillotine. There are many houses for this purpose in the Palais-Royal and various parts of Paris, which may be known by the number of the building being illuminated in a dark lamp suspended at the door. What an edifying sight is it to behold the gamester venturing handfuls of Napoleons, until their pockets are cleared, which they soon infallibly are, then tearing their hair and acting like madmen! The infamous produce of the gaming-houses is sent to the Banque de France! With this gold are defrayed the

expenses of the Police, and the favourites of the day ! In the gulph of these infernal imps, and in the arms of midnight syrens, I observe many a promising youth to be lost. " They rush headlong to ruin, (says Chesterfield,) without the comfortable refuge of learning, and with all the sickness and pains of a ruined stomach and a rotten carcase ; if they happen to arrive at old age, it is an uneasy and ignominious one."

LETTER V.

Paris, January 7, 1817.

THIS winter has hitherto been unusually damp and cold ; we have not had half a dozen fine days since I arrived here ; continued fogs, moisture or rain, alternately succeed each other. The want of pavements, which might almost be termed an original sin of the Gothic times, is very sensibly felt by persons accustomed to that convenience. The *trottoirs* in some streets are mere sham ! indeed, those of the Palais-Royal, Tuileries, and Rue des Colonnes, are the only ones which deserve the name of pavements. Thus there is no defence against bad riders and drivers in the street, which renders it necessary to be always on the alert in order to escape the cabriolets and fiacres.

I was introduced last week to that great surgeon, John Bell, of Edinburgh. He is a short, thin, misanthropic looking, *ci-devant jeune homme*. His countenance expresses all the asperity discoverable in his writings ; and the very first evening I spent in his company, he proposed to Sir William Drummond to write an anonymous letter, to blacken the character of one of his friends !

On the 1st instant, the custom of presenting *étrennes*, or new-year's gifts, to ladies and children was religiously observed at Paris. Formal visits are made on this day, and cards are left with the porter ; as no one is supposed to be at home. The gifts usually consist of sugar-plumbs of various colours and sizes, elegantly arranged in baskets of fantastic shapes. The origin

of new-year's gifts can be traced to Tatitius, king of the Sabines, who shared the throne with Romulus.— This prince had received as a gift, on the first day of the year, some branches of a tree near the temple of Strenua, the goddess of strength; he established this as a custom, and, in the course of time, the Romans suspended to these branches, figs, dates, and a streak of honey, to testify to their friends that they wished them a pleasant and happy year. Ovid, in his *Fasti*, has given the reason of this practice, which was followed in the reign of Augustus. The early Christians at first disapproved of this custom, as savouring of paganism; but the Church ceased its interdiction as soon as it was found that it was only a testimony of friendship and esteem. The Cardinal Dubois used to give very singular *étrennes*: after distributing presents to all his other servants, he said to his steward who approached to get his share, "Sir, I give you that which you have not stolen." Shortly before the Revolution, the magnificent porcelains of Sevres was the fashionable new-year's gift, and even now the most expensive china is presented as *étrennes* by the wealthy and profuse.

The shops of the confectioners, jewellers, and fancy dealers, were elegantly decorated on the first instant, and such was the crowd around the first, that sentinels were placed at the doors. The *Grand Monarque* and *Deablotur*, the store of alabaster in the Passage des Panoramas, and the *Fidèle Bergea*, were most remarkable for splendour and variety of objects. Go on that day to a café or restaurateur, and the servant will infallibly present you with a paper of sugar-plumbs in the bread-basket, or as an accompaniment to your cof-

fee : and for this they expect about treble the value, for if you ask the price, their answer is, "What you please ;" it is an appeal to your generosity, which they only make once a year !

As I find myself in a writing vein, I thought that I could scarcely do better than to send you these lines, although I know no more than the "man in the moon" into what part of this terraqueous globe the fell God of Commerce has wafted you : whether under the arctic poles, or in the torrid region of South America ! whether in the untr tranquil dominions of Haïté, or at your own peaceful fire-side ! The latter being the most probable, I calmly made up my mind to direct my letters to that seat of Vertumnus and Pomona.

The first circles at Paris exhibit the most perfect good-breeding, united frequently with extensive information. But the lower classes in the gradation of French society are the most odd and eccentric that can be imagined. Walking on the Boulevards, or in that hot-bed of iniquity, the Palais-Royal, I seldom fail for objects of commiseration and laughter in the various tricks of merry-andrews, the ridiculous grimaces of mountebanks, and the singular customs of the Provincials, which attract thousands to the wide and healthy boulevards. Next month the carnival commences, which the state of my health I fear will not permit me to enjoy to advantage.

A few days ago I had the honour of dining with a Negro, at the table of a rich merchant. At first I was rather surprised at the presence of his sable highness ; but I immediately withdrew my astonishment on being informed that he was an opulent merchant from the dominions of his Majesty Henry I. There are

not many negroes in Paris ; and they are not regarded here with such repugnance as in the United States. I have, however, observed two or three black Laïses in my nocturnal promenades, at the corners of the streets, who, in spite of the *Otto of roses*, *Crème de Venus*, and *Huile antique*, with which they are liberally plastered, their peculiar odour is easily distinguished—" *Pastillos olet Rufillus !*"

LETTER VI.

Paris, February 21, 1817.

DEAR JULIA,

You will never tire me with the repetition of even the least thing that makes me sensible of your affection: when you scold me for not writing you more frequently, you pay me a compliment; you do me a pleasure, of which perhaps you are not aware. I have hitherto avoided entering into any details respecting Paris, whatever satisfaction that might have afforded me; but my taste is no rule for yours, and my epistles have therefore been more laconic, and, perhaps, sweeter than they otherwise would be, had I any materials but myself to amuse you with.

The loss you have recently been afflicted with, must have been keenly sensible to a person of so much feeling as yourself. I will not pretend to console you under such a misfortune, nor will I dwell on its circumstances, as they are all too forcibly impressed upon you. I will only employ one plain reason, which may serve to close "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." Your mother might have lived many years in a state of irremediable pain, in torture to herself, and a sad spectacle to all her friends, who would have been more afflicted for her than she for herself. Ah! Julia, consider how pure her soul was, and how prepared for the happiness of another world! and recollect the beautiful passage in one of Gray's Letters to his mother, which we have often admired together:—

"However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at least easy and happy; and has now more occasion to pity us than we her."

Previously to my quitting you and my Baltimorean friends, you made me promise to entertain you with the paintings, music, and other instructive sources of amusement in Paris. As I know that your taste and knowledge of painting are uncommon, I venture on the subject with caution, for fear of giving you a poor opinion of my own, by hasty criticism. The celebrated cabinet of the Louvre is just opened, after undergoing several necessary repairs. Although far inferior to what it was during the imperial dynasty, this magnificent collection is unrivalled. The whole of the gallery is ornamented with the master-pieces of Italy, France, and Germany, but not one of England! To give you a faint idea of this inestimable gallery, I will endeavour to describe one of the finest paintings in it. Carracchi, Veronese, Poussin, and Girodet, have each painted the Deluge—of these, that of Poussin is decidedly the best. In this exquisite painting, the sun is seen obscured by thick and black clouds, with sharp lightning darting from their bosoms,—the waters have covered most of the earth—nothing but the tops of the most elevated mountains is perceptible—and the ark is seen at a distance "upon the face of the waters." At the foot of a rock a bark is seen wrecking, crowded with many who had taken to it as their last refuge!—Some are swimming on horseback; serpents attempt to gain the eminences of the rock—every thing presents '*plurima mortis imago.*' In the inside of so many dreadful objects, Poussin has imagined an episode at once the most affecting and sublime. An unhappy mother

on the wreck of a bark reaches forth her infant child to her husband, who, being on a high rock, finds it impossible to attain it; how exquisitely are the passions of despair represented on the countenances of these parents! A sombre shade adds to the profound emotions of terror and pity inspired by this truly sublime composition.

The bearer of this letter will present you Madame de Staël's *Delphine*, which you cannot fail to be delighted with. How often have I thought, in perusing it, how much the heroine resembled you, and how little Leonce de Mondoville, me! The misfortunes of *Delphine d'Albérmar* can be traced to those lively sensibilities which linked her to all that was unfortunate; to be unhappy was a sufficient reason to interest her, even when misfortune was the effect of vice and disorder. In the midst of all her misery she proudly guarded her own prevailing character, so different from that of the frivolous world around her: and she stood "in gesture proudly eminent" before the crowd who at the same time envied her exalted qualities, and acknowledged her triumphant ascendancy. To them there was something sublime and majestic in her misery—her sorrows, the effect of an impetuous zeal, fill the mind with a melancholy pleasure—we feel a secret uncontrollable admiration on beholding the interesting sufferer rising before us with continual appeals to the frailties and troubles of our hearts, and herself undaunted and undisturbed!

LETTER VII.

Paris, March 15, 1817.

THE Carnival has been uncommonly splendid, though, I am informed, not so much so as that of Venice. I was pleased with the masquerades, the pleasures of which consist in diffusing variety, and in a continual succession of objects borrowing a fresh appearance of novelty. I was accosted severally by shepherdesses, fauns, goddesses, some lightly "tripping on fantastic toe," others demurely walking, and now and then throwing themselves into romantic attitudes. One, who called herself no less than Diana, appeared to be anxiously in search of her Endymion! On the last day of the Carnival, *Mardigras*, a large fat Ox proceeded triumphantly through the principal streets of Paris. A child, dressed like a cupid, was seated on the back of the animal, which was loaded with a profusion of ribbands, gold and silver fringe. When the *bœuf* arrived at the Tuileries, the child was conducted into the palace, where it had the honour of being caressed by *Monsieur* and the Duke d'Angoulême.

In conversations which I have had with well informed Frenchmen of all political creeds, I observe that, however they may detest Napoleon as Emperor, they pity him as a prisoner, and execrate his barbarous persecutors. The conduct of Lowe, or rather that of the British Government, to Napoleon, stamps England with eternal infamy. That presumptuous nation

should condescend to recollect that the death of Mithridates dishonoured the Roman name, and that Cesar never persecuted those who bewailed the fate of Pompey! The English were never very famous for their magnanimity and noble demeanour toward the unfortunate personages who sought their protection. Henry IV. seized the heir of the crown of Scotland, who was forced by the violence of a storm to take refuge in one of the ports of the kingdom, and detained him a prisoner for many years: the execrable Elizabeth loaded with indignities, and brought to capital punishment, a Queen, vanquished by her own subjects, and threatened by them with the loss of liberty and life, and who fled from their violence to throw herself into the arms of her nearest neighbour and ally: but not to go so many centuries back, what reception did they give to the present King of France, when compared to that of Louis XIV. to James II. and his son? Having been successfully driven from all his retreats by the Princes to whom he applied for protection, Louis XVIII. was coldly received in England, where he was only allowed the title of *Comte de Lille*. Here he was permitted to live in the castle of Hartwell, scarcely noticed by the Government, and never recognised as King of France.

I lately witnessed the execution of a man, by the name of Coquelet, condemned for an attempt at assassination and robbery. He was attended to the foot of the guillotine by a priest; they both kneeled for a few minutes; the criminal was then led to the fatal platform, where, on being stripped to his waist, he exposed his head to the ponderous and sharp knife, which, being suspended by two beams, was whirled

down on his neck by a single touch of the executioner. I turned away, filled with melancholy reflections—not without some admiration of that disciple of Libitina, who had imagined so ingenious a method of separating the soul from the body.

The sight of the heavy axe, which “shone with a clear and ghastly glitter,” and of the other implements of death, recalled in vivid colours to my mind the appalling description which Lord Byron gives of Hugo’s execution;

“ Upon the block he bow’d his head ;
“ These the last accents Hugo spoke :
“ ‘ Strike’—and flashing fell the stroke—
“ Roll’d the head—and gushing sunk
“ Back the stain’d and heaving trunk,
“ In the dust, which each deep vein
“ Slaked with its ensanguined rain ;
“ His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
“ Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.”

I was not near enough to observe whether, after the fatal stroke there were any signs of pain in Coquelet’s face, or in his “stain’d and heaving trunk.” The head fell into a box below, and was not exhibited to the populace as formerly, in the atheistical reign of terror.

LETTER VIII.

Paris, March 30, 1817.

I ALWAYS visit with extreme pleasure the Hôtel des Invalides, that venerable retreat of the champions of glory. From three to four thousand old and wounded soldiers fill this splendid mansion. During Napoleon's reign this establishment appeared in its full éclat. The Emperor frequently visited his old companions of glory and was always welcomed with heartfelt enthusiasm. The present dynasty cannot expect much affection from those veterans, and consequently few of the Royal Family have called on the Invalides, and then only with great formality. During the triumphant reign of Bonaparte, the colours taken from the enemy, to the number of three thousand, were suspended in the new church, from whence, as the Allies entered Paris, they were torn down by these invalides, who made them into a bonfire; that it might never be said they were retaken!

A beautiful esplanade extends from the hôtel to the quais of the Seine; which it was Napoleon's intention to convert into a magnificent military elysium. Under the waving foliage of this esplanade was to have been placed the statue of every hero who had adorned the pages of history. The Library consists of the most amusing books, novels, and military campaigns, where the aged hero can charm his moments of leisure, and forget his dependent situation in the magic dreams of fiction, or in retracing to his fancy those heroic exploits which occupied his younger days.

The Duke of Orleans has left his retreat in England, and come over to Paris. The King has presented him with the chateau of Neuilly and another splendid mansion. Various conjectures are forming on this unexpected reconciliation. The Duke is the mortal enemy of *Monsieur*, who, at the restoration, reproached him with having fought in the armies of the Revolution under Dumourier. "True, exclaimed his Highness, but I never bore arms against my country." This was a sore remark for the Comte d'Artois, who was defeated and made an ignominious retreat from Quiberon, in Britany, where the Emigrants landed during the Republic, and when they were mostly cut to pieces by the celebrated General Hoche, *Monsieur* fled "relictâ non bene parmulâ."

The Duke of Orleans is in many respects a most estimable man. What does him the greatest honour is, that while the other Emigrants swarmed like drones in countries inimical to France, receiving the scanty donations of Princes, and even living on "sordid scraps at proud men's doors," the Duke of Orleans retired to the United States, where he supported himself honourably by his useful talents. Both General la Fayette and his Serene Highness are particularly disliked by the Bourbon family, because it is said they both possess certain secrets about them, known to no one else. There are besides three sins against the Holy Ghost, which LL. AA. RR. will never pardon in the Duke. He distinguished himself by his valour in the Republican Armies, which he never would have left; had his life not been threatened after his father's execution. When Louis XVI. was tried before the revolutionary

tribunal, the Duke of Chartres (now Duke of Orleans,) who was only eighteen years of age, exclaimed (when the King denied the several charges laid against him,) "The D—l! that man will deny every thing." Above all, it will never be forgotten by the Royal Family that he is the son of the infamous Egalité.

LETTER IX.

Paris, April 8, 1817.

DEAR JULIA,

Is it possible that you pretend to apologize for your letters! They are most charming to me, for the very reason you excuse them. Let them always be written in the same easy, careless style, in the same bewitching strain of tenderness, which speak a heart that is always ready to disclose itself to one who loves you so fondly.

I often reflect in my solitary reveries that you have many points of resemblance with Rousseau's Julia, your namesake. Perhaps you pass some moments in thinking on those delicious hours in which we read Julia together: how often did you stop me in the midst of a passage of St. Preux's letters to give vent to that sensibility which forms one of the charms of your character! And in what pleasure we pored over these Confessions in which Jean Jacques unveiled the mysteries of his own being! The magic of his style produces a vivid and strong impression on minds like yours, so prone to that dreaming, voluptuous melancholy, which gives even to the ordinary occurrences of life all the beautiful colouring of a lover's tale, and all the tenderness of romance! In perusing him we feel a certain delicious illusion, that, like the transcendent glories of a brilliant vapoury cloud, seem to rise up and curl around the image of this surpassing genius.

You tell me that you almost envy me the opportunity I enjoy of beholding "face to face" the great characters of the day, and of witnessing the exquisite acting of Talma, Georges, Duchesnois, and Mars. You would be delighted with the performance of the sweet Mademoiselle Mars. She expresses with inimitable skill all the artlessness or affectation connected with her part. But I believe her peculiar charm consists in sincerity. There is so little appearance of affectation in her playing, that I have often forgotten that what was going on before me was theatrical illusion. Her manners are so perfectly easy, that no lady in the world could behave with more perfect grace in the saloon than Mademoiselle Mars performs on the stage. So admirable is her self-possession, that she will often stop, in a flow of gaiety or in a torrent of passion, to express in a most innocent tone of voice, some *naïveté* inspired by simplicity and want of art. In all her play she is attended by a "pomp of winning graces;" her smile is irresistibly sweet—it seems that every muscle in her face exerts itself to the utmost to diffuse a new charm over her expanded features. In the character of a coquette, she forces from the enraptured audience the unfeigned expressions of their admiration—how natural! *Oh! que c'est bien ça!* are occasionally murmured in every part of the theatre.

As appendant to Mademoiselle Mars is the courtly graceful Fleury. Although "declined into the vale of years," he appears from the boxes to be as young as he is sprightly and fascinating. He is said to make the most graceful bow of any man in Europe, which I most sincerely believe. I have often thought that the actress who plays on him the "artillery of her charms,"

has frequently dropped her fan, her glove or nosegay, on purpose to give him an opportunity of displaying his fascinating manners in presenting it to her. I lately went to the Theatre Français at the representation of the "*Deux Pages*." Fleury played Frederic the Great in his usual exquisite style; an old gentleman who sat near me, assured me that he resembled that great monarch, whom he had frequently seen in his younger days. It is said that the Prince Royal of Prussia was so affected with this resemblance of the features, manners and voice to his illustrious relative, that he left the theatre, overcome with his feelings; and on the following morning he sent Fleury a gold snuff-box adorned with the likeness of the "Great Frederic" set with brilliants.

Ah! Julia, how will I be able to give you but a slight idea of the inimitable Talma! He possesses (says Madame de Staël) "all the secrets of the different arts; his attitudes recal the finest statues of antiquity; his drapery, when he least thinks of it, is folded in all his motions as if he had arranged it with the greatest care. The expression of his countenance and of his eye, ought to be studied by every painter." She says that he elicits the beauties of descriptive poetry with as much feeling "as if he were Pindar himself reciting the odes of his own composition."—Others have need of time to excite emotion; and they do well to take it; but in the voice of this man there is, I know not what; a magic which, at its first accents, awakens all the sympathies of the heart.—"The charm of music, of painting, of sculpture, of poetry, and, above all, the whole language of the soul—here is the means for developing in him who listens

all the power of the generous and terrible passions." Madame de Staël prefers him to Lekain, his celebrated predecessor, whom the Ultras speak of in terms of rapture, because Lekain was a tragedian in the days of royal splendour, whereas Talma had formed the delight of Paris during the Revolution. The *Hermite de la Guiane* ridicules this political mode of censuring an actor in his highly diverting "*Trêve à la politique.*" He there satirizes a feudal veteran seated near him at the theatre, a gentleman who might have spared one of the glasses of his spectacles, as he appeared to have but one eye! This political censor passed the whole time of the play in proving that Mademoiselle Mars was but a tolerable comedian, that Duchesnois possessed neither sensibility, energy, nor charm in her voice, and that Talma was at the best only fit to declaim from the hustings in London. "That he might marvellously prove in attacking their political opinion."

LETTER X.

Paris, April 24, 1817.

AFTER a most disagreeable winter, the spring begins to appear under favourable auspices—still, however,

“ ————The promised fruit

“ Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived

“ Within its crimson folds.”

I was lately present at a session of the Chamber of Deputies. This is one of the most beautiful buildings in Paris. The front is truly magnificent, being planned in the most perfect proportions, and richly ornamented with emblematic statues and bas-reliefs.—The interior is superb, forming a half oval; the arched part of which is bounded by the gallery; from this to the *parquet* the benches of the Deputies slope downwards as in an amphitheatre. The lowest seats are occupied by the ministers and those connected with them: near which are the *Rédacteurs* of journals who copy the debates. The tribune consists of two pulpits, one above the other, ascended on each side by a flight of steps: the upper chair is occupied by the President. When the King delivers his speech, the tribunal is removed, and a magnificent and elevated throne, spangled with *fleurs-de-lis*, is sumptuously erected.—The chamber is divided into three political parts. The *Côté Droit*, or Ultra-Royalist's benches—*Côté Gauche*, for the Liberals, and the *Centre* for themi nisterial adherents. When a deputy wishes to speak, he first

demands permission, to which the President answers "la parole est à Monsieur," who accordingly mounts the tribune, and reads off his discourse, if not interrupted by members from their seats, who not unfrequently will oblige him to descend from the tribune without finishing his oration. Each deputy wears a uniform, with *fleur-de-lis* on the collar and sleeves of his coat, adorned with the ribbands of different orders, and a narrow hanger dangling at his side.—"Risum teneatis amice. The first division of politicians appears to be the ancient privileged class, the Ultras, who are declared enemies to human reason and liberty. 2d. Those who desire a constitutional monarchy with equality of rights. 3d. The Republicans, who are divided by an English journal now before me into "Anarchists—Bonapartists—Republican Royalists, and Doctrinists. At present I will venture to assert, that there are no Anarchists in France: the greater number of the chiefs of the Revolution have perished on the scaffold, and have fallen victims to the inclemency of foreign climates. The remainder have been proscribed by the Bourbons, and now wander over Europe and our hospitable shores, where they only ask a place to lay their heads in peace with strangers! If there are some men whom the effervescence of youthful passions has formerly driven into criminal excesses, they are now undeceived: arrived at the age of maturity, they have learned wisdom by drinking from the bitter cup of adversity. I am inclined to think that the Republican Royalists form the majority of the nation; they are equally distant from anarchy and feudal barbarity—they are, in fact, the Whigs of France.

The Peers meet in the splendid Palace of Luxembourg, which was built by Mary of Medicis in 1612, and was, before the Revolution, the residence of the Count de Provence, now Louis XVIII. During the Reign of Terror, it served as a prison for the victims of Marat and Robespierre; after which the Directory resided in it, and when that body was annihilated by the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, the sessions of the Senate were held in the elegant chamber now occupied by the Peers of France. The staircase leading to it, adorned by fourteen statues of revolutionary Generals and Legislators, is beautiful beyond description. The chamber itself is magnificent, and its walls during the session are adorned with splendid Gobelin tapestry. The tribune and President's throne face the members; each Peer has a desk covered with black leather, with the implements of writing. In an angle of the eastern pavilion, which commands a beautiful view of the garden, are seen the most remarkable monuments of Rome, painted on velvet and died cloth. The chamber of Mary of Medicis is ornamented with superb fresco paintings by Reubens, and contains the archives of the Peers.

M. Lafitte, President of the Bank of France, immortalized his name by a long speech on the discussion of the budget. When he came to the proposed donation of the French forests to ecclesiastical establishments, he thus exclaimed: "Why should we uselessly augment the burthens of France? Undoubtedly the expenses of the Christian worship should be defrayed by Government—but must the holiness of that obligation deprive us of our forests? Must we tell our creditors, Wait five years longer! our work-

men, We cannot employ you, suffer in silence! In the midst of all our sufferings, is it not sufficient to have allowed the priests a subsidy of five millions? to have privileged them to receive donations from the dying penitent? Ah! but say you, it is necessary to restore religion in all its former splendour! Luxury, Gentlemen, is not requisite for preaching repentance and the virtues of the Gospel." This speech pleased me so much the more, as it was impromptu, the unstudied effusions of his heart. The orator addressed himself chiefly to the understanding, and did not digress in search of superficial ornaments. We accept rhetorical flowers, it is true, if the orator has culled them his way; but if he has left his road in quest of them we disdain such far-fetched ornaments!

The Seine has lately swollen prodigiously, and almost overwhelmed the isle of Louviers—several houses have crumbled into ruins, the foundations being shaped by the water. The journals say that the gas light is getting into general use at Paris—that the Theatre Française is to be illuminated by means of a glass sphere lit with gas, and that permission has been obtained from the Duke of Orleans to employ it in the Palais Royal.

The quarto volume of Dr. Franklin's correspondence, published by W. T. Franklin, has just been imported from London. It is a great pity that his letters had not been published some twenty years ago, as his political observations would have applied more particularly to the events and persons of that period; but even now they are a great present to the world. His epistolary style is a masterpiece of ease and gracefulness. It is already translated into French, and

much admired by the literati here: indeed I would have sent you the French edition immediately, but the translation cannot equal the original.

You have probably heard, before this, of the death of the distinguished Marshal Massena, Duke de Rivoli; who has immortalized himself by the famous victory of Zurich in '99, in which he was opposed to Sownoff and Prince Charles, and by the memorable defence of Genoa in the same year; yet he has been entirely neglected by the present Government, as indeed are all Bonaparte's Marshals, except Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, and the traitorous Marmont. The reputation of these great men should have made the Bourbons forget their early political attachments; their glory vanishes like a meteor that sheds its lustre on the world, and then disappears for ever.

Freedom of speech is not allowed in France, nor is there the slightest shadow of liberty of the press; the journals are daily filled with nauseous panegyrics on the most insignificant of all beings, the Bourbon Princes, men without virtue, understanding, or information. The King and *Madame*, his niece, possess the only sense of the family. His Majesty has been affected all winter with the gout, and now has the dropsy in his legs; should he die shortly, which is not improbable, most of the people anticipate an opposition to the succession of his brother under the title of Charles X. *Monsieur* is a man of very weak mind, excessive bigotry, and filled with absurd ideas about royal dignity and divine right; in short he is a perfect counterpart of James II. of England.

As to "my single self," I will introduce you as it were, into my cabinet and my walks, my serious studies

and my amusements. I rise very early, and walk the hospitals till nine, where the clinical duties of the surgeons and physicians are all performed early in the morning, which is on many accounts preferable. I then take my breakfast at the famous Café Procope, formerly the resort of Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, and other encyclopédistes, but now chiefly frequented by politicians, poets, actors, "et id genus omne:" here I read the journals over a dish of delicious coffee, or listen to the debates of the political and literary wise-
acres about me—now and then I slyly note down some of their observations, and afterward return home to read till twelve, when I attend the lecture of M. Richerand, who is very polite, always placing me on the sofa near him. During the day I attend other lectures, and in the evening I either study at home, or go to some good play, or enjoy the pleasures of French society. My usual exercise consists in walking in the Luxembourg garden, the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, or Boulevards. I think it is the part of the philosophic observer to study human nature as well in the humble cottage as in the splendid saloon, both where virtue breathes and vice infects, in the rigid chastity of the modest vestal, and in the unprincipled lewdness of the public Lais. The beauty of virtue is set off with additional éclat when opposed to the disgusting features of wickedness and poverty; as the lighter tints of a painting receives a two-fold brilliancy, when contrasted with the darker colours.

LETTER XI.

Paris, May 15, 1817.

On the 24th ult. the Gallery of the Louvre was thrown open to the public, for the exhibition of modern paintings, which takes place every two years, and is unusually brilliant this season. There are now more than a thousand paintings exposed, many of them not inferior to the most exquisite productions of the Italian and Flemish Schools. The present French artists are certainly unrivalled. Perhaps one may say, without being accused of too much admiration for the moderns, that the Gerards, Girodets, Davids, Gros, and Guerins of the modern school will in future ages figure in the same galleries which now glory in the productions of a Raphael, a Carrachi, a Titian, or a Paul Veronese. And yet the Quarterly Review says, "Napoleon protruded rather than protected the arts!"

Every morning the Gallery is opened to the artists, and certain privileged amateurs, until ten o'clock; from that time till four P. M. the public are admitted without distinction, excepting Fridays, which are reserved for people of the first distinction only, who are obliged to procure themselves tickets: here they can enjoy such a promenade as they would in vain seek for in any other country in the world. My principal object in visiting the Louvre, which I do two or three times a week, is to study the paintings and to enjoy the pleasure of seeing and hearing the numbers who join in the eager crowd. I level my glass alternately on the

paintings and on the living models around me, like the philosophic author of the *Observations*: "I am there to gather the maxim of the old man, the thought of the infant, the judgment of the man of letters, the saying of the man of the world, and the discourses of the people."

Among other magnificent paintings exposed this year, I particularly noticed the "Murder of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra and Ægysthus," by Guérin, which is finished "with frightful truth"—"Æneas relating his adventures to Queen Dido," by Guérin—Henry IV. detected playing with his children by the Spanish Ambassador—the "Murder of Abel," by Drolling, fils—"St. Stephen stoned to death," by Abel de Pujol—and "Henry IV.'s entrance into Paris," by Gérard.

But among the numerous originals which particularly attracted my observations in this splendid exhibition, none pleased me so much as a small painting, which, from its title, advanced very humble pretensions. It is called the *Refectory*, and is executed by M. Drolling, père. All the implements of breakfast are tastefully displayed in a neat room laid with brick (as is usual in Paris)—the little family cheerfully collected around the plain table, are despatching their breakfast *à la Fourchette*, while a favourite dog looks most wistfully at his master, watching each morsel in its journey to his mouth, humbly expecting to receive a share.—Old puss sits most gravely near her mistress, while the playful kitten frisks about with wanton gambols, seemingly wishing to be noticed.—In a word, this exquisite painting is executed with a naturalness, if I may use the expression, almost incre-

edible ; indeed one could almost say, that the artist had animated the canvass. I always leave the gallery with the same regret as I would quit a luscious feast—" my appetite increased by what it fed on."

Grandeur and variety of objects derive their principal charms from the testimony they give us of the greatness of the human genius. The invisible pencil that sketches out the design on the liquid element or on the rich landscape flatters only the eye ; but painting and sculpture, by infusing life into the canvass and marble, gratify at once our vanity and self-love. We feel a degree of happiness in the real proof of our perfection !

The Easter holidays close the fashionable evenings of Paris ; but the usual diversions do not commence till the middle of May. Among the amusements of spring and summer, the balls of *Sceaux Penthièvre* are frequented by the most genteel company. I chose the *fête patronale* of this village for an excursion to the country. The garden of the late Duke of Penthièvre, which was formerly the pleasure ground of M. Colbert, is admirably calculated for rural festivity. During the Revolution, the garden of Sceaux fell a sacrifice to the anarchy of the times ; but is now again open to the public, and is of considerable profit to its proprietor, who purchased it at the national sale.

After leaving the bustle and heat of the capital, the eye beholds these gardens with delight. The humble pedestrian, in contemplating the tasteful residence of the opulent, pardons him his immense fortune, when he employs it in fecundating the earth, and adorning it with the charms of nature. The smiling picture before him will stifle for a moment every feeling of envy ;

that feeling may cause a transient pang when he passes by the glittering hotel, which his superiors in fortune occupy in the capital; but it will soon disappear before a well cultivated garden, a parterre, smiling in the luxuriance of colours and vegetation of landscape, whose treasures he can enjoy without possessing.

The dance began about eight o'clock in the evening, under a circular tent, beautifully illuminated. St. Preux, whose ear was so sensible to the charms of music, tortured by the discordant fiddle-scrapings of the musicians in the orchestra, retired for consolation to his dear Italian melody. I amused myself in walking with the silly crowd round the circle, and occasionally gliding through the narrow paths which intersect the garden.

LETTER XII.

Paris, May 20, 1817.

"His Grace my Lord Bishop of Louisiana," for such has been Mr. Dubourg's title in Paris, having offered his services in carrying any package to you, I now send this letter, although I wrote you but a few days back. At the recommendation of this gentleman, I have been several times to the *Conférences* of the famous Abbé Fraissinous, preacher to his Majesty, and regarded by good critics as equal to the greatest orator of Louis XIV.'s reign. His conferences are not sermons: they are an appeal to the reason, and even to the passions of his youthful auditors in favour of morality and religion. No controversy, no disputes on contested points of doctrine, no sectarian sneers, no invidious distinctions enter his discourses! In the dissertation, which is still fresh on my memory, his design was to prove that the Christian religion is compatible with the duties of a citizen; that it required humanity, without extinguishing the sentiment of our talents or worth, forgiveness of injuries, without suffering the aggression of the unprincipled, abstinence, without turning away from the innocent pleasures which every where present themselves, devotion, without neglecting our family or civil duties. Religion recommends those virtues which the world itself holds in admiration: subjugation of unruly passions, self-denial, and love of country.

M. Fraissinous is very gallant and patriotic. He

speaks of the fair sex in terms of admiration, and of the glory of the French arms with enthusiasm. His style is truly elegant, and yet free from all appearance of study or affectation; it elevates the subject often to the sublime. The figures which he uses present themselves naturally; he does not seek them, neither are they crowded together, to form an incongruous medley. He recommends the christian religion for the beauty of its morality: he advises his auditors to attend to its injunctions, not merely because it is their duty, but because it is their interest, and will contribute to their pleasures. He is not the rigid Stoic, who will exclude every species of pleasure; he is the true friend, the enlightened and agreeable companion, who will direct us in the right use of the various blessings connected with our existence; he tells us that pleasure springs from the very bosom of virtue! Although he has passed his grand climacteric, still there is in him none of the asperity of age. He has a most pleasing countenance, with something peculiarly noble in his demeanour, something that would awe the most hardened reprobate.

The luxuriant spring now diffuses green over the face of nature, the air is temperate, the gardens of the Tuileries, Luxembourg, and Palais-Royal, offer a spectacle truly enchanting; their beautiful fountains shoot forth streams of water, which again fall "softly shaking on the dimpled pool prelude drops." This keeps the trees in a continual moisture, and gives them a deep green colour, approaching to blue, and imagination appears to have been set on the rack to invent the most delightful amusements. The summer baths

are now in operation, and surpass all idea by their beautiful structure and luxurious accommodations.

The King occasionally appears at the Chapel of the Tuileries, which I sometimes visit to witness courtly splendour, and enjoy the most delicious music. There are whispers about Paris that a conspiracy has lately been detected, which had for its object the assassination of *Monsieur* and the Princes. It appears to be a profound mystery, although the political blockheads know it most exactly.

The summer courses of lectures are just commencing. The hospitals are still crowded with patients; the students, who swarm about them are a strange set of mortals, generally overloaded with certain ragged superfluities in imitation of Job, Diogenes, or other declared enemies to dandyism! They are here peculiarly obnoxious, and generally distinguished by the degrading epithet of *Carabines*.

The actors of the French theatre lately attempted to produce the tragedy of *Germanicus*, written by M. Arnault, one of the children of the Revolution, proscribed by the unrelenting Bourbons. The Ultras, who (to use a remarkable expression of the *Bibliothèque Historique*) "are always of the scaffold party," used all their influence to ruin this distinguished patriot, but only succeeded in having him banished. Through the violence of this party, the scene was interrupted before the second act; a furious contest took place, and a real tragedy was near being performed by the spectators themselves; however, the performance finished in the midst of the storm. A number of duels were the consequence of this affair; among others, M. Moncey fought the Duke of Fitz-

James, a great partisan of feudality—and young Arnault wounded the infamous libellist Martainville, the *père Duchêne* of Ultra-royalism. Duels are here very common, and are so much sanctioned by fashion that “*leges silent*.” I have met with several young men who are always on the look out for a duel, and make it a point to insult the English whenever they can find an opportunity. Here, as among you, there is a number of those artful cowards, who, to use Rousseau’s language, “*cherchent à tâter leur homme*,” that is, to find out some one still more cowardly than themselves, at whose expense they hope to show forth to advantage! Speaking on this subject recals to my mind an anecdote related by Doctor Franklin in his usual humorous style. “A gentleman at a coffee-house desired another to sit further from him. Why so? because you stink! That’s an insult, and you must fight me. I will fight you, if you insist upon it—but I do not see how that will mend the matter: for if you kill me, I shall stink too—and if I kill you, you will stink, if possible, worse than you do at present.”

LETTER XIII.

Paris, June 3, 1817.

I HAVE heard of frequent instances of Napoleon's generosity. His faults are well known, but why not give publicity to anecdotes which prove that he had many amiable qualities? Every one has heard of that fine trait of the Ex-Emperor's when in presence of a weeping wife, who besought his pardon for her husband, he tore a letter which contained the sole proof of his treason! Did Louis or his court act thus, when supplicated by the tears of Madame Ney? After the glorious battle of Jena, Weimar was entered by the victorious army; the Duke of Weimar fled with all his household, except the intrepid Dutchess, who waited for Napoleon in her palace. Napoleon sent word that he would come and breakfast in her apartment, and was so delighted with her manners and spirited answers, that he exclaimed, "Madame you are the most worthy woman I have ever known—you have saved your husband; I pardon him—but it is to you alone that he owes my clemency." Sometime afterwards he signed a treaty, which guaranteed the integrity of his promise.

Perhaps you have not heard the story of the Red Man. It was first related to me by an Ultra-Royalist old lady, who firmly believed it. When Bonaparte was General in the army of Egypt, as he was one day standing near the great Pyramids, suddenly a man clad in a large red mantle from head to foot, presented himself before him, and demanded permission to

LETTER XIV.

Paris, June 23, 1817.

DEAR JULIA,

I FREQUENTLY amuse myself in the evening by visiting the beautiful gardens of the Champs Elysées, Tivoli, and Ruggieri. They are divided into charming arbours, and grotts, part of which are splendidly lighted up, while others are left in the dark, where the moon alone shines conscious of the deeds which are transacted in them! Last night, after mixing with the group of dancers, "frisking light with frolic measure," I retired to a delightful grot, which seemed as if formed for the loves of Petrarch and Laura. Although not far from the scene of noise and pleasure, this arbour was perfectly secluded—and I abandoned myself to a delicious reverie, only rendered more voluptuous by the distant music—

"The lark's blithe carol from the cloud

"Seem'd for the scene too gaily loud!"

I need scarcely inform you what was the subject of my meditation—I thought that if you were near me—Oh! if you had been, I would have deemed the throne of the world not to be envied—but why will such ideas continually fill my mind? Solve that question, you who are the object of all my thoughts!

You used formerly to admire the situation of M. de Grimm, at Paris, where he was "the observed of all observers," and received a pension for keeping a correspondence with that Mæcenas of his day, the Duke

of Saxe-Gotha, on literary subjects and the amusements of the capital. Ah! my Julia, let me be your Grimm, and be you my Mæcenæ; only I accept no other pension but your friendship—may I not say, your love?

Among the many delightful sources of instruction with which Paris abounds, none is superior to the Theatre; as I know your sentiments with regard to that subject, I will not detail its pleasures and advantages; but I will endeavour to give you the theory of the French drama. I will begin by observing that Drama being, in its most general acceptation, a dialogued fiction for the amusement of the spectators, its duration will be longer with people who little enjoy the charms of social communication, as the English, Spaniards and Germans, and shorter with those who derive great pleasure from conversation. The English, German, or American audience, more sensible to impressions made by material objects, wish the action to be developed before their eyes by a chronological series of descriptions, which will conduct it *ab incunabulis* to its termination. In these successive pictures they do not cavil on the unity of time nor place, being pre-occupied by the personage or the object which they pursue through so many improbabilities, without the illusion being destroyed. In Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," the spectator is transported in half an hour from one end of the Roman Empire to the other!

The French, more accustomed to examine things by the imagination than by the senses, require that the poetic art present on the stage but a moral picture, and reserve the immediate view of the object for certain well managed *coups-de-théâtre*. To please such an audience, it is necessary that the action be immediate-

ly entered into at a point little distant from the crisis! thus all the impressions which the subject is capable of affording, will be produced, without tiring the patient with unnecessary delays. The Parisian is easily fatigued, he avoids length in every thing; while "the German," says Madame de Staël, who has well described their character and genius, "asks nothing more than to seat himself peaceably at the play, and grants the author all the time that he wants to prepare his events and developpe his characters; the impatience of the Frenchman would never tolerate such delay!" In Germany, continues the same illustrious author, "the audience have the patience to await the end of the play before they give vent to their admiration by applause. —The French pit, on the contrary, immediately seize the beauties of a piece, and burst out in the most enthusiastic shouts of applause." It is astonishing what a tact they possess in distinguishing the most justly admired parts of a comedy or tragedy. Even the "spectacles gratis," in which the house is filled with the lowest people, that reunion of men of no education, like those wet sheaves which take fire spontaneously in the granary where they are piled up, become suddenly gifted with a warmth of feeling, a delicacy of taste, which gives the talent of appreciating the beauties of a work and feeling the effect which the actors endeavour to convey.

On each visit to the gallery of the Louvre, I receive new pleasures. I was yesterday examining in detail the beauties of an exquisite representation of "Æneas relating his adventures to Queen Dido," by the celebrated Guérin. The Queen is languishingly stretched on a voluptuous sofa,

“ ————— On each side her
 “ Stand pretty dimpled boys, like smiling cupids,
 “ With divers coloured fans, whose wind does seem
 “ To glow the delicate cheeks which they do cool.”

The God of Love, under the form of Ascanius, makes use of every amorous blandishment to render indelible the impression made on her by the Trojan hero, and slyly steals the ring of Sicchæus, her former husband, from his finger. It is impossible for the pen to describe the amorous gaze with which Dido almost feasts her eyes on the fine face and manly form of Æneas. The hero appears unconscious of the effect he produces, and seems only intent on delivering his “plain unvarnished tale.” Behind the Queen stands her sister Anna, in whose face and person the painter has united the most exquisite beauty. Among other interesting paintings is “Marie Antoinette in prison” a few hours previous to her execution. The reflection on what the Queen was when Burke described her—the perfection of her sex, the finest and most delicate work of nature, the model of every thing that was graceful, possessing that luxuriant, smiling imagination, which converts every thing that presents itself into a golden vision—infused many heavy pangs into my bosom, when I beheld her represented in a miserable bed, “worn to the bones” with her misfortunes, her hair whitened from the same cause, and that fine blue eye which once beamed forth celestial lustre, sunk in its orbit, no longer glistening with ardour bright.

LETTER XV.

Paris, July 5, 1817.

It is my duty to write to you, but even if that did not urge me, I should do so from the pleasure it affords me; it is indeed a double encouragement to continue the correspondence, when assured that you always take delight in answering me. Since my last I have seen curiosities and heard news, which I will detail in a chronological order. Madame de St. Jean d'Angely has lately been escorted to the Conciergerie on account of some papers she had confided to a young man, to convey to her husband, which were found upon him—they excited the suspicions of the municipality, and her house was immediately guarded by a troop of dungeon villains, and every thing she had scrupulously searched; the reason of all this rests a profound secret. Several arrests have taken place; among others, one Olville, a soi-disant cousin of Bonaparte's. The Ultras deafen one's ears with their complaints against the police organized by Fouché, and yet the Bourbons employ the same odious measures in all their original purity.

I have already mentioned my introduction to John Bell, of Edinburgh. It appears that he had to leave that city for debt. A few days ago his coach and horses were arrested in the Place Vendôme for the same reason! In conversation I find him a man of great originality of talents, much information and consummate surgical skill; but most (may I not say unfortunately) maliciously satirical.

The King's negotiations with the Sovereign Pontiff appear to take on a disagreeable aspect. As Louis dates his reign from the death of the Dauphin, he requires the Pope to declare Bonaparte an usurper, and all his proceedings with the Holy See null and void, without which he cannot be crowned until the decease of the Ex-Emperor. His Holiness will not listen to this, and forbids the King to sell those forests which formerly belonged to the clergy—the exchequer, however, is too much in want to resist so great a temptation, and the poor clergy have to remain silent.

It is rumoured that the King intends giving Clarke, Duke of Feltre, and minister of war, a *carte blanche*, and if he does, the Ultras say he throws away his own crutch, for Feltre is an excellent royalist, and a man of consummate abilities, both in the cabinet and the field. The Comte Decazes, minister of police, is a great favourite with his Majesty; he advised the King to dissolve the "*chambre introuvable*," or the horrid Ultra-royalist horde of Deputies of 1816; he is at the head of the Liberals, and is of course an enemy of *Monsieur*. There will then be only one avowed Ultra in the ministry, the Duke of Richelieu, minister of foreign affairs. During the imperial reign he was made governor of Crimea, by the Emperor of Russia, yet he knows nothing on earth about any business, either foreign or domestic. M. Dubouchage, in the marine department, is a man of great talents, and is much esteemed; his principles are moderate, and he is perfectly instructed in every thing relating to the department of which he is the head. Baron Pasquier, minister of justice, and lately president of the House of Deputies, avows himself a liberal, although very illibe-

ral observations are made on his excellency by the political wiseacres of Paris.

I see a great deal in the New-York Spectator about the *Tête de Mort*, the true story of which has been thus related to me. "A young orphan of an accomplished education and a splendid fortune, gave out that she would receive the addresses of any *Cœlebs* who would please her, and put up with a hideously ugly face, and appointed a certain time every day for hearing suitors; many went there through curiosity, but left the hotel disgusted with her fearful and repulsive features. Her face possessed all the horrible attributes of raw-head and bloody bones; but her voice was of angelic sweetness, and her person formed in the most admirable proportions. In spite of her enticing fortune and mental attractions, no one had the hardihood to "pop the question," till an accomplished, but poor votary of the Muses ventured to advance his claims. To shorten the story, the day was fixed; the dauntless *Cœlebs* advanced to the altar, where all the "sanctimonious ceremonies" were ready—when a lovely creature of seventeen, "like a bride adorned for her husband," advanced with inimitable grace to take the hand of the future. So exquisitely beautiful was her face, that she might alone have served as a model for an Appelles wishing to pourtray the promised hope of the Houris in the paradise of the Mahometans! This sylph-like figure was no other than the unimaginable being who had so long excited the curiosity of the Parisians, under the name of *Tête de Mort*, her lovely features being concealed by a frightful mask." Such is the story rumoured about—*credat Judæus Apella*.

Yesterday I visited Bagatelle, a delightful retreat in

the Bois de Boulogne, which has been presented by *Monsieur* to his son, the Duke de Berry, who finds it very convenient for his disgraceful intrigues and private assemblies. The stair-case leading from the anti-chamber is a model of elegance, being ornamented with baskets of flowers, which hang with profusion from the railings. Many of the rooms are adorned with the richest silk tapestry, superbly embroidered. In two saloons are a fine collection of Flemish and French paintings. The bed-chamber of *Monsieur* is exquisitely beautiful; it is the very cabinet of Love and the Graces. The hangings are of the finest silk "flourished with gold," and the bed-quilt appears to have been knit by the fingers of *Aranea*! The garden of *Bagatelle* is completely in the English style, here nature appears to revel in all her wild prodigality, producing an effect infinitely more agreeable than that of the studied and expensive magnificence of *Versailles*—it is tastefully laid out in winding walks, bordered with trees and shrubs. A rivulet, issuing from the *Seine*, "brawls along the wood," over which are thrown a number of rustic bridges that have a most charming effect. In the middle of the park is an artificial mount commanding a most delightful prospect. During the Revolution, *Bagatelle* was a public tea garden and pleasant summer resort.

LETTER XVI.

FROM JULIA

July 18, 1817.

YOUR letters are so completely such as I would wish them, that it would look odd in me should I pretend to dictate to you subjects for them; continue to write to me about the theatre, paintings, and amusements of the modern Athens; but permit me to suggest to you a still more ample field for your reflections. My sister wishes much to know in detail the manner in which the French mothers educate and treat their children. I have frequently spoken to her of Rousseau's plan with raptures, but perhaps the abstract I made for her was not sufficiently striking, so that you will oblige us by giving your ideas on a subject so peculiarly interesting to mothers. As Letitia has a great admiration for Gray, I pointed out to her what he says on Rousseau's *Emilie*. He observes that every body that has children should read it more than once; for though it abounds with his usual "glorious absurdity," though his general scheme of education be an unpracticable chimera, yet there are a thousand lights struck out, a thousand important truths better expressed than ever they were before, that may be of service to the wisest men. "Particularly, I think he has observed children (continues Gray) with more attention, and knows their meaning and the working of their little passions better than any other writer."

I have read with great pleasure Madame de Staël's *Delphine*, and agree with you perfectly that in most

respects Léonce's character is quite a contrast to your own ; his whole life was chalked on the opinion of the world, which you do not permit to interfere with your actions or thoughts. Like Jean Jacques, in whose character I love to trace points of resemblance to you, "nature has broken the mould in which she cast you." Talk more of yourself in your letters—unveil to me the whole mystery of your being, so different from that of any other, and for that reason, so interesting to me.

During our conversations, we often talked with unrestrained freedom on subjects which are seldom discussed in society ; how often we strengthened each other's belief in the doctrines of Christianity, by adducing every proof of its authenticity. Perhaps you have somewhat modified your creed since your residence among the free-thinkers of Paris. In your answer to this letter, give me your profession of faith in all its details, and with as little reserve as if you were the Vicaire Savoyard giving his religious code for the instruction of Emile.

All your acquaintance are anxious to read your letters ; there is only one thing which I would prefer to them—your imagination may exercise itself in finding out what I allude to. Ah ! if I could one day see you perfectly happy—if, after your long absence, we should meet and form one society never to be dissolved—what more could I wish for ? Nothing certainly, but that celestial bliss which only depends on Him who in secret numbers the deeds of the virtuous, and prepares for their ineffable happiness.

LETTER XVII.

Paris, July 30, 1817.

IN several of my letters I have described some of the choicest works in the exposition of modern paintings at the Louvre. The subject is so copious that it would require volumes to give an accurate account of this magnificent exhibition; but, as you desire it, I shall try to let you into a participation of the pleasures I enjoy in the Gallery of the Fine Arts. There was a splendid painting exposed for a few days by the Comte de Forbin, but it was taken down at the request of the Infante don Francis de Paul, as it represented an *Inquisition scene*, in which some heretics are in the midst of exquisite torture, surrounded by a horde of scoundrelly priests, who are administering to them some pious consolation! There is another which, although it advances but modest pretensions, attracts universal observation from its pathetic and admirable imitation of nature. It represents a stag in the agonies of despair, surrounded by a pack of dogs. The poor animal appears to be in the greatest pain—

“ ————— The big round tears
 “ Course one another down his innocent nose
 “ In piteous chase; and the hairy fool
 “ Stands on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 “ Augmenting it with tears.”

Thomson, likewise, gives a very beautiful description of the stag's grief; but a poetical representation can never convey that effect which is produced by the

almost breathing canvass: the former must be conceived through the medium of the imagination, which is not in every one equally vivid; whereas, every person who has eyes cannot fail being moved by an exquisite painting. One I have lately particularly noticed, called "*Les apprêts d'un Mariage*," by M. Vigneron. The happy groom is seen peeping through the door, which is not quite shut, at the moment when the bride's relations are attaching the hymenial garter, in an elegantly decorated saloon; here she is represented

"With blushes deeply reddening as she moves along,
"Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws."

The eagerness with which the ladies prevent the intended from entering; the malice of that younger sister, who draws out her gown on both sides to intercept his impatient glances: all the details are presented with an exquisite taste; their gaiety does not in the least exclude the strictest modesty, and the whole is painted with a charming grace and *naïveté*.

I lately visited the Mint, and carefully noticed the different processes of melting the gold and silver, of pouring it into moulds, so as to form flat cakes, which being clipped and cut into pieces by machinery, conducted by four horses turning circularly, received the stamp, or were struck by a ponderous cylinder moved by six men. The process of striking is really admirable; a man seated on the floor, having a basket of round pieces by him, puts one bit in a ring moved by a handle, which brings it within the action of the cylinder; and as soon as struck is pushed away by the

aforesaid ring containing another piece, which in its return receives its stamp. On the front of the Mint the following distich is written :

Quas effundit opes largo bona copia cornu
Explorat certâ religione fides.

LETTER XVIII.

St. Germain-en-Laye, August 6, 1817.

THE warmth of the weather at Paris has driven me to this delicious retreat, where I purpose remaining a short time. Previously to my leaving the capital, one of my friends recommended me a young valet, who resembled Sterne's *La Fleur* in more points than one, for, like him, he had "set out early in life as most Frenchmen do, with serving for a few years,"—and like him he was "a faithful affectionate simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher." Thomas, however, could do more service than "beat a drum or play a march or two upon a fife." He had seen the country during his military perigrinations under Napoleon, whose name he never mentioned without enthusiasm.

The chateau and forest of St. Germain are very near my hotel. This forest has long been celebrated for its beauty, its commodious walks and salubrious air. The terrace of the castle, one of the most magnificent works of Le Notre, is refreshed by an air altogether peculiar, being what the French term extremely piercing, very different from the bland zephyrs of the forest and gardens. The prospect from this terrace is superb; Maisons and Centreville bound the semicircle to the left, Mont Calvaire and Mont Maitre present themselves toward the middle, and to the right the magnificent aqueduct of Marly, the pavillions of Lucienne, and the machine of Marly. The picturesque

meanderings of the Seine diversify this charming prospect, which affords all the pleasures of variety and contrast.

There is a long alley of trees in the forest, which is a most-delicious promenade, when the sun is very hot at mid-day; the trees are clipped of their branches till near the tops, where they spread out toward each other, thus forming a complete covered way.

The castle of St. Germain is now a barrack for the body-guards of the Luxembourg company. In Napoleon's reign it was converted into a military school, destined to form cavalry officers. It appears that King James II. and his daughter were the last historical personages who occupied this chateau, which was entirely abandoned during the reigns of Louis XIV. XV. XVI. and the Republic, and at present has a very battered appearance—the windows broken, and the walls black with age.

I have just returned from an excursion in a cabriolet a couple of leagues around the country. I first visited Malmaison, formerly the residence of the Empress Josephine. It was here that this excellent woman, to whom the first throne in the world was destined, retired, while her illustrious husband pursued his glorious victories abroad: it was in this delicious retreat that Josephine de la Pagerie favoured the ambitious designs of Napoleon, by that fascinating behaviour which conciliated every one in her favour. She gave brilliant *fêtes*, forming herself the principal ornament; by her gracefulness and endearing manners, every heart was hers. She never abandoned the pleasures of the country, even when her brow was encircled with the imperial diadem, she was never so happy

as in retirement to this second Eden from the ceremonious splendours of the court : so that the first use she made of her high fortune was to embellish her chateau with its beautiful gardens and woods. Josephine was well informed in every branch of Natural History, of which the tasteful disposition of her garden, her menagerie, and green-house, which is perhaps the largest and most elegant in Europe, are sufficient proofs, even without the attestation of her biographers. In the garden stands the magnificent Temple d'Amour, which stretches over the stream ; in the centre, is a very beautiful statue of Cupid in fine marble, with the following distich on the base :

Quique tu sois, voici ton maître,
Il est, le fut, ou le doit être.

The Swiss who accompanied me through the chateau, when he pointed out the bed on which his beloved mistress had died, brushed a tear from his old care-worn cheek, and turned behind me to conceal his emotion. This bed is most gorgeously rich and magnificent ; the curtains are of the finest white silk, fringed with gold—the bedstead is of gilt wood. Josephine breathed her last on the twenty-eighth of May, 1814, when the allies were in Paris. The youthful gardener, who showed me the curiosities of the green-house, conducted me into a very handsome saloon which opens into it. "Here," said he, with a melancholy countenance, "the Empress used to breakfast every morning, and afterwards spend some time among her flowers." I left the place with much regret, but consoled myself in the reflection that I would soon see it again. I then drove to the chateau de Ruel, pos-

possessed by the family of the late Marshal Massena. I ordered my valet to ring at the gate; a decent man in black came out, who inquired my name and business, which I told, and also requested him to mention that I was an American; this appeared to have a great effect, for he immediately came back, threw open the gates, and asked me to drive in. The Marshal's two daughters were looking out of the window, but they retired, as soon as I got out and bowed to them. This castle is celebrated for its having been the place of the Cardinal Richelieu, who spent vast treasures to render it worthy of its possessor. The principal ornaments appeared to be the elegant lake before the house, the fantastic shape of the trees, and a beautiful parterre, adorned with various coloured flowers. Marshal Massena, whom Napoleon called the "favourite child of victory," used to retire to Ruel, on his return from his glorious campaigns, loaded with trophies of valour. After continuing my ride a short distance, I returned to St. Germain, much pleased with my trip.

The simple manners, the charming innocence, and the sincerity, of the young paysannes, please me beyond measure. I sometimes stand for an hour at a time looking at them raking the hay or clearing out the vineyard in a field below the terrace. Many of them are very pretty, and all bloom with the purest health. One of them has smitten my susceptible Tom, who, like La Fleur, "is always in love." Indeed I did not wonder at his being caught, when he pointed out to me the object of his flame,

"Half naked, swelling to the sight, and all

"Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek."

You know that I always had a predilection for a pastoral life, to which I am still more inclined since the perusal of Rosseau, Delille, and other passionate admirers of nature. "Whoever loves the country, loves virtue." No imagination can be insensible to the delightful aspect of a rich harvest and successful tillage. There is something extremely touching in the innocent simplicity of a pastoral life in looking on those smiling fields covered with happy labourers, who sing and pursue their healthful occupations—and on those distant scattered flocks; you insensibly become affected without knowing why. — "Ainsi (exclaims the scribe of nature) quelquefois la voix de la Nature emollit nos cœurs farouches; et quoiqu' on l'entende avec un regret inutile, elle est si douce qu'on ne l'entend jamais sans plaisir."

LETTER XIX.

Paris, August 18, 1817.

PREVIOUSLY to closing the Gallery of the Louvre, some artists, who could not finish their paintings at the opening, presented them. Among others, M. Delorme, has acquired immortal glory by a painting of the "Resurrection of the daughter of Jairus." (Mark v. 41.) The group of figures is so disposed as to direct the eye to one particular object; the young woman who concentrates all attention is clothed in a shroud; a mortal paleness overspreads her features; the hand of death had but recently congealed the sources of existence. She is supported on the knees of her mother; Jesus takes her hand, and seems to say, "Damsel, I say unto thee arise!" The girl has the appearance of being roused from a profound reverie; she fixes her languid eye on her God, in whose countenance beams an angelic smile; the contemplation of his features appears to bid her heart to throb again! The mother, whose eyes were galled with tears, exhibited a degree of wonder and exquisite joy, bordering on phrensy. The father kisses our Saviour's garment. Although there is a shade of melancholy cast over the various figures, still this very melancholy, creates pleasure from an object disagreeable in itself; the beauties of which, though undiscoverable by an insensible mind, afford us a degree of satisfaction scarcely to be expressed! The artist has here introduced a number of interesting

objects—such as affect the tender feelings, and raise the emotions of the heart; they point out to us that secret charm which accompanies the feelings of the soul. The mother's grief becomes the most rapturous joy when the divine power has exerted its influence. Jairus falls at the feet of his Maker and presses his garments with rapture to his lips; his feelings are expressed by adoring his benefactor. This painting is designed as an ornament for the church of St. Roch.

The Louvre is now shut, until the modern paintings are removed, and sent to their respective destinations. You can form no idea of the pleasure I derive from the contemplation of those monuments of modern taste and genius. The exposition this year has been uncommonly brilliant. There have been paintings in all the different styles, and each manner had its masterpiece. Delicacy of colouring, softness of contour, and admirable imitation of nature, each distinguished the species which they qualified. Beauty and gracefulness shine forth in the Farnesian Hercules as well as in the Venus de Medicis, and are even discovered in the wrinkled, austere brow, of the Moses of Michael Angelo.

The literary world now weeps the loss of Madame de Staël, daughter of Neckar, and mother of the beautiful Dutchess of Broglio. Her mother was the celebrated Susan Curchod, the object of the early, perhaps the only, passion of the famous historian Gibbon. The impression of Madame de Staël has been taken in plaster, and the chisel of the sculptor will re-produce those amiable features, into which nature had infused, with so munificent a hand, all the lustre of genius, and all the beauty of a soul, concentrating every charm. Dr. Portal has dissected her brain,

and remarked its uncommon size and compactness ; he is now writing a work on the subject.

The style of Madame de Staël abounds in the flowers and richest effusions of a brilliant and well cultivated imagination. Her moral system must be searched for among the folds of that voluptuous sensibility with which she invested it. The perusal of her *Delphine* and *Corinne* would tempt one to think that the harmony of versification is not every way superior to that of prose ; it possesses every charm of poetry by its gradual progression and regular periods, so grateful to the ear, and so agreeable to the mind.

The faults and disgraces of other men are to us a matter of pleasantry, unless they become objects of pity or execration ! What I am going to relate to you will excite in your minds nothing but horror for the monster who is the subject of it. A youth was last week condemned to the scaffold for parricide, a crime of so black a nature, that Solon judged it absolutely impossible, and against which he formed no law ; a crime so abhorrent to every feeling of nature, that it was not heard of at Rome, till the six hundred and fifty-second year of its foundation, at which time one Maleolus, who had killed his mother, was condemned to be sewed up in a leather bag, and afterwards drowned. Pompey, in his second consulship, added to this punishment, that a dog, a cock, an ape, and some venomous serpents, should be enclosed in the same bag with the criminal. Nicholas (for this was his name) was condemned and executed for poisoning his mother by means of arsenic infused in her soup, nor could all her affection swerve him from his execrable intention. Never did a wretch die in more agony.

He was conducted to the scaffold in his shirt, his head and face were covered with a long black veil. When arrived at the platform of the guillotine, an officer read his crime and condemnation to the populace, who contemplated the monster with silent horror. Immediately after his right hand was chopped off the culprit uttered a hideous shriek, and was then forced to bow his head beneath the glittering axe, which soon terminated his existence.

The journal called the *Constitutionnel* has been suppressed, for this trivial reason. One of its editors, speaking of a small painting on porcelain at the Louvre, by Isabey, representing a child, thought to be a striking likeness of young Napoleon, carrying in his hands an enormous bunch of roses, which the writer commenting upon, said—"This association of the colours of spring and the captivating graces of childhood, fills the mind with the most agreeable ideas. In the middle of the bouquet, the painter has placed some very pretty blue flowers; the *ensemble* of which composition has the most charming effect. These flowers are called in German, *weizgiss mein nicht*—"forget me not!" For this witty *double entendre*, we have lost the best written and most liberal journal in Paris.

LETTER XX.

Montmorency, August 24, 1817.

I ARRIVED here on the 22d, on foot, from St. Denis, which is two leagues from Paris. Accompanied by my faithful Tom, I very humbly took my seat in a vehicle called *pot de chambre*, and really I could not have been more delighted with a ride in a coach lined with the finest silk and impannelled with princely magnificence. The conversation of the sprightly peasants and two pretty seamstresses, with which the *Demy* was literally crammed, was both diverting and instructive to one who is willing to take information from all sources. I let Tom converse with the two girls, whilst I tried my luck with the countrymen. Nothing in the world is so easy as to enter into unreserved conversation with a Frenchman : in less than half an hour I knew all the secrets of MM. les paysans ; one of whom told me, among other things, that his wife was on the point of increasing his family—indeed, I narrowly escaped being asked to the christening !

I spent the morning of my arrival at St. Denis in visiting the Royal Tombs in the Cathedral, the splendid paintings in its sacristie, and in enjoying a delightful excursion on the Seine. I sailed round the beautiful isle of St. Denis, which is a league in extent. At one extremity is a picturesque village, which is a model of simplicity. It is terminated toward the N. W. by a rich and luxuriant pasturage, affording hay for the city. From this charming prairie, is an exten-

sive prospect of the mountains of Montmorency and Sanois, and of the magnificent chateau of Sommariva. The Cathedral of St. Denis is said to have been built by Dagobert, son of Clotaire II. It is the Windsor of France. In company with several visitors and a Swiss guide, I went to see the tombs. Near a wall in the first room a lamp was burning. This, said the Swiss, pointing to the wall, separates us from the coffins of LL. MM. the late King and Queen, whose bodies had been replaced there after the present King's return. During the reign of terror, the National Convention decreed, that the tombs and mausolea of the ancient Kings, elevated in this Cathedral, should be destroyed. On the 12th October, '93, the dreadful work commenced—the bodies of Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses, were dug up. The first tomb violated was that of Turenne; the next that of Henry IV. The bodies of these once beloved heroes were found in such a complete state of preservation, that the features could easily be recognized. Henry IV. was placed erect on a stone, and abandoned to the insults of the senseless multitude. A woman came up to the body, and, reproaching Henry with the unpardonable crime of having been a king, gave him a blow on the cheek, which tumbled him to the ground. For several days these cannibals were employed in clearing St. Denis of the royal carcasses and leaden coffins, the objects of their hatred and rapacity.

In 1806, Napoleon decreed the Church of St. Denis "consecrated to the sepulchres of the Emperors." In two years the Cathedral was restored to all its former splendour, and at this moment is perhaps still more magnificent than it was before the Revolution.

The day before yesterday, I walked to this town, which is five miles from St. Denis. I began my journey before the rise of the sun, in order to avoid his scorching rays. I thought soon to arrive, but the many curious things on the road detained me nearly four hours. I entered the town through a grove of hickories, which led to the top of the hill, from which I contemplated the delicious valley below, so famous for the residence of Catinal, Madame d'Epinay, J. J. Rousseau and Gretry. The odorous morning zephyrs began to awaken the slumbering leaves ; the aureorean dew, reflecting the brilliant sunbeams, dazzled the eye already gorged with the magnificéce and variety of the prospect. It would be in vain for me to attempt a description of the Valley of Montmorency : here prose has reached its farthest limits ; poetry alone would be equal to the task ;—and what poet ever knew better how to diffuse a charm in his descriptions than the exquisite Delille ? The enchanting picture he draws of this landscape is not the least beautiful in his elegant poem “ *Des Jardins.*” I descended into the valley, and from the upper story of a windmill I viewed all the country around, varied with fine wheat-fields, whose golden sheaves showed the yellow autumn with all her plenty and affluence. Chesnuts and poplars, oaks and walnuts, form groves irregularly dispersed over the hills and dales, which produce one of the chief beauties of this valley.

I walked to the Hermitage of J. J. Rousseau, now possessed by a nephew of the celebrated musician Gretry. The avenue is made up of a thick grove of lofty poplars ; the whole leafy forest stood displayed “ in full luxuriance to the sighing gales.” A Swiss con-

ducted me about the hermitage and garden. When I was in that room and before that very walnut table at which Jean Jaques wrote the divine pages of his *Nouvelle Héloïse*, I felt myself impressed with a degree of awe and veneration which I am unable to describe. The garden, the fountains, the labyrinths, the laurels, show by what exquisite imagination they have been arranged. Near the spring are two large laurels, one planted by Rousseau and one by Gretry. The busts of these great men are seen on pedestals, in imitation of bronze. That of Gretry is placed on a sepulchral monument, in which is entombed the heart of the musician, with this appropriate inscription—

“Thy genius is every where,

“But thy heart is only here.”

During my walks through the valley, I have often thought how delightfully I might pass my days in such a retreat, without once repining at my obscure lot or envying those who enjoy the sweets of fortune and prosperity. Placed in this universe, as in the garden of Eden, if I cannot taste the fruit of one tree, I will with gratitude accept the produce of many others which I am liberally invited to partake of: I will enjoy what is offered, without repining at what is refused. Desire is nourished by hope, but dies away when there is no possibility of obtaining its object.

LETTER XXI.

Paris, Sept. 9, 1817.

THIS will probably be my last letter, before my journey to the south, in which I anticipate much pleasure and improvement. I will go to Montpellier by Lyons, Avignon and Nîmes, and return to Paris by Toulouse and Bordeaux ; thus making a circle embracing the finest parts of France.

This being the period at which the election of Deputies takes place, there is a great political fermentation on that subject in the coffee-houses, and assembly rooms, Party spirit infuses its baneful poison in all these disquisitions ; intrigue operates, where love of country and humanity should prevail. Philosophical observers draw parallels between the present moment and the "impending clouds" of '89. In the convocation of the States-General, in that year, the same spirit of party prevailed as at present. Mirabeau, the Abbé Maury, and Robespierre, were the elements of that Assembly, and all the horrors of '93 were only the ripening of the republican seeds dispersed through the medium of the revolutionary elections, in the popular convocation of 1789. The Royalists think that the King is not sufficiently despotic for them, and the Liberals think him but half constitutional.

It is said that M. de la Fayette will be chosen a member of the next session. The ultras will be dreadfully enraged at it ; for they hate him most cordially, and call him many dirty names, such as *gredin*, *gueux*, *jacobin*, *sans culottes*, &c. The truth is, the royal

family detest this illustrious champion of Liberty even more than they abhor the terrorists of '93, for they suppose that la Fayette was the *primum mobile*, of the Revolution, and they suspect that he possesses certain secrets, not very honourable to them. The King has very genteelly turned M. Dubouchage out of the Ministry, by promoting him to the dignity of peer of the realm, with the title of Baron. The joke here is, that he had a *fall up stairs*, which done him so much hurt, that he will never be able to stand upon his legs again !—"Very shining ministers, like the sun, (says Chesterfield) are apt to scorch when they shine the brightest ; I prefer the milder light of a less glaring minister"—The Duke of Feltre has also, they say, received a *carte blanche*, and the Pope has lately created three cardinals, the chief of whom is Talleyrand, archbishop of Reims.

I see in the French journals that the United States have passed an act in favour of Spain, in order to prevent any private assistance to the patriots from the Americans. This I confess a little surprised me : certainly the United States can have nothing to fear from the present wretched condition of Spain ; and if no public aid is offered to those men, who so gloriously struggle in the cause of independence, why should a restraint be imposed on the noble endeavours of private individuals ? What can be more favourable to the weak condition of our unfortunate fellow men, than a diffusive benevolence, which engages the interest of mankind in our service ? Is there not more real pleasure in being attracted by the motions of the heart towards those who fight in the noble cause of liberty,

than in possessing the greatest blessings in a state of dull inactivity? In my opinion nothing presents a more sublime image to the mind than the idea of men combating against their cruel tyrants, in order to rescue themselves from slavery. Liberty is to their imaginations an object so enchanting as to counterbalance a succession of agreeable sensations, interwoven in the course of a long life passed in the lap of indulgence.

Apathy and stagnation have weakened the industrious arms of Commerce, throughout Europe. Her sources are stopped by the fatal grasp of despotism and intolerance. The prohibition of Sweden and the pretended commercial leagues of Germany, have ended very badly! In Francfort a horrible method of amassing a fortune has been detected: a speculation on hunger, which spares not the fruits of the poor man's laborious trials; but monopolizes them, to sell afterwards at the price of his yearly savings! France has recovered Chandernagor and Pondicherry; it will be long ere the latter recovers that splendour which it possessed previous to Lally's time. The Royal Insurance Company enjoy a high degree of prosperity under the direction of M. Lafitte. During the first six months, each action of 50,000 francs has produced a dividend of 4541 francs. The "*Mercure de France*" says "commerce languishes while the harvest is every where prosperous and abundant. I entered a wind-mill the other day, to examine some of this year's wheat; which is very fine. "The North has become the granary of Europe; the Nerva abounds with vessels in search of the products of the season. The only amelioration which has in the least been effected in commerce, is

the opening of the canal of Middleburgh, which measure acts like an electric spark on the paralyzed arms of the mercantile world !”

Steam-boats are getting into vogue here ; but what an immense difference between those which glide on the French streams and those majestic structures which ride triumphantly on our American waters ! Delille says, very truly, that the European *fleuves* are mere rivulets when compared to the immense mass of water which constitute our magnificent Rivers, and that the European woods are but *thorn bushes* when brought in parallel with our interminable forests. The beautiful but small steam-boat, which runs from Paris to St. Cloud in half an hour, is always loaded with passengers attracted by the novelty of the vessel and the pleasure of this highly interesting voyage.

In company with my inseparable Tom, I lately paid a visit to St. Clouds during the *fête*. As an amusement I took with me that burlesque but extremely diverting little work, by Crebillon fils, called “ *Voyage de Paris à St. Cloud par mer et par terre*,” which amused us during our voyage in the Steam-boat. On our arrival we found an immense crowd walking in promiscuous groups along the Grand avenue. A series of shops and stalls extended for some distance ; in which every thing was exposed for sale, from a gold watch down to a top ; from a cashmere shawl to a dish clout ; from a bottle of Champaign to a draught of small beer ! We passed along to the Lantern of Demosthenes which stands on the summit of a high hill and was modelled after the celebrated monument of that name, which forms the glory of Athens. M. de Choiseul, at the period of his famous embassy to Constantinople, had

this precious relic of antiquity [taken in plaister: from which the present was copied in potter's clay by two stove-makers, to whom a medal was decreed for their ingenuity. It is placed on a stone obelisk of considerable height, which we mounted to the summit by a winding staircase and had a fine view of the capital and an immense horizon.

After quitting this place we followed the crowd into the Chateau of St. Cloud, ever memorable for its being the seat of the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire; which invested Bonaparte with Consular dignity, and served for the first step to that colossal power which he afterward acquired. I went successively through all the magnificent apartments, which are monuments of Imperial wealth and splendour: the most beautiful paintings, the richest embroidery, a profusion of gobe-lin tapestry, the most magnificent mirrors, porcelain vases, bronze figures and candelabres, all unite their splendour to form a union of grandeur, taste, and dazzling riches! "What an exquisite taste has Napoleon evinced (says Shepherd) in providing accommodations for his successors! The Empress Maria Louisa's bed-chamber is a fairy palace; her boudoir the cabinet of the Graces. I doubt not but the recollection of St. Cloud will give an additional pang to the feelings both of her and her husband, when they reflect upon their reverses of fortune."

In the evening, the fountains in the park were played; the grand Cascade was the most elegant, and attracted crowds of people. Sea-monsters, frogs, and bronze heads, spouted forth their streams with fury into the basin and upon the steps of the cascade, from which they flow down with rapidity. From the park, I again

strolled into the woods, and ascending a hill, I enjoyed the prospect of the crowded walks, and the beautiful landscape. Never were my feelings more pleasantly excited ! The evening was fine, the objects around me so various and fascinating, and the sky so serene, that the enraptured beholder with delight must

“ ————— view

“ The summer heaven’s delicious blue ;

“ So wondrous wild, the whole might seem

“ The scenery of a fairy dream.”

For variety’s sake, we returned to Paris on foot, where we arrived in less than two hours.

I finish this letter on my return from an evening visit at Madame St. Marguerite’s ; where there was an interesting conversation, excited by the absurdities of a violent ultra-royalist, who abused Napoleon with all that wrathful eloquence so peculiarly French, calling him a blockhead. “ Pardon !” exclaimed the Baroness de Cretot ; “ it required something better than a blockhead to elevate a throne on the shattered basis of a Republic : he may have been a tyrant ; but he was a prodigy of genius and military skill.” “ I cannot pay the French a greater compliment,” added I, with a low bow, “ than by admiring that great man who had the audacity and the means to enslave the modern Romans !” We here were interrupted by the arrival of a new guest—a secular priest—who attempted to convert me, with more zeal than politeness, assuring me that I would be d—d without benefit of clergy, if I would not forthwith turn Roman Catholic ! He is one of those disciples of Athanasius, who believes, as firmly as in his own existence, that the Pope is infallible.

that every one out of the pale of the holy Catholic church goes to h—ll, and other absurdities ! I began to talk to him about the *fallibility* of the insolent Hildebrand, the unprincipled Innocent III., the scandalous John XXIII., Alex. Borgia, Julius II., and the haughty and audacious Sixtus V. which soon induced him to change the subject !

I am informed that the Royal Library possesses the works of Baron Swedenborg, upon whom the Gens de Lettres look as a beautiful, but dangerous writer. His Latin, they say, is not inferior to that of the Augustan age ; his style is elegant, and his reasoning capacious. I will observe to you, as a curiosity, that Voltaire appears to entertain the same ideas with Swedenborg, on the subject of the Trinity. For, in his *Henriade*, he says—

“ La puissance, l'amour avec l'intelligence

“ Unis et divisés, composent son essence.”

LETTER XXII.

Paris, Sept. 28, 1817.

DEAR JULIA,

PARIS and its environs abound at this season with every species of amusement, every source of instruction; artificial monuments are elevated in every part of the suburbs; women visit the clouds in balloons; luxurious baths are daily invented on new plans, and each proprietor tries to make his establishment more delicious than his rivals. A man named Lecourt has opened a bagnio in which gouty old fellows can ease their torture in a cloud of hot vapour; *petites maitresses* will find baths impregnated with delicious aromatics. The *Montagnes Beaujon* are perhaps entirely unique, being elevated in the midst of a beautiful garden in the *Champs Elysées*; one would be apt to think the proprietor of this modern Eden had called to his aid the powers of enchantment, in order to unite in so small a space, every thing that can please the senses and gratify the most epicurean appetite. We ascend to the top of the artificial mountain, by the steps of a tower, from the summit of which there is a fine view of a great part of the Department of the Seine and Oise. The beautiful meanderings of the Seine, the rippling streams which precipitate themselves from the hills into the low valleys; the meadows that present to our view the most charming landscape; all these objects strike the sight, and exhibit a series of the most delightful and magnificent chateaux, country seats, and, on one side, the elevated monuments of

the French metropolis. From the summit, we descend with the rapidity of lightning to the foot of this artificial mount, in chariots, which are moved by horses below. So swift is the motion, that Dr. Cutterel has calculated it equal to fifteen leagues an hour. I take great delight in this healthful amusement, which at this moment has fashion on its side. Pleasure presents itself as an excitement to an exercise of all others the most healthy, and so exquisitely agreeable is the sensation, that one feels in a manner lost to the outward senses, and wholly engrossed in the present enjoyment.

I have twice heard Madame Catalani, who affords a proof, that the pleasure of sweet music is still more congenial to the mind than to the ear. Her melodious voice can either subdue the fury of the passions by the soft voluptuousness it inspires, or rouse the soul from that apathic lethargy, in which the passions are, as it were, in an unnatural torpor or insensibility.

“ I ne’er am merry when I hear sweet music,”

Says Shakspeare; and Burke observes, in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, that “the most exquisite music is characterized by that sinking, that melting, that languor, which is nearer to a species of melancholy than to jollity and mirth.” Talma has just returned from London, where he has been fêted by Kemble, Kean, and other English Roscii. The first evening I saw him, I went behind the scenes, and had the pleasure of beholding, “face to face,” that great man; undoubtedly the first tragedian, and very probably the most accomplished actor of the age. No orator, whether of the pulpit or the bar, ever knew so well how to manage the passions of his hearers. I always fol-

low him, in his fictitious misfortunes or triumphs, with as much, and perhaps more interest, than if they were real. The misfortunes which tragedy represent are seen remotely; they do not alarm our self-love, but expand our benevolence in favour of virtuous characters: they point out to us the secret charm which accompanies the feelings of the heart, and proves to us that we cannot behold another's joy or sorrow, without partaking of his happiness or misery. To this sympathy, we are indebted for the most endearing connexions in society; and poetry, painting, and eloquence, derive from it their most powerful charms.

I have taken my seat in the Diligence for Châlons, to-morrow, and shall not write to you again before my arrival at Montpellier, when I will give you a detailed account of my journey. But do not interrupt your correspondence on this account, for I will receive all the letters which you send to the usual address.

In your interesting letter now before me, you complain that Letitia and yourself suffer occasionally from head-ache, and you ask me, in a tone half grave and half playful, "to find out some remedy for it, during my medical researches." Nothing, dearest girl, would give me more pleasure than affording a moment's relief to two persons whom I so much love and esteem; and, therefore, I have been thinking seriously on the subject these three days past. The elegant Dr. Beddoes, in his *Hygeia*, (a work equally remarkable for its classical beauty of style, and the soundness of the learning it contains,) wittily remarks, "that nothing is more hard to answer than the questions of his female patients! I therefore," continues he, "generally an-

swer all of them by one word. Doctor, says Mrs. —, what will cure the vapours?—*Health*, Madam. Doctor, says another, pray tell me a remedy for giddiness in the head.—*Health*, my lady. In fine, I put them off by these means : they all either profited by my prescription, (if they understand its meaning,) or they look as wise as if they did, and are ashamed to question me any further for fear of discovering their ignorance." I beg you both, therefore, to cultivate that dearest of all blessings, health, and all aches will soon take their leave of you. It will keep at a distance pain and disease, nor will it debar you from the most lively pleasures of the senses, which are generally proportionate to our real want of them. To its possession we are in a great measure indebted for the duration of life, the vigour of our faculties, and the enjoyment of that small portion of happiness which nature has allotted to us. I will not hypocritically write you down a code of health ; but I intreat you, for my own happiness, which is intimately linked with yours, to forsake your beds of down, and early breathe the sweet zephyrs of the morning. Walk over those delightful fields, where

" Reviving Sleekness lifts the languid head

" Life flows afresh, and young-eyed *Health* exalts

" The whole creation round."

I went last week with two students of the school of Mines, to visit the *Catacombs* ; but as I intend paying a more formal visit to these regions of horror, on my return from the South, I will not enter into any details on the subject at present. Every one knows that the greater part of the southern division of Paris, having

furnished stone for the buildings and public edifices, is completely hollowed out. Mercier, in his satirical Picture of Paris, took a malicious pleasure in frightening the inhabitants of the capital on their terrible situation over these immense subterraneous caverns. When the grave yards of Paris were suppressed in 1778, the bones were carried to these excavations and arranged with the most admirable order and symmetry, in chambers formed for them by the chisel of the architect! We descended into these awful regions with wax tapers, by a flight of steps;

"Obscure we went through dreary shades that lead

"Along the waste dominions of the dead."

I was seized with a religious horror at the images before me. It is astonishing with what gloomy pomp this temple of death is arranged! On several columns are written verses very applicable to the place. I copied in my note-book a few of the principal of these inscriptions, some of which are extracted from the classic pages of antiquity, others are the productions of modern genius; and some savour of the atheistical era of the Marats and Robespierres!

LETTER XXIII.

Lyons, Oct. 2d, 1817.

I PREFER a well filled Diligence to any other vehicle for travelling. The post chaise is certainly more comfortable, but does not afford those opportunities of observing the manners of the people among whom we travel; for what can you learn from a servant who knows nothing, a fellow traveller who is asleep two-thirds of his time, or a noisy postillion to whom you must bawl out the same thing over and over before he can understand you? To me a crowded Diligence is a copious field for observation, a never failing source of amusement: a book in which the human heart can be studied in all its intricacies. The Diligence consists of the Interior, the Cabriolet, the Imperial or Top, and a place behind for the goods; it has usually five horses, harnessed in leather, and connected to it by ropes and chains.

In company with an old gentleman, his daughter, and a young half-pay officer, I set off on the evening of the 26th ult. I might amuse you with relating the adventures of the coach-yard, the preparations for departure, and the affecting adieus. Soon every thing is put in order in this little ambulatory town, when the postillion with his enormous powdered cue and clumsy boots mounts one of the shaft horses; loudly cracking his whip and shouting Gee,—Gee, drives off seemingly determined that nothing should oppose him.

"The pond'rous mass begins to roll
"The post boys crack their whips and swear
"And spur the steed and lash the air."

During the night there was no opportunity of observing either men or things; but as soon as the sun arose, all began to rub their eyes, stare at their fellow travellers, and form conjectures of their respective characters and situations. We were all on a very intimate footing in less than an hour. Strange as it may appear to you, yet it is most true, that Mademoiselle, who was very pretty, let me know, before we got out to breakfast, that she was a *Deist*! In short, like Madame de V—— in Stern's Journey, she told me that she believed nothing! And I should think from the glances of an officer, which were eagerly returned, "that there is not a more dangerous thing in the world than for a beauty to be a deist."

Auxerre is the neatest town I have yet seen in France. It is situated on the declivity of a hill, from the top of which there is a very agreeable coup d' œil. The town extends to the right, surrounded with a high wall flanked with bastions. The picturesque Yonne meanders at the foot of the quay and forms the beautiful Isle of Poplars. The first interview between Napoleon and Marshal Ney, after the defection of the latter from the Royal cause in 1815, was at Auxerre. Ney arrived during the night, was immediately admitted into the Emperor's presence, and throwing himself at his feet, exclaimed, "Is it really you, sire, that I see?" "It is not at my feet, but into my arms, that you should throw yourself," answered Napoleon as he folded him to his bosom.

The approach to Avalon, as to most of the large towns, is through an avenue of lofty Elms. The sur-

rounding country is very beautiful, being varied with groves, wood, and green lawns. Near it is the Morvan which supplies Paris with wood, for fuel. The separation of the Departments from each other, is marked by a large monument placed on one side of the road, on which are the names of the two contiguous departments. We unfortunately passed through Autun in the middle of the night, which deprived me of the pleasure of viewing the antiquities of this celebrated city, except by the pale light of the moon, which gave me a glimpse of the remnants of Roman magnificence, adding still more to my regret, in not being able to visit them *en detail*.

Early on the ensuing morning, the Diligence stopped at Châlons sur Saône. I had my baggage carried to the Hôtel du Parc, the same at which Napoleon stopped in his progress from Cannes to Paris. Châlons is pleasantly situated in a fertile plain, on the right shore of the Saône, but has nothing to arrest attention but its hospital, which is a model of neatness and elegance; an extreme degree of cleanliness and order prevails in every part, particularly in the little chapel. Religious women, called *sœurs de la Charité* preside over the internal economy of this as of other French hospitals. Upon my announcing myself as an American, one of these sisters, with a charming countenance, advanced towards me and asked something about the nunnery at New-Orleans; and requested me to take charge of a letter to a friend, which she presented in half an hour, accompanying it with thanks expressed with a grace and simplicity which pleased me extremely.

I took my passage to Mâcon in the *Coche d' Eau*, or water Diligence, an agreeable little vessel, the deck of

which is well shaded by an awning. There are two cabins and a cell for the *commis*; the one for gentlemen, called the *Chambre de Paris*, is very neatly fitted up, and furnished with elegance. The *coche* is drawn by horses connected to it by a rope reaching from the shore to the top of the mast. In eight hours we arrived at Maçon and early next morning I took my seat in another *coche* for Lyons. The voyage is truly delightful; never will the impression of the pleasure I enjoyed during that trip, be effaced from my memory! At 12 o'clock we came to a bend in the river, which rendered it shorter and more pleasant to walk to Trevoux, where we were to dine. We found a couple of pretty girls waiting on the shore, with the intention of attracting travellers to the two different hotels to which they were attached; having arrived at Trevoux, we were assailed by a dozen more from the *Sauvage* and *Europe* hotels: I followed a beautiful lassie to the former, where I got a most excellent dinner.

From Trevoux to Lyons, the scenery increases in magnificence. The evening was very pleasant; and a brisk air circulated on deck, which dissipated, as it were, the scorching sunny rays. In approaching the city, the surrounding landscape gradually unfolded new beauties. I particularly noticed the *Hermitage de Mont d'Or*, belonging to one Guillot. With the 100,000 crowns which it cost him to embellish this enchanting spot, he might have made a second paradise; but being a tasteless *devôt*, he expended vast sums, in erecting crosses, temples, saints, &c. And after purchasing a superb statue of the "facundus nepos atlantis," oh, Gothic barbarity! he ordered the

wings of Mercury to be knocked off, and to be clapped on the figure of one of his saints!! From the Hermitage, to the Faubourgs, we were surrounded on all sides with hills; the richness and variety of which, with the magnificent buildings upon them, formed an enchanting prospect. Grottos are here and there seen in the rocks, their entrance being romantically *avenued* by oaks; in one of which Rousseau passed an agreeable night. The cottages and chateaux which vary the prospect, appear to be arranged with great taste; the houses are built on the hills, and the garden extends to the river, presenting a declivity covered with trees, cut in fantastic shapes, and objects of taste. The Faubourg presented itself quite unexpectedly before us, as we had seen nothing of it till we got between its *quais*! And the river making a circular turn, the city of Lyons with its dark and antiquated buildings, bursts as suddenly upon the view.

Lyons is most advantageously situated for commerce, being built at the angle which the rivers Saône and Rhone form at their junction, about a mile from the city.

“ ————— Lyon voit passer

“ Deux fleuves amoureux tout prêts à s’embrasser.”

The “lazy-pacing” Saône washes the foot of the Mountain de Fourvières, which is covered with antiquities; the Rhone flows with rapidity between the city and the pleasure ground des Brotteaux—its course along the Guillotière in a straight line; but the Saône is very tortuous and meandering. I indulged myself with a walk along its shores, which are pleasantly shaded with willows from the rays of the sun, to the

confluence of the two rivers. Having arrived at the *Pont de la Molatière*, the eye discovers, as it were, an entire world. Before me were the mountains of Oullins and St. Foye : on the other side were rich and immense plains. The Saône, which approaches the spot where it will lose its name, seems to quit with regret the charming country which it waters, and to advance with fear towards the rapid Rhone rolling its threatening waves with angry voice !

The Hôtel Dieu of Lyons is the most magnificent hospital I ever beheld, and contains one thousand five hundred iron bedsteads. The grand dome is superb ; the small dome is situated in the midst of four spacious rooms, in the form of a cross, paved with the finest marble. The hospital is governed by seventeen administrators and a president. It would exceed the limits of a letter to describe to you the curiosities of the Fourvieres, the Churches, the Palace of Arts, &c.

The origin of Lyons is thus accounted for : The Allobrogi, profiting by the troubles which followed the assassination of Julius Cæsar, drove away the colony established at the town of Vienne, and seized their property. The unfortunate colony took refuge, with whatever they could carry off, at the confluence of the Rhone and Saône, where they solicited and obtained a new asylum from the Senate of Rome. At first, all the houses were built on the Fourviere, which accounts for the splendid reliques of antiquity to be found there.

It is principally to its silk manufactures that Lyons enjoys its present commercial preponderance. Its brilliant stuffs, so generally sought after by all nations, are remarkable for the elegance and variety of their designs, for the brilliancy and splendour of their co-

lours, and for the exquisite delicacy of the workmanship. To its happy situation, Lyons owes the singular advantages of having survived the devastations of war, and all the misfortunes with which it has been visited. Seated at the confluence of two important rivers, it is the natural depot and centre of exchange of the northern and southern productions. The Saône, which communicates with the Loire by the canal of Burgundy, at Doubs, and soon after with the Rhine by another celebrated canal, thus forming communications with Paris, the Low Countries, and Germany.

LETTER XXIV.

Avignon, October 6, 1817.

I SAILED on the Rhone as far as Pont St. Esprit, and made the remainder of the journey here in a *patache*, or news-boat. The shores of this river present a continuance of the same magnificent scenery which adorns the banks of the Saône. The landscape is picturesque and romantic. Here are seen numerous hills, beautifully clothed with the finest oaks ; there, high and precipitous rocks, frowning in sullen majesty over the green vales, which seem to smile in wanton luxuriance. The only remarkable town we passed was Vienne, formerly a Roman colony, and now replete with antiquities, which we did not stop sufficiently long to examine particularly. I observed a great number of ruined gothic castles, those monuments of the barbarous feudal system, in which, as Delille observes,

“ ————— Nos Gothiques ancêtres

“ Transformaient en champs clos leurs asiles champêtres.

“ Chacun dans son donjon, de murs environné

“ Pour vivre surement, vivait emprisonné.”

In approaching Pont St. Esprit, the extreme narrowness of the bridge, contrasted with its great length, arrested my attention. It is said to be the longest in Europe, being three thousand feet, and consisting of twenty-six arches. It is a work of the early modern times, and called St. Esprit, because it was supposed

to have been built from the inspiration of the Holy Ghost! But I hardly believe that the Holy Ghost, or any other ghost, had any thing to do in the affair! Yet the incalculable advantages of the bridge save its name from the imputation of absurdity. In 1815, the Duke d'Angoulême came near losing his life at this place; and if he had, it is probable that his very name would have been forgotten before now!

I travelled with an English gentleman, who is going to Montpellier for his health. We stopped awhile at Orange to see the triumphal arch erected by the Romans, in honour of Marius and Catulus, the dome of which is exquisitely sculptured in fine pentagons, and finished with that architectural elegance so peculiarly Roman. This beautiful monument was erected to commemorate the victory of Caius Marius over the Teutones at Aix, and that of Marius and Catulus over the Cimbri near the banks of the Po. We arrived here in three hours from Orange. This journey afforded nothing interesting—stoney heaths extended on both sides of us; and the only pleasure we received, was an occasional glimpse of the romantic Mont Venteux.

Avignon is one of the most agreeable cities of southern France. Its picturesque situation; its ramparts, with battlements and towers; the canals which intersect its territory; the majestic Rhone to the west; the dilapidated remains of an ancient bridge; the two isles; Villeneuve and its churches; form objects meriting admiration. It is said that Avignon belonged to the Phocians, who, 600 years before the Christian era, established themselves at Marseilles. One hundred and twenty-five years before Christ, *Avennio* was put under the Roman power, by *Ænobarbus* and *Fabius*

Maximus. In 1125, Avignon declared itself independent, and adopted the consular government, under which it acquired great reputation and splendour. Honorius III. preached a crusade against it, and it was taken after a long seige by Louis VIII. of France. Philippe le Bel ceded half the city to Charles II. King of Naples and Count of Provence. At length, the unfortunate Jane, Queen of Naples, sold it to Pope Clement V. for 80,000 florins, which she never received. Avignon continued under the government of the Pope until the French Revolution, which abolished every thing papal in France!

The territory of Avignon is fertile and well cultivated; but of little extent. Its wines are very poor, and its plains are covered with mulberry trees, the leaves of which afford nourishment for the silk-worm.

One of my first visits was to the *Hospice des Pauvres Insensés*, which is the Bedlam of Avignon. It is the neatest and best conducted establishment I ever saw of the kind. The patients suffer no restraint, being permitted to walk about, read, play, or go to sleep, and are treated with demulcents, good living, and baths. The bathing tubs are of stone, each being supplied with two cocks, to increase or moderate the heat of the water. There is one refectory for the males, who all sit at one table, and have their food handed to them through a hole from the kitchen. The attending physician assured me, that the mild and humane methods pursued in this admirable institution are very effectual, for numbers of patients are discharged every year perfectly cured. He started back with horror, when I mentioned to him the barbarity with which maniacs are treated in America. "Is it possible,"

said he, on bidding me adieu—"is it possible to recal reason in a human being, by treating him worse than a brute?"

While visiting the elegant Chapel of this Hospital, the Almoner showed me an ivory Christ nailed to an ebony crucifix—which is finished with a perfection almost incredible. The expression of agony in the face of the Divine Sufferer is uncommonly accurate: it can be discovered in all the muscles, and even in the contraction of the skin, through which the nails have been driven! The hair of Jesus flows beautifully over the shoulders: the whole forming a masterpiece of exquisite workmanship.

As Avignon was so long in the hands of the Popes, it may well be expected that it is not deficient in churches; accordingly the amateur of altars, sacristies, gothic architecture, "with ceiling's fretted height," may here indulge his taste. The principal churches, are the Cathedral or Notre Dame^e de Dons, which, before the Revolution, was famous for the riches which the Popes had accumulated in it, and is now remarkable for several fine paintings; the Church of St. Peter is noted for its splendid gilding. I ascended to the top of the tower of the Cathedral, and from its terrace was gratified with a delightful view of the surrounding country. The Rhone is seen stretching from N. to S. winding in the form of an S. The romantic Venteux, the first point of the Alps, rears its "snow capt," head to the N. E. To the west is a light and elegant wooden bridge over the Rhone, the ruins of Pont de Benezet, and the Isle of Barthelosse.

The south of France, was the seat of the Ultra

Royal massacres, in 1815 and '16. A second Reign of Terror, not less bloody than that of '93, spread devastation over all its fertile provinces. The department of which Avignon is the *Chef-lieu*, is evidently divided between two parties, the "*parti Français*," and the "*parti Papiste*." The first consists of those who side with the Revolution that united the Comtat to France, the other cries out for the submission of the Venaissin to the Popes as formerly! At the period of the first Restoration, the Papists did not conceal their traitorous hopes; and their disappointment gave rise to those horrors which have disgraced this fine country. The conduct of the Ultras in the south, is not generally known even at Paris; since I have been here I have had opportunities of learning a tissue of atrocities of which before, I had not the slightest idea. The murder of Marshal Brune in 1815, is one among a thousand crimes committed by the *royal Terrorists*. The Marshal's brilliant campaign in Holland in '99, the disgrace which he caused to the Duke of York after the victory of Alckmaer, and many other distinguished instances of valorous conduct, had rendered his name dear to every Frenchman. He arrived at the Hotel of the Palais Royal, at Avignon, on the 2d Aug. 1815; standing near his carriage he was recognised by a soldier; the sight of the Conqueror of Harlem and Bakhune attracted a crowd of spectators. In the midst of them a fellow cried out, "look at the assassin of the Princess of Lamballe;" at which horrid signal, he was at once surrounded with a whole legion of furies, and reconducted to the Hotel: the mob filled the air with the most terrible vociferations, and certain Ultra-royal villians were seen exciting them to acts of

violence. The multitude attacked the principal door with hatchets, they broke the windows of the lower story, and rushing into the hotel, committed every excess. Some of the villains entered the room of M. Brune, and repeated the abominable accusation which was the pretext for the insurrection. "My blood has flowed for my country (cried he to the murderers) I have grown gray under the *drapeaux d'honneur*, and I was sixty leagues from Paris, when the princess was butchered." Three times they shot at him, and at length he fell under the hands of a common porter.* His body was thrown into the street and exposed to the fury of the populace; in the midst of their ferocious yelling it was dragged to the river and plunged into the waves, where it became the prey of carnivorous animals, *Horresco referens*. Yet after this and numberless other atrocities, the Royalists reprobate the Revolution with the terror of '93.

* I find by a French Journal, May, 1821, that the assassin of M. Brune has been condemned to death by the tribunal of Avignon.

LETTER XXV.

Avignon, Oct. 8th, 1817.

My last letter was so long that I had resolved not to trouble you again until my arrival at Nîmes or Montpellier; but I have received such pleasure from an excursion to Vaucluse yesterday, that I must add this letter to the package which I send this morning. I will set off for Nîmes to-day, and now fill up the interval allowed me before the Diligence starts, in describing what gave me such delight in my yesterday's excursion. The fascinating account which Petrarch, Delille, Dupaty, Madames Verdière and Des Houlières have given of Vaucluse, had predisposed me to an exquisite mental feast during my visit to the Fountain; in the first part of the journey I met with nothing remarkable, so that I began to suspect that the poets had duped me in their glowing descriptions; but I was soon convinced of their reality. My English friend, Harrison was with me, and contributed to my enjoyment of the scenery, by his philosophical reflections. In our approach to the fountain we had the brawling Sorgue to the right; its bottom covered with cresses gave a green appearance to the stream, although it was colourless and transparent. We proceeded by a narrow and irregular pathway bordered with mulberry trees; here the water dashes with violence against the intercepting rocks, then rises, and falls in cascades on the black stones; its scattered mists reflecting all the colours of the rainbow. In some places, the water, by beating against the rocks, collects in froth,

and then suddenly breaks down in crystal streams. We at length arrived at the cavern, crowned with a rock of immense height; there the murmuring Sorgue is only heard in a prolonged echo, in which the fanciful Dupaty thought to recognise the sound of Laura's name. I entered the cavern and went up to the left. Below is situated the spring, or rather gulf, whose depth has never yet been ascertained. A stone thrown into the water is seen to sink for some yards, before it disappears, and the breakings of the rock can be traced by the eye, till they are lost in the unfathomable abyss. From the cavern I walked by a curved path to that grotto in which Petrarch and Laura sighed their mutual love, and then to the summit of the high rock on which is situated what is called the Chateau of Petrarch, surrounded on all sides by elevated masses of stone, whose irregularities, grottos, and threatening ruin, presented the "fragments of an earlier world." The most profound silence prevails in this romantic solitude.

" ————— The murmuring surge

" That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafed,

" Could not be heard so high——"

The chateau looks like a fortress flanked with bastions. The walls, in which the remains of cannon holes can still be distinguished, are wildly covered with ivy, clinging amorously to its crevices. The river Sorgue receives its water, by a subterraneous passage, from the cavern, and from the cascade when the rains have swollen the fountain very high. The weather having been of late very clear, there was no play of water, the fountain being confined to the gulf at the

bottom of the spring. But after great rains, or the melting of snow, the water swells from its bosom, rising from the mouth of the cave, by superb cascades, and inundates the adjacent country.

In our return to L'Isle, we stopped at the half-way house, called "*L'Hôtel de Laure et de Pétrarque.*" The river Sorgue embraces this delightful island with its glittering branches, and lashes its walls with its waters. We fancy that an enchanted isle springs up before us whilst we walk around its picturesque shores, under two rows of mulberry trees, and between two canals of pure and limpid water. Here we had commanded a repast in the morning, which consisted of delicious trout from the Sorgue, of wild fowl, and vegetables, with a couple of bottles of most excellent hermitage. After our fatigue during the morning, a refreshing *siesta* was quite luxurious. Having called for the bill, which I found so enormously high that I threatened to send for a justice of peace, the *maître d'hôtel* very humbly struck off nearly half of what he had asked. Before we left the house, we were presented with an immense album, to write our names in, which I turned over in hopes of finding some amorous and tender recollections, but was surprised at seeing nothing but the rankest nonsense, which held out no inducement for me to send my name to posterity in such company.

LETTER XXVI.

Nîmes, October 11, 1817.

MADAME de Staël, speaking of the reliques of Roman grandeur, which attract so many classical travellers to Italy, makes *Corinne* exclaim: "The degradation alone of these Roman people is yet imposing. Her mourning for liberty covers the world with wonders, and the genii of ideal beauties search to console the man for the real and true dignity which he has lost." But, without the trouble and expense of travelling through Italy, the amateur of antiquities can satiate himself at Nîmes and its environs.

The Amphitheatre is one of the most magnificent of the Roman edifices which was constructed for the purpose of amusing the people with combats, either between the gladiators, the wild beasts, or between these animals and the persons condemned to death. The form of the building is elliptical; the *façade* is composed of a first, second, and attic story. On the ground floor is a portico, opening externally by sixty arcades, which were so many entrances to the amphitheatre. There were four principal doors leading into the building, answering to the four cardinal points: by these the gladiators and wild beasts entered the arena. The amphitheatre could contain about seventeen thousand persons. During the summer months, the arena is used for bull-baiting, resembling the ancient *taurocatapsies*, which united the hunting, the race, and the fights of these animals.

The *Maison Carrée* is a temple in the form of a parallelogram, and was consecrated to Caius and Lucius, the adopted sons of Augustus and Princes of Youth. A magnificent vestibule, adorned with Corinthian pillars, leads into the temple; a superb gallery, ornamented with balustres, reigns in the interior of the edifice, and in the hearth is a specimen of mosaic work, the stories of which are large cubes of the most vivid and beautiful colours. The Temple of Diana is in a very ruined state : its roof is almost destroyed. Six niches are seen along the lateral walls, which were formerly destined for the statues of divinities. Opposite the door is a species of chapel, where was placed the principal deity. The Cicerone who accompanied me into this temple, pointed to the statue of Apollo, and observed, that Talma had studied it for hours together, and had taken a drawing of it, in order to make some improvement in the Roman costume.

Before my arrival at Nîmes, I had read and heard a great deal about the horrible conduct of the ultra-Catholics, in 1815. I now find that their atrocities surpassed all that had been said or printed on the subject ; and I observe the Catholics treat the Protestants with the greatest contempt and indignity. The rich make it a rule never to employ Protestant workmen ; and even the distributions of alms is submitted to that senseless and cruel spirit of sect.

During the reign of terror, in 1815 and '16, Nîmes, and the other towns of the Department of Gard, suffered more than any of the ill-fated southern provinces. The Protestant villages were arbitrarily taxed, pillaged, and the country seats burnt or reduced to the bare walls. The election took place ; but out

of one hundred and twelve thousand Protestants, not a single representative was chosen. The Cevennes, and the northern part of the Department, presented an asylum to the persecuted fugitives. The royal volunteers burst suddenly upon the poor peasants, of whom sixty were killed, and the prisoners were conducted to Nîmes, where they were shot without form or process. The departure of the Austrian troops, on the 16th of October, 1816, was a signal for the most dreadful outrages ; the Protestant houses were pillaged, the furniture carried off or burnt, and every excess was committed, in spite of the wisdom and firmness of General Lagarde, commandant of the department, who was shockingly murdered. Among the least of the outrages of these sanguinary monsters, was the extortion of immense sums of money from the Protestants. The public schools were interdicted to the children of the members of the Reformed Church ; their temples were burnt, or served as barracks for the insolent soldiery. Trestailons, "the destroyer of the Protestants," as he called himself, murdered more than forty persons at Uzès, and shot seventeen at Nîmes ; Truphemy, with his horde, butchered more than two hundred. Lafond, an old bachelor, who lived in a very retired manner, professed the reformed religion ; Trestailons and his band, bursting into his house, commanded him to deliver all his money, and threatened him with immediate death if he refused to turn Catholic ; scarcely had they received the old man's money, when, seizing him by his gray locks, they drew him to the window, and precipitated him on the pavement below. The monsters perceived the wretched man still breathing, although horribly mutilated, and rushing upon

him amidst the infernal yells of the populace, hacked him into a thousand pieces. This same Trestàillons entered the house of a Protestant, who was stretched on the bed of sickness; the affecting picture of a wife in tears, and a family in despair, did not move the tyger's heart, but applying a pistol to the forehead of the invalid, with a horrible jest, he blew his brains out; and did not leave the widow to bewail her loss! The Protestant women were exposed to indignities that "blur the face of modesty" to relate, and were treated in a manner for which no parallel can be found, except in the annals of female martyrdom!

It is evident that the persecution of the unhappy Protestants, was not the mere effect of popular aggression. Every thing united to prove that a secret, but formidable power, exercised its baneful influence in this department. Formidable indeed must have been that power, whose horrible machinations paralyzed the efforts of the public authorities, without fear of punishment. Murders have been committed in the court-yard, and under the windows of the prefect, where the unhappy Protestants hoped to find an asylum; these massacres continued in spite of the presence of the Duke d'Angoulême, whom I believe to have been no stranger to such excesses! I could fill many sheets with the recital of these Catholic atrocities, but the pen drops from my hand when I reflect on their shocking enormity, and I involuntarily exclaim with Madame Roland, *only* changing one word,

"Oh *Religion!* how many crimes have been committed in thy name!"

LETTER XXVII.

Montpellier, Oct. 12, 1817.

DEAR JULIA,

AFTER a most agreeable journey of two weeks, I arrived here yesterday evening. The first place of importance which occupied my attention after leaving Paris was Lyons; this city essentially commercial, contains little, excepting its antiquities, to arrest the attention of the philosopher, or to inflame the imagination of the poet. The streets are narrow, the houses are dark, and some of them seven or eight stories high. From Lyons to Pont St. Esprit, I had a delightful voyage down the Rhone, the shores of which presented in all directions, mountains clothed with the richest verdure, smiling valleys, extensive fields and hills covered with grapevines, irregular rocks, and grottos, whose entrances were shaded by the lofty elm and overspread by the ivy. From Avignon, I made an excursion to the Fountain of Vaucluse: The pleasure which I experienced in this delicious voyage would have been perfect, could you have contributed to it by your dear presence. Ah, Julia! how often did I think of you while setting in the romantic grotto of Laura, and when gazing with rapture from the Chateau of Petrarch, I had before my eyes,

“Le plus riant vallon qu’ éclaire l’ œil du monde !”

how much more enchanting would that scenery have

appeared had you been near to partake of my feelings! The fountain is situated at the bottom of an immense cavern, whose irregular concentric arches imitate very well a Gothic dome. The rapid Sorgue springs from this unfathomable gulf, and after bathing a rich country, pours its limpid stream at Avignon, into the reservoirs, which supply the city, in concurrence with the Rhone. At Nîmes I had an opportunity of indulging my taste for antiquities: no man admires more than myself, the monuments of Roman grandeur, which remain to us after the devastation of unsparing time and Gothic barbarity.

One of the first curiosities which attracted my attention at Montpellier, was the tomb of Narcissa, in the Garden of Plants. I was conducted down a declivity, between two walls, till I arrived at a small stone vault, resembling the arch of a bridge. In one corner there is a stone lying flat on the ground, under which it is said the bones of Dr. Young's daughter were buried. She died at Montpellier, of a consumption; and the priests having denied her burial in a Catholic grave yard, it is thought that Young brought the corpse to this spot, at midnight, and buried it.

"With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;

"More like her murderer than her friend, I crept,

"With soft suspended step, and muffled deep

"In midnight darkness, whispered my last sigh—

"I whisper'd what should echo thro' their realms,

"Nor writ her name, whose name should pierce the skies."

Night Thoughts.

"Snatched ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!

"And when kind fortune, with thy lover smiled!

"And on a foreign shore; where strangers wept

"Inhuman tears ; strange tears ! that trickle down
"From marble hearts." *ibid.*

From which it would appear, that he had clandestinely buried her in some grave yard, and not in a garden of plants, which would have been no sacrilege ! When Talma and his wife were at Montpellier, he opened a subscription for the erection of a monument to Narcissa ; but his generosity was not seconded !

LETTER XXVIII.

Montpellier, November 1, 1817.

SOME etymologists derive Montpellier from *Mons puellarune*, (Mountain of Girls,) in honour of two young women who lived a religious life at the foot of the mountain, where the city is built : others say that it is called so from the beauty of its female inhabitants. I will very gallantly adopt the latter supposition, although, *par paranthèse*, it argues more politeness than learning ! I perused a history of Montpellier, in royal folio, from which it appears that its first masters were the Counts of Substantion. It was united to the kingdom of Arragon, by the marriage of Mary, heiress of the last of the Guillaumes who possessed it, to Peter II. James III. of Majorca, was King in 1326 ; he sold the lordship to Philippe de Valois, King of France ; but it was not united to the French crown till the reign of Charles VI.

The Peyron is the promenade of Montpellier. The Emperor Joseph II., brother to the ill-fated Maria Antoinette, visited this city in his voyage incognito, under the title of Count de Falkenstein, and was so astonished at the beauty of the Peyron, that he asked where was the city ; for there is nothing in Montpellier to second it in magnificence. Its name is derived from the stony soil on which it was constructed, it where was formerly a market ; consists of two magnificent terraces, one within and above the other, the upper being separated from the lower by a high wall, crowned

with a superb baluster, and beautified by several bas-reliefs of trophies and wreaths. At the head stands a water castle, shaped like an hexagonal pavilion. At the bottom of this elegant structure is a basin to receive the superabundant water from the aqueduct, the remainder being distributed, by conduits, through the city. The Peyron being situated on the most elevated position of Montpellier, is a natural belvedere, commanding an extensive bird's-eye view. The sea towards the S. E. reflects the rays of the sun like polished silver.

“ ————— The briny deep
 “ Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 “ Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 “ Restless, reflects a floating gleam.”

The island of Maguelonne appears towards the middle of this semicircle, at some distance from the shore. To the S. W. the long blue streak of the Pyrenees is confounded with the rich azure of the sky. The high Pic de St. Loup and Mount St. Clement, beautifully speckled with various colours, are seen in the north, advancing before the ridge of the Cevennes, whose summit is tipped with snow. The houses of Montpellier intercept the prospect of the Alps, which can be distinctly seen from the terrace of the Cathedral—their snowy tops seem confounded with the clouds; Mount Just towers “above the rest proudly eminent.” The road to Lunel is seen stretching over the hill, called Mont Regret, on account of the longing, lingering look of regret which the traveller casts back on leaving Montpellier.

The pavilion, or *Chateau d'Eau*, at the head of the

Peyron, is a magnificent structure. The water poured into its basin from the aqueduct, is brought from Mount St. Clement, the distance of three leagues, and supplies the public edifices, the fountains, and private buildings of Montpellier. It runs in two stone gutters in the aqueduct ; from these a pipe carries off the overplus, which is received into a cistern. This superb aqueduct consists of two elegant rows of arches, and an attic, in which the water runs, and may be numbered among the most remarkable structures of the kind left us by the Romans.

The citadel was constructed by the Huguenots, during the reign of Louis XIII. From this fortress they bombarded Montpellier, but were brought to submission by the constable De Luines, who attended his majesty through the provinces. There is at present a corps of three hundred and eighty men in this place, which possesses an academy for teaching the mathematics, drawing and fortification. To give the student a practical idea of the latter, a beautiful fort in miniature has been made, where all the constructions necessary to defend the passage of a river are represented in the utmost perfection. An officer attended me to explain the bastions, curtains, half-moons, &c.

At the second restoration of Louis XVIII. in June, 1815, the Count de Gilly was General of a division of troops in Napoleon's interests. The Montpellierans, with one accord, tore down the imperial arms, and hoisted the white flag, at which Gilly was so enraged, that he entered the citadel on the 2d of July, and bombarded the city for several days : seeing, however, that affairs grew desperate, he left the fort, and resigned the command to the brave general Forrestier.

The Marquis de Montcalm, lieutenant of the Duke of Angoulême, entered Montpellier at the head of a body of undisciplined troops, displaying all that imbecility and cruelty so peculiar to the ultras ; the citadel was thrown open to him, and the ringleaders of the bombardment guillotined. Forrestier escaped with much difficulty, and retired to Lodève, where he now enjoys, "*otium cum dignitate*." This distinguished captain, by birth a Savoyard, has been, by his bravery and merit, long since naturalized as a Frenchman. He made the campaigns of Italy and Germany, and remained a long time in Spain, as chief of Marshal Soult's staff.

The South of France is generally ultra-royalist, and Montpellier eminently so ; this puts me very much on my guard in what I say about politics. If questioned on the subject, I praise the King's knowledge and sound judgment, but never say a word about his principles, his courage, or his imagination. As a proof of the public opinion here, a new actress appeared on the stage, with a tricoloured ribband around her waist ; she was immediately hissed off, and never suffered to show herself again. It was soon found out that M. Briche, colonel of a division, had taken the unfortunate devotee of Thalia under his protection, which circumstance had near been fatal to his interests !

The delicious climate of Languedoc, will contribute not a little to the formation of my constitution ; the air of Montpellier resembles the mild zephyrs of a summer's morning : I do not feel the approach of winter.

"Fair handed Spring unbosoms every grace."

LETTER XXIX.

Montpellier, Nov. 16, 1817.

NOTHING is talked of at present, but a most horrible affair which has for some time occupied the Court of Assizes of Rodez, near this place.

M. Fualdès, a respectable and upright magistrate, the best of fathers, and the worthiest of men, whose principles were known to be liberal ; for which reason, he was an object of hatred to the Ultra-royal inhabitants, of the Aveyron Department. Two of his relations, both men of the first families and importance at Rodez, owed him money ; and not seeming inclined to pay the sum, which was immense, Fualdès repeatedly pressed them on the subject. At length they invited him to meet them late in the evening at the house of Madame Bancal. As he advanced towards the fatal threshold, he was met by Bastide and Jausion, his debtors, with a band of ruffians, who gagged him, and forced him into Bancal's kitchen. A number of fellows had been stationed near the door, with hand-organs, to deafen the cries of the victim. M. Fualdès recognised the villains, and most earnestly begged his life, promising to cancel the debt ; paper was brought in, the debt was annulled, and bills made out in the favour of Bastide and Jausion, to an immense amount ; which he had scarcely finished, when Bastide told him that he must die ; the old man having tried in vain to soften the heart of the murderer, begged for a few moments to make his peace with God. "Make it with the D——," cried the wretch, as he forced him on the

table, on which lay a knife, and a loaf of bread, sent that very morning, to Bancal's family, by Madame Fualdès. Jausion exposed the neck of the victim, and was about to draw the knife across his throat, when his feelings overcame him, and he resigned the instrument of death to the ferocious Bastide, who reproached him for his cowardice. The knife was so dull that he had literally to *saw* through the neck of the miserable Fualdès. The blood flowed into a bucket near the table; it was several minutes before the *last* screams of the dying man were heard!

In the mean time a young lady, noted for her gallantries, had given a rendezvous to her lover, at the house of Bancal. She arrived, heard the stifled cries of the sufferer, and for fear of detection concealed herself in a pantry which opened into the scene of murder. Here to use her own energetic expression, "She heard the blood drip into the bucket," and gave an involuntary scream of horror; the murderers started: Bastide advanced to the hiding place of the witness, and with his uplifted knife attempted to despatch her; but Jausion interfered and saved her by the timely reflection that they would have difficulties enough to encounter with one body, and that with two, they would infallibly be discovered. Madame Manson was dragged to the lifeless corpse of Fualdès, and was forced to take a most dreadful oath, that she would never divulge the horrible secret. She was obliged to witness this tempest of more than midnight horror, and the turbulent strife of human vice and passion howled incessantly in her ears.

The screams of Fualdès were "a hideous trumpet" that "called to parley the sleepers of the house." The

children of Bancal who had retired to rest in an adjoining room, were awakened by the noise, and advanced to the window, through which they saw the shocking deed. On retiring to bed, they made some disturbance. Bastide snatched a candle, and rushed into their bedroom, where the children feigned sleep so well, that the monster appeared satisfied, and returned to the kitchen : he however made Madame Bancal promise to have the oldest of them butchered next day.

After the death of Fualdès, the assassins, with two or three others whom they had invited in, wrapped up the body, and deliberately proceeded towards the river Aveyron ; Bastide walking behind them with a loaded musket, threatened to shoot down the first man who should make the least noise. As they threw the body into the river, they were observed by a fisherman, who was spreading his nets. He recognized Bastide by his gigantic size, which rendered him more conspicuous than his companions. Next morning the corpse of M. Fualdès was discovered floating on the Aveyron. The news was soon conveyed to his widow, who was thrown into the greatest consternation ; in the midst of which, the bloody, the execrable Bastide, entered the house, and feigning an utter ignorance of the murder, attempted to condole with Madame Fualdès on her misfortune. Long since, the habit of crime had " stopped the access and passage to remorse ;" but still there was something remarkable in his behaviour ; his hideous countenance and gigantic stature, which had gained him the epithet of the Brennus of the South, exhibited even more than its ordinary ferocity ; there was something *mal assuré* in his manner, which was particularly noticed by Didier Fualdès, the son of the

unfortunate magistrate. At length, the confession of Bancal's daughter, the half disclosure of Madame Manson, and the discovery of several facts, induced the authorities to secure the persons of Bastide and Jausion. In the meantime, the woman Bancal, who had acted so prominent a part in this horrible deed, and who had given the blood of Fualdès to be devoured by a hog ! resolved to have her suspected daughter despatched ; for which purpose, she sent her to the forest to her father, who was a wood-cutter, with his dinner, with word "to put in execution the promise they had made to Bastide." At the sight of her, his heart relented ; but stifling these "compunctious visitings," he pressed her head between his knees, and disclosing her throat, he drew his knife to do the unnatural deed ; but as he approached the fatal instrument to her neck, she innocently caught hold of it, and made use of some artless expression, which immediately disarmed the murderer, who threw away the knife, and clasping her to his bosom, cried out, "No ! I shall never have power !"

Such are the circumstances divulged respecting this most horrible affair that ever stained the annals of crime. The trial of the murderers is not yet closed. I will write you the event, together with the dreadful episode, which may hereafter serve to complete this execrable drama.

LETTER XXX.

Montpellier, Dec. 2, 1817.

DEAR JULIA,

I THANK you again and again for your last most agreeable letters which were sent to me by my banker at Havre. I brought but few of my favourite books with me to the South; so that your delightful letters came most perfectly *à propos*. I make them my classics, as Gray made the letters of Mr. West supply the place of his Horace and Sibullus in the country. On my return to Paris I shall write to your sister. The manner in which Latitia has brought up her own children, is a convincing proof that her plan is excellent: but since she desires it, I will give her an abstract of Jean Jacques' *Emile* in my first letter.

I had not long been at Montpellier, before I was struck with the beauty and charms of its female inhabitants. There is nothing more graceful, playful, and wanton, than the *grisettes*, or tradesmen's daughters, of Montpellier. They speak with a peculiar grace, the most beautiful *patois* of the South of France. The dress of these lovely creatures serve to set off the charms of their person. Their beautifully flowing hair,

“ Whose glossy black, to shame might bring

“ The plumage of a ravens wing——”

is slightly covered at the top with a small cap, adorned with lace, and a violet ribband. Their locks fall in

natural ringlets on either side, and terminate with luxuriant profusion on their snow-white shoulders, whose alabaster hue is beautifully contrasted with the deep colour of their hair. One would be induced to think, that there was a sisterhood of grisettes at Montpellier, for they have all nearly the same costume. They generally wear a black velvet spencer, and white muslin petticoat, a handsome gold chain adorns the neck, and a silver bunch of keys is suspended from their waist.

I lately paid a visit to Auguste D——, my cousin, at Lodève, a village a few leagues from Montpellier. The town itself is miserably narrow and dirty, but its environs are most poetically romantic, and the walks are delightful. Anne Radcliffe, M. G. Lewis, or Lord Byron, might find among the *belles horreurs* about Lodève, scenes for their terrific stories. The only amusements of the inhabitants, are those of society and humanity. Unlike the other part of Languedoc, the Lovévians are for the most part Bonapartists, or Republicans—they are by no means bigoted in their religion; to tell the truth, many of them have not seen the inside of a church for time immemorial! I usually passed my evenings with my cousin at *Eugene Brun's*, where the great secret of happiness appears to be *always at one's ease*. The ladies brought their working articles, knitting and sewing, at the same time that they talked and laughed. I never in my life enjoyed company more, in which there was so little ceremony, and at the same time so much true politeness. It put me very much in mind of the society which you described to me in one of your letters; you will easily guess that I allude to the aimiable family of the M—ns, near Baltimore. For myself, dear Julia, I consider

ceremony as the very bane of social happiness, and one of the causes why I avoided the stiff *façons* of the Fashionables at home! You alone consoled me for this seclusion from society; you could have reconciled me for the loss of the dearest of earthly blessings; the whole world might have been annihilated, and with you alone, I should never have known the ennui of solitude.

Auguste is not yet 40, and yet he has a daughter 18 years of age! he married early to avoid the conscription. His daughter looks very much like you; I need not add that she is exquisitely beautiful, but what peculiarly struck me was, that she has on her left cheek that very indentation which is on yours; hers was caused by a burn which has left this almost imperceptible scar. In neither of you is it a defect; for it adds to the dimple of your smile; this apparent fault sets off with additional *éclat*, the perfection of your features. You may easily imagine that Mademoiselle D—— was my favourite among all the ladies of Lodève. I found in her much tenderness and sensibility, and had she been fond of reading, she would have been the very prototype of my Julia.

LETTER XXXI.

Montpellier, Dec. 12, 1817.

I HAVE already secured my seat in the Diligence for Beziers, and shall set off to-night for that city. I am now perfectly acquainted with Montpellier and its environs. The climate is so delicious, that I frequently walk out with my book, and seat myself in some cool sequestered spot, "o'er canopied with luscious woodbine," there to study and reflect;—yet I should not think the place very desirable for a consumptive patient. The streets are narrow and crooked; and it is necessary to be always going up or down hill; in walking through them, one is apt to get over-heated by such exercise, and to retire for relief to the Peyron or Esplanade, where the air is extremely sharp; the perspiration is thus suddenly checked, and a bad cold is the consequence. Besides this, there is a peculiar cutting wind which prevails in the environs, which alone is dangerous to weak lungs. In my conversation with professor Broussonet, dean of the faculty, he told me, that the rapidity of my growth, and "trimming the midnight lamp," have been injurious to my constitution; adding, that the first symptom of amelioration would be *fatness*. I observed to him, that I suspected I was one of Pharoah's *lean kine*, which made him laugh more heartily than he had done for some time. Broussonet possesses a degree of gravity almost equal to that of Dr. D——; but when he does laugh, his features express the most amiable good nature;

whereas, when D----- smiles, (which is about once a month,) he resembles the misanthropic *Lara* of Lord Byron--

"That smile might reach his lip, but passed not by ;
"Nor e'er did trace its laughter to his eye."

Last Sunday, being in a contemplative mood, I resolved to indulge myself with a sentimental walk in the graveyards, which excited in my mind a train of tender, melancholy sensations, allaying every tumultuous passion. The tombs are fancifully overgrown with moss ; not decked with " storied urn or animated bust," but on a modest marble slab, some frail monument of the deceased " implores the passing tribute of a sigh." The sacred calm that breathed around ; the funeral objects which every where met my view ; the solemn preparations for a new interment--sunk my soul into a degree of religious sadness, more effectual than the most eloquent sermon. The grave digger, with whom I had a conversation, told me, that as soon as the cemetery was filled, it was ploughed over, and the burials were commenced on a new score.

The inhabitants of Montpellier in general, and most of my relations I find, are violent ultra Royalists. The name of Bonaparte is never mentioned without horror ; and the few of his partizans who exist at this place, are pointed out, in the streets, as objects of hatred. I am confident that if he was at this moment to land at Cette or Toulon, he would not find a dozen adherents. Napoleon has appeared to the world like a brilliant but irregular meteor, which dazzles by its splendour, but soon plunges into the thick clouds of obscurity, and

leaves nothing behind but traces of its glory and terror. "Wherever you turn (says Mr. Birkbeck) is some majestic monument of his taste. In fact, the grandeur of Paris was his creation, and you now see workmen busy in all parts, scratching out his name, and defacing his eagles. This is very pitiful! The Bourbons, in their attempts to disgrace Napoleon by pulling down his statues, and obliterating the ensigns of his power, are directing their attack against his least vulnerable part, and inviting a comparison greatly to their own disadvantage." The French character is eminently calculated to be moved by what is great, magnificent, and flattering to their vanity. The Emperor had studied, and was well acquainted with the national disposition. His glorious campaigns, his brilliant success, and his energetic conduct, gained him the admiration and affection of Josephine, and the love of his subjects; such a man was found necessary to close the chasm of the Revolution! His first and greatest fault was the repudiation of the woman, who had smoothed his way to the throne; and his sharing the diadem with a foreign princess, possessing all that phlegmatic German repulsiveness of manner, so contrary to the French character. This perhaps was the origin of his fall, by the immoderate impulse which his second marriage gave to his ambition. At present, "the terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye," are quenched in the clouds of slumber. He excites no more enthusiasm, because this volatile nation requires the stimulus of glory, and the dazzle of heroic actions as a fuel to their admiration.

If Louis XVIII. was not so far "declined into the

role of years," if he had hitherto displayed a taste for magnificence; and if at the same time, he and his odious brother had not so deeply wounded the glory of the Great Nation, by their disgraceful concessions to the enemies of their country; I am confident that his Majesty, who is known to have taste, and a philosophic mind; would have been very acceptable to the generality of the Nation; but Louis is old, gouty, and retired; inaccessible, and well known for his attachment to England. His classical information, would perhaps have gained him some reputation, as a member of the Academy, but does not at all fit him to wear the diadem, or sway the sceptre over the first people in Europe.

I think that it may be said, on the whole, that the Montpelliérans are a religious people. The zeal of the lower classes of society, has given rise to the *confréries* of Penitents. On the model of these humble associations of workmen, there have been formed two superb societies of Blue and White Penitents, rivals in ostentation and magnificence; striving to outdo each other in their processions, the beauty of their sacramental banners, the magnificence of their candelabras, and the number and costliness of their *perfuming pans*, *shepherds hooks*, and silver crosses! The half of this expense would be sufficient to support a hundred poor families. In this way, many of the inhabitants carry their devotion to a degree which always renders piety ridiculous; Religion, Liberty, and Virtue may have admirers, or even adorers, but I always suspect the zeal of those who give themselves out as devotees! Some of the inhabitants of Montpellier are so ultra

devout, that they do not find the pope catholic enough ; and a certain church, known under the name of *pure*, scarcely acknowledges the authority of his present Holiness, whom they affect to call bishop of Imola, or plain Monsieur Chiaramonti.

Since I have been here, I have visited, in all their details, the Maison de Detention or Penitentiary and the Hospital de Mendicité, which is similar to our alms houses. The Penitentiary was formerly a convent of Ursulines. The prisoners are condemned for a greater or less time, according to the enormity of the crime. Most of them are there for thefts ; some women for infanticide, and some men for political errors. I observed in one of the rooms, a youth of very forbidding countenance, who could not look a person in the face through shame. He had, at thirteen years of age, ravished, barbarously treated, and murdered a child ! He was condemned to the Penitentiary for twenty years, of which he has remained nine. In the Mendicity Hospital, I observed a female maniac, in whose countenance was seated a great degree of dignity. On inquiry, I was told that she had been one of the most fashionable women in Montpellier : her husband had abandoned her ; and the murder of a favourite son by the *pious* horde at Nîmes, completely overthrew her reason, and now she is "quite, quite down." In walking through the wards of the deranged patients, I saw with pleasure the humane treatment of the unfortunate inmates of the Hospital : and I painfully contrasted it with the brutality, which those miserable beings received in the United States and England, where, to use the language of the tender *Monimia*, one witnesses with horror

" ————— Their locks

" Matted like furies tresses; and their poor limbs

" Chained to the ground, and 'stead of the delights,

" Which happy lovers taste, their keepers' stripes,

" A bed of strâw, and a coarse wooden dish

" Of wretched sustenance —————."

LETTER XXXII.

Carcassone, Dec. 15, 1817.

On the 13th inst. I arrived at Beziers, which is romantically situated in the midst of a fine luxuriant country. It has been said, rather too poetically,

"Si Deus in terris vellet habitare, Bitteris,"*

I must confess that there are other parts of the world which I would prefer to Beziers! The country about is very rich, and the town possesses some antiquities worthy the attention of the connoisseur; among others are the ruins of a Roman Amphitheatre. From Beziers I sailed to this place on the Canal du Midi, which is one of the wonders of France, and perhaps of the world. The navigation up hill is managed by *Ecluses*, or floodgates; the construction of which is founded on two principles. First, that water in two vases, which communicate by an opening, has a tendency to acquire an equilibrium, or be on a level, in both vessels; second, a body specifically lighter than the fluid, into which it is plunged, remains always at the surface, whether the fluid rises or falls. The locks are placed progressively one above another, and regulate the velocity of the current, the quantity of water to be admitted at a time, and the navigation in elevated places. About a league from Beziers, we passed through the famous *Grotte*, or *Montagne percée*,

*A wag added: "*Ut iterum crucificeretur!*"

through which a canal has been cut ; here is a proof, that every obstacle ceded to the genius and industry of Requet, in this admirable construction. Through a rocky mountain, a long arcade, resembling a Grecian dome, has been cut, to the length of four hundred and fifty feet ! It is paved inside like a vault, but the naked rock is sometimes exposed ; the cut portions of which are figured in a manner truly fantastical.

Carcassone is remarkable for its antiquity, and for the symmetrical manner in which it has been built. It is the capital of the Department de l'Aude, which was formerly noted for its tranquillity, and the happiness of its inhabitants ; but in 1816, those pests of France, the Ultras, spread desolation in every family.

A secret committee was formed, which submitted even the *opinions* of the Audoes to its inspection. The first person on whom these execrable tyrants fixed their attention, was the amiable and popular Rector of Fiton, M. Auruscy, whom they denounced as a Bonapartist ; three times was he brought before their bloody tribunals, and as often acquitted for want of sufficient proof against him. The parishioners of M. Auruscy, who were extremely attached to him, denounced his infamous persecutor, who was most scandalously acquitted. Soon afterwards, General Rivals was arrested at Narbonne, and exposed, during twenty-four hours, to the fury of a senseless populace. He afterwards retired to his forges of Gincla, where he resumed his usual occupations, so profitable to the department : but his enemies shuddered with rage when they heard of the infinite resources which he derived from this honourable and useful retreat, and determined to murder, on the scaffold, the man whom they had

in vain attempted to ruin, and whom they had exposed to the poignards of hired assassins ! The forges of Gincia were accused of concealing the Napoleonists, and particularly General Clauzel. The troops of the Aude and neighbouring department burst suddenly into this charming retreat, but were received by M. Rivals with such stoical courage, that the chiefs of this horde were filled with admiration ; and being convinced of the infernal designs of their employers, they returned home covered with shame.

The prisons of the department were by this time filled with persons accused of political crimes ; among others was M. Baux, an eminent surgeon, who had been arrested by order of the infamous Mayor, Vendomois, who, to make sure of him, introduced a fellow, named Comérelan, into the prison, commissioned to organize a conspiracy, which was to serve as the basis of the accusation against Baux. He prevailed on them to write a letter to M. Fournié, who was to bribe the guard, and they were persuaded to insert in the letter, that, as soon as they were out of prison, they would seize the Prevôt, the members of the Prevôtal court, &c. Comérelan delivered the letter to the police ; the Prevôt assembled ; the soldiers rushed into the prison at midnight, and hurled the unhappy prisoners into the most loathsome dungeons. They were at length tried by the Prevôtal court, on the 18th of July, 1816. The infamous Comérelan denied having any connexion with the defendants, and only spoke of the letter he had received from them ; appearing quite astonished at its contents ! The prisoners were accused of the intention of escaping ; of murdering the Prevôt, the king's attorney, the prefect, &c. It is remark-

able, and should be written in characters of blood, that even during the trial, and before the fate of the accused was decided, the guillotine was erected, and the cart prepared to receive those unfortunate men ! who refused to enter it, and walked to the scaffold with undaunted courage.

LETTER XXXIII.

Toulouse, Dec. 20, 1817.

FROM Carcassone to Castelnaudry, the prospect on both sides of the canal is very beautiful. The picturesque Pyrenees appeared to extend in different ridges, parallel to each other, their snow-capt tops reflecting the brilliant sun-beams, a richly spangled sheet, through which the dark bare rocks would occasionally appear, forming a beautiful contrast with the glittering whiteness of the snow, and "heaven's delicious blue." I remained a day at Castelnaudry, for the purpose of visiting the immense basin of St. Ferréol, filled with the waters of various streams, coming from the mountains; from hence they flow to Naurouse, the most elevated point between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic; from Naurouse, it proceeds in two streams to the Canal du Midi. This basin is surrounded, on all sides but one, by mountains, which form its hollow; on the remaining side is a dyke, pierced by a gallery, or aqueduct, that receives the water, and transports it to the *regoles*, or streams, whence it goes into the Naurouse.

One of the first objects which attracted my attention at Toulouse, was the Capitol, which is now used for the City-Hall. The most admirable object in it, is the *Salle du Trone*, in which a magnificent throne was erected for Bonaparte, in 1807, on his return from Spain. This chamber is a rotunda, with a dome richly painted on the ceiling, to imitate the sky. Above is a handsome baluster, destined for the musicians.

The throne, which is a magnificent chair, covered with the richest cramoisy velvet, and embroidered with gold, is placed under a splendid canopy of the finest silk, shaded with a bunch of ostrich feathers. When the blinds of the windows are lowered, a glittering light is diffused over the artificial firmament above, which, in effect, imitates the sun. The *Salle des Illustres* contains the busts of a great many not very *illustrious* personages.

I afterwards walked to the famous mill of Basacle, built in 1814, upon the ruins of the former mill, that was wantonly burnt by the English under the Duke of Wellington. Here are twenty millstones turned round by the rapid Garonne with great velocity, and but little noise.

The School of Medicine is in a very wretched condition, and only gives licences to health officers. The students of this, and of the School of Law, appear to be the scum of Toulouse; the latter is perhaps one degree more flourishing than the former. Six hundred students attend the lectures this winter; but probably they are more assiduous at the theatre, coffee houses, and billiard rooms, than at their studies. Duels are frequent among them, arising from political squabbles, quarrels at play, or about the merits of their favourite Cyprians.

When the Bourbons were forced on France, at the point of the bayonet, the Duke and Dutchess d'Angoulême were almost exclusively proclaimed in the west. Those who still affect to side for the Duke, wear green ribbands, and style themselves *Verdets*. I will observe, that his Royal Highness would not accept the charter. During 1815, the *Verdets* thought themselves privileged to exercise the functions of the police, at Toulouse

and here, as in other parts of the west and south, the ultras evinced their cruelty and imbecility, during the short period of their triumph. Among other acts of barbarity, I will only mention the murder of General Ramel, who was known to be very inimical to the dangerous companies organized by the *Verdets*, and he was said to have written to the minister, to have them disarmed. On the 15th of August, the General dined at the Convent of Minimes, and had but just finished, when frightful howling, and yells, announced the approach of the murderers. Ramel undauntedly opened the door of the room, and presented himself to the assassins with much calmness. His body was pierced with a ball, and he fell senseless on the floor; in which state he was transported into a room, and surgeons were sent for. He was stretched on a bed, his wound was just dressed, when suddenly the doors were forced open, and the sanguinary monsters, armed with cutlasses, and butcher's knives, rushing upon their victim, hacked him to pieces, and carried off his palpitating limbs.

I went early this morning to the seat of battle, where on the 10th April, 1814, twenty-five thousand brave Frenchmen, commanded by the Duke of Dalmatia, disputed the victory for fifteen hours, with one hundred thousand English, Portuguese, and Spaniards, headed by the Duke of Wellington. If the number of dead and wounded decide a victory, if prodigious efforts of courage are to be estimated in the calculation, this battle ought to be considered as one of the most brilliant triumphs in the annals of French glory. On that memorable day, the French only lost three thousand men, while their enemies owned that their loss

was eight thousand killed, and fourteen thousand wounded. After the retreat of Soult's glorious regiments, the dastardly allies committed the most dreadful ravages in Toulouse and its environs. The English have shown themselves in our country, as well as on the European continent, rivals of the barbarous hordes of Brennus, Attila and other enemies to civilization; and yet, strange as it may appear, they have the unblushing impudence to palliate, and even deny their well attested atrocities!

LETTER XXXIV.

Bordeaux, Dec. 26, 1817.

DURING my journey from Toulouse, in the Diligence, I had an opportunity of observing the contrast of character so frequently met with in travelling. In the interior was a nun, a kept mistress, a dissolute soldier, and a religious curate, a dull inattentive fellow, and a strict observer, (which was myself ;) in the cabriolet was an old travelling milliner, who did not care under what government she lived, provided she could gain an honest livelihood ; and a discontented politician, who, although as poor as Job, was for regulating the affairs of Europe. He was a violent Bonapartist, to whom he accords every virtue of a man, and all the glory of a monarch. If he was defeated, it was through the treachery of his friends, or the number of his enemies ! if he depopulated and impoverished France, he made every Frenchman proud of the name, and employed the money he exacted to render the nation glorious ! The hospitable sister who travelled with us, was of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, and was going to Paris, where there are a female and male superior to all the religious women in France. She never ate or slept at the taverns on the road, but went to the hospital of the town we stopped at, where she was received and treated by the sisters, who attend the sick, prepare and administer the ptysans and medicines. She was dressed in black stuff, with a white bonnet of cambric, made very stiff with starch ; freshness and

health bloomed in her face ; the cheerfulness, and even gaiety of her temper; the extreme cleanliness of her dress and person, were agreeably contrasted with the dissolute appearance, restlessness, tawdry lace, and disgraceful conversation of the profligate woman who sat opposite to her.*

However a Frenchman may detest Bonaparte, or however violent his attachment to the Bourbons, it appears to me, that his hatred to the English is not the least diminished. I always make it a point to declare myself an American as soon as possible. It is surprising what a difference it makes in the manner in which I am received: the countenance which before was clouded with hatred and distrust, immediately brightens into good nature, when I announce myself an American, and an admirer of the French !

As I am not a dull antiquarian, I will not trouble you with a formal account of the ancient history of Bordeaux, but will merely observe that it was founded by the *Bituriges Vivisci*; that Julius Cesar, having defeated Vercingetorix, in this country, the Bituriges determined to burn their cities, rather than yield to the Conqueror. They fled to the banks of the Garonne, and laid the foundations of Bordeaux, which received the name of *Burdelaga*. In 507 the Visigoths were

* " Peut-être n'est il rien de plus grand sur la terre que le sacrifice que fait un sexe délicat, de la beauté, de la jeunesse, souvent de la haute naissance, pour soulager dans les hopetaux ce ramas de toutes les misères humaines dont la vue est si humeante pour l'orgueil et si révoltante pour noutre délicatesse. Les peuples séparés de la communion Romaine n' ont imité qu imparfaitement une charité si généreuse. Mais aussi cette cougrégation est elle la moins nombreuse."—*Voltaire's Essai sur les Mœurs*.

driven from this country by King Clovis, who united it to the French empire. During the troubles, caused by the Mayors of the Palace, the celebrated Eudes, governor of Aquitain, declared himself independent. After his death King Pepin seized this principality and built the Chateau de Fronsac to secure his conquest. In the 12th century, we find the Dutchy of Guienne a province of England, having been united to it by the marriage of Henry II. of England, to Eleonora, widow of Lewis the young. Bordeaux was the capital of this province, which continued under the English government for three centuries, after which, they were completely driven out of France, through the almost miraculous conduct and valour of the Maid of Orleans. The Count de Dunois took Bordeaux in 1451. I shall not dwell on the persecution of the Hugonots, the massacre of St. Bartholomews', the disturbances excited by the Dukes of Epernon, the parliamentary quarrels, &c. From 1690, till the entrance of the Royalists in 1814, nothing occurred to render its further history interesting. "Heureux le peuple (says their Montesquieu,) dont l'histoire est ennuyeuse."

The only antiquities in Bordeaux, are the Palais Galien, and the remains of an amphitheatre at the Porte Basse. The first was built during the decline of the Roman power, and bears evident signs of the decay of the arts. The doors, the fragments of walls and arches, are the only remains of this edifice,

"Le long de ces remparts, autour de ces murailles

"Qu' a noircis de ces feux le Démon des batailles ;"

moss and ivy now grow, and seem to hide from our view the ravages of time, and the devastations of war.

The Grand Theatre, is one of the most superb monuments of modern architecture. It was opened in 1781, with the most sublime, and splendid tragedy that ever was produced by human genius: you may easily guess that I allude to Racine's *Athalie*. The principal front of this theatre is a magnificent portico, supported by twelve massy pillars of the Corinthian order. Above the cornish, is an elegant baluster which protects a terrace, from which the view over the departments is very extensive. The door of the portico opens into a beautiful vestibule, leading to the principal parts of the theatre; the ceiling is ornamented with fine rosasses in basso-relievo, and is sustained by sixteen magnificent fluted columns.

The pit of all the provincial theatres, has the disadvantage of not possessing benches, and is frequented by none but the populace; whereas the *parterre* at Paris, is the resort of the best critics, and always has stuffed seats for the spectators. In the Grand Theatre of Bordeaux, genteel comedy is well performed; there are two or three good singers, and the ballet is very fine. In spite of all this, the Bordelais prefer the Gaite and Théâtre Français, in which they are gratified with obscene farces and ballads. Lepeintre and Honoré, are two such "fellows of infinite jest," that they form some excuse for this depraved taste of the inhabitants.

Among the churches at Bordeaux, that of St. André is the first, and is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in France. Notre-Dame, and St. Vincent de Paul, are in the Greek style; after these I visited the church St. Michel, which is more interesting than either of the former. The tower is separate

from the church, and was at first three hundred feet high, but has suffered considerably from storms, and the ravages of time. The porter first conducted me to the charnel house which is quite stocked

“ ————— with dead men’s rattling bones,
“ With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls.”

In this dismal cave, I observed several mummies in excellent preservation, which were taken from their coffins during the Revolution, pursuant to a decree of the National Convention. One of these mummies has been preserved nine hundred years, one eight hundred ; a woman who died five hundred years ago, exhibits her features in all their original contour ! I observed a man who died six hundred years ago, of cancer in his breast, the hole which this corrosive disease left in the part is still visible ; and a porter, seven and a half feet high, who burst out his intestines, in attempting to carry too heavy a weight. A person, who died five years ago, still preserves his beard ! In the middle of this region of horrors, lies a huge pile of bones ; being the surplus of what were taken from the coffins. But enough of this nauseous description, “ my gorge rises at it ! ”

The exchange of Bordeaux is a magnificent edifice. The ground floor is divided into galleries, in which are *columnæ*, or stalls for books, prints, cutlery, fancy-goods, pastry, and, I will add, indecent pictures ! A large stone stair-case, conducts to the second story, in which is the tribunal of commerce. On the ground floor is the magnificent hall where the merchants meet. It is a long Grecian dome, ornamented with arches, between which are printed the names of

the several commercial nations ; I thought the United States appeared with peculiar lustre.

At the Restoration, Bordeaux affected great zeal for the Royal cause. That very personification of Feudality, and dearest hope of Ultra-Royalism. The Duke d'Angoulême, was received with every demonstration of attachment, by the Bordelais in 1814, thanks to the officiousness of the Mayor. Marshal Beresford, preceded the Duke, at Bordeaux. The king's commissary, with a train of more than ten thousand inhabitants, of every rank and description, attended by the Mayor, and the Marquis de la Rochejaquelein, brother to the Vendean brigand of that name, advanced to the staff of the British army. Here passed numberless nauseous speeches, and compliments, with shouts of "Long live the Bourbons! *Honour to the English!*" &c. When the Duke d'Angoulême entered the city, the cries of "*Vive le Roi,*" were renewed ; and his highness had time to snuff up at his leisure, the fumes of adulation. In 1815, the Dutchess d'Angoulême was at Bordeaux, at the time of Napoleon's triumphant invasion. On the approach of General Clausel, Madame, who had displayed the character of Jean Hachette, and other amiable *viragos*, thought it prudent to make a timely retreat, and on the 1st of April, she embarked on board an English fleet for Spain, not, however, before giving a foretaste of her genuine ultra-royalism! Dressed in true Vendean style, she sent an order to an officer, to make some military manœuvre, which was not according to law. "Am I obliged to obey the commands of a strumpet," said the brave fellow ; this was reported to Madame, who immediately ordered him to be shot!

LETTER XXXV.*Bordeaux, Jan. 7, 1818.***DEAR JULIA,**

It is some time since I had the pleasure of writing to you, having been shifting from place to place since my last letter.

Of the four great cities of France, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, I am uncertain which should rank first after the capital; this much I can say, that there is no city in Europe, which is better calculated to produce a favourable impression on the stranger, than Bordeaux. It stretches in a semicircular sweep along the magnificent Garonne, which flows majestically before the most elegant, and fashionable quarter of the city. To judge of the beauty of the coup-d'œil, it is necessary to mount to the terrace of the Grand Theatre, or the Steeple of St. Michel's; from which elevated points, the city is seen to extend almost to the boundaries of the horizon; to the N. E. the semicircular curve of the River, animated by its vessels which give one the idea of a forest of masts, presents a most beautiful prospect. To the extreme North, the Garonne is seen making a serpentine sweep around the opposite shore; and there stand the Bastide, over which is traced the road to Paris. At present, there is no bridge over the Garonne at Bordeaux, and it has long been contested whether it was possible to erect one over such a wide

and rapid River; however, the attempt is now making, and the pillars appear just above the water.

I had letters of introduction to some of the first houses here, particularly *Mathon, Laroque, Russee, &c.* But I must not neglect mentioning a curate of Bordeaux, M. Gouny, whom I met with at Lyons, and whose manners, conversation, and gentlemanly conduct during our journey together, and residence at Lyons, attached me to him extremely. He gave me his address before he left that city; and I called on him at the Seminary here, and was received as a father would receive his son, after a long absence; indeed he called me by no other name, than that of "*son cher fils.*" He tells me that the height of his ambition would be to convert me to his own religion, which he makes no doubt, is the only road to salvation; but the scenes of ultra-catholicism, which I had witnessed and heard of in the South, makes me but an unfit subject for conversion. I have had many disputes with him on the merits and demerits of the Catholic faith, and I rather suspect that he will neither convert me, nor I him; which (he says) will not in the least diminish our mutual friendship.*

I have accompanied M. Mathon two or three times

* "Popery is in its essence, and by its very constitution, a religion of outward form and ceremony; full of sound and show, recommending itself by the charms of music, the solemnity of pictures, the pomp of dress, the magnificence of buildings, by the dread of power and the allurements of pleasure. It strikes upon the senses studiously, and, in every way, it appeals to the imagination; it enthral the passions; it infects by sympathy; has age, has authority, has numbers on its side; and exacts implicit faith in its inscrutable mysteries, and its gaudy symbols:—it is in a word, the religion of fancy."

Edinburgh Review, 1820.

to see a *spectacle bourgeois*, or private theatre, where the actors were all members of the family, and the stage was erected in the kitchen. The only defect I observed in the players, was a want of memory ; but the audience were too polite to express any other feeling than admiration, which they did to the utmost !

I observe in the Bordelais, a great disposition to raillery, which may be perceived in their perpetual witticisms, and the nicknames which they give to almost every one in company. As to gaiety, they are truly French ; their conversation is infinitely lively and sparkling. They are fond of all the pleasures of the senses, particularly dancing and music,

“ That only sensual pleasure without vice.”

Toulouse and Bordeaux are the favourite resort of epicures ; but here gastrotomy is a real science, and Bordeaux is quite its classic ground ! for fish, flesh, and fowl, with the most delicious fruit and vegetables which adorn the sumptuous tables of the rich ; ortolans, capons, partridges, truffles, and green oysters, are considered by the epicures as the greatest delicacies ; but duck's liver, which I tasted for the first time at Toulouse, yield to none of them. The poor *canard* is tied by the foot, near a large fire, and in this artificial torrid zone, suffers much in the same way as merchants who go to the East Indies to get fortunes, and return with diseased livers ! In this manner it is prepared for the table, and makes a most excellent dish—but how abhorred in my imagination ! when informed of the cruel means by which it was produced.

The *grisettes* of Bordeaux are not, generally, so beautiful as those of Montpellier. Their dress is extreme-

ly neat, and consists of a close cloak made of silk, with long sleeves, and frock of flowered calico ; around their bosom,

“ Heaving with palpitation wild,”

is carelessly thrown a fine Madrass handkerchief, seeming rather to pourtray its contour than to conceal its charms. In their face, which is shaded by a small cap, or bonnet, ornamented with ribbands, is seated a world of wantonness. I took an accurate drawing, at the theatre, of one of these lasses, who permitted that liberty with the most amiable good nature.

LETTER XXXVI.

Paris, January 24, 1818.

IN my journey from Bordeaux, I met with nothing curious enough to merit a particular description. I came in a private Berline, by which I avoided the night travelling, and I was enabled to examine things more leisurely. We passed through Angoulême, Poitiers, Châtellerault, Tours, and Orleans. Châtellerault is renowned for its cutlery. We had hardly time to descend from our carriage, when we were assailed by a dozen girls and young men, with baskets full of knives and scissors, which they almost forced upon us. One of the girls was uncommonly beautiful; indeed, I never witnessed so much comeliness and grace in a person of her condition. She repeatedly pressed me to purchase, but as I wanted none of her scissors, I told her that there was nothing in her *corbeille* that pleased my fancy. "And is there nothing at all, which would give you pleasure?" said she, giving me a significant look. "Come with me over the way," continued she, "and I will find something to amuse you." I will sincerely confess to you, this bewitching creature almost overcame me, and, like Yorick, "I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreathed about my head."

Whether it was that our conductor avoided the best hotels, or not, I am not aware; but certain it is, that the inns to which he took us were most infamous. The suppers resembled those so humorously satirized

by Boileau. The wine was little better than sugared water, coloured with poke berries.

"Et qui rouge et vermeil, mais fade et douceoureux
 "N'avait rien qu'un goût plat, àud qu'un déboire affreux.
 "A peine ai je senti cette liqueur traîtresse
 "Que de ces vins mêlés j'ai reconnu l'adresse."

My fellow travellers were the most agreeable I have met with since I left Montpellier. An old Chevalier de St. Louis, a Parisian lady and her son, and a French naval officer, who had been detained a prisoner nine years in England, composed, with myself, the interior of our safe and commodious carriage. The Chevalier's ultra-royal vapours were a source of great diversion. He accompanied the Prince of Condé in his exile, and served a volunteer under him against his country, which very much attached him to the grandson of the Prince: he frequently shed tears in relating to us his assassination at Vincennes. "He was murdered at midnight, (said he,) for it is a mockery to call it an execution! A lamp was attached to his breast; it was so dark that his butchers could not distinguish him with sufficient clearness. The platoon that fired on him shot so unskilfully, that the Duke fell and still struggled with agony, when a fellow crushed his head with a large stone, and the corpse was thrown, in that condition, into a ditch made for the purpose." He then wept like a child, and could only console himself by an angry philippic against the Revolution, Bonaparte, and the Liberals, and an eloquent eulogium on the ancient régime.

M. Lescure, the naval officer, was the very opposite

of the Chevalier de Capnas in his sentiments. He styled the advocates of the ancient government, fellows "cut out of entire feudal rock." After a laughable rhapsody on the powdered heads and frizzled periwigs of the former courtiers, he fell very violently on the English ; not, however, before he had ascertained that I was an American, on which he most heartily congratulated me. He said, that, during his detention at Dartmouth, he was treated in a manner that he would not wish to be the lot of his most abhorred enemy ; and observed, that he burned for an opportunity to signalize his hatred "to the enemies of mankind." Madame Champenois, our other fellow traveller, was handsome, with manners very prepossessing, and had read some of the best authors in her language, by which she had improved an understanding, naturally good, and of which I should have had a better opinion had she not avowed herself a deist ; in which she was joined by Lescure and her young son.

During my late journey, I let nothing escape my observation ; for what is there in France not deserving of attention and admiration ! Perhaps, no country in the universe unites in its fertile bosom so many productions of opposite climates. In many of its plains, and those luxurious vales, which give one the idea of the ancient Elysium, we find the luscious fruits of Italy and Spain, and the exquisite odours of Arabia Felix ; while on its cloud capped mountains, the rude willow of Lapland, and the moss of Iceland, present their never-fading verdure. France already possesses every vegetable production necessary for comfort and luxury ; but her industrious sons, not content with what bountiful Nature has afforded

them at home, have travelled into foreign climes, and collected their rarest and most delightful productions. The soil of France was propitious, and has propagated the favourite plants of every other climate. In the northern regions, the winter chills and the dreadful snow storms strike at the very heart of vegetation; while in Provence and Languedoc, the face of nature ever wears the gay livery of spring—the zephyrs are embalmed with the exhalations of orange flowers, pinks and roses—

“ ——— Through the clear blue sky
“ Their gathered fragrance fling.”

All the resources of art have been exhausted to enrich and beautify this favoured country. Within the last ten years, the creative genius of Napoleon, has done more for France, than whole ages of feudal tyranny. The roads were bordered by majestic elms, and the cities beautified with delightful boulevards, superb avenues, and noble streets. I could not cease admiring the monuments presented on every side, of the magnificence and generosity, of that astonishing man! monuments, the grandeur and perfection of which, surpass the wonders of ancient Egypt, Greece, or Rome. What a pity, that so great a soul should have been corrupted by the delirium of power! His faults certainly have been many; but it is extremely disgusting to hear those whom he had fostered in his bosom, now turn like vipers, and hiss their venom against him! now painting him to us as a monster of human nature, whom Providence had placed on a throne for the punishment of the world, and has spread a momentary glory and renown, over the injustice and

rapine of an adventurous incendiary! "Bonaparte should have been *brought to the block!*" (exclaims a vile factious writer,) his life should have been the forfeit of his rebellion against the King of France, and his treason against all the nations of Europe!!"

LETTER XXXVII.

Paris, Jan. 30, 1818.

DEAR JULIA,

ENCLOSED, I send a letter for your sister, in which I have, according to her desire, given her an abstract of *Emile*, without comment; it is the summary, or as we doctors say, the secretion of Rousseau's opinions on education.

I have heard it remarked, that of the seven hundred thousand inhabitants of Paris, only forty thousand go to church at all! and that only one half of this number are actuated by real sentiments of devotion! With all my partiality to France, I will own that religion is by no means so fashionable here, as in our own happy country. But Julia, how can it be expected otherwise? The conduct of the priests before the Revolution was so offensive, that they caused not only themselves, but religion itself to be detested. As a proof of their infamy in many respects, is it not necessary to appeal to such books as *Justine*, *le père Saturnin*, and *Félicia*, we have only to read their own annals.

During the Revolution, the order of the priesthood suffered greatly. Napoleon never more than tolerated them, and by his contemptuous treatment of the Infalible vicar of Christ, he gave the death blow to popery. Churches, convents, and monasteries were reduced to their bare walls, or were converted into barracks, store-

houses, or hospitals. The objects which filled the niches, and frames were either dashed to pieces, or burnt.

In all Catholic countries, Sunday is a day of amusement, as well as pious exercise : in Paris it appears that the morning of the Sabbath, is allotted to rest ; dissipation increases visibly towards evening ; indeed the inhabitants themselves say, that their day of rest is changed to Monday, when, from the last night's debauch, they are disabled from exertion.

In visiting the churches, it is pleasant to observe the complete oblivion of rank ; there are no places fixed for any particular classes of society ; the humblest *bourgeois* is frequently seen kneeling on the same stone ; with persons of the highest rank. I have observed, that the peasantry, and lower ranks behave with more decorum than more distinguished individuals ; the latter often talk in whispers, and even loudly, on every subject but religion, which it does not seem at all fashionable to mention in society, in the theatres irreligious sentiments are often loudly applauded ; and the priests are never mentioned, without being characterized as "*la sacrée prêtraille*." However, you are wrong in supposing, that the "*Esprits forts*," have in any way changed my religious opinions ; I assure you, that I would deem myself the most miserable of beings, should I ever be induced to swerve from those Christian principles, in which I have been educated. Whatever will be the vicissitudes of my future life, my firm belief in the doctrines of Christianity will never be shaken, and every day's experience proves to me, that true happiness is only found in the observance of its precepts. /If the truly pious man lives in society,

(observes an elegant, but anonymous writer,) friendship and reputation, the natural concomitants of virtue, afford him an external proof of the grandeur of the soul; and his conduct, approved by reason, makes him feel that secret joy and satisfaction, which nothing can impair or destroy. If it is true, that hope is an agreeable sensation; can there be on earth a more delightful situation than that of a man, who, feeling within himself an exquisite bliss, in the uniform practice of every virtue, has in his death, the expectation of perfect felicity.

Pascal expresses with sublimity his astonishment, when he depicts man abandoned to himself, and as it were, left to wander about this *mole-hill* of the universe, without knowing who placed him here, what he is created for, or what will become of him, when he reaches,

“That undiscover’d country, from whose bourne

“No traveller returns.”

It is incontestible that man must have some religion: the most perfect is undoubtedly, that handed by Christ to his Apostles: but when a person wishes to examine the matter closely, and decide for himself, he finds that pure system speculated on, divided, and subdivided by such a variety of contradictory sects, each in his own opinion the true one, that he is unable to conceive, what sort of a fountain that was, which gave origin to such various, and incongruous streams! Under the long reign of mythology, superstition seems to have exhausted its beautiful and fanciful inventions; so that when its spirit seized in Christians, they were obliged to imitate the pomp and splendour of the

heathenish ceremonies, and to borrow the decorations of their temples. A sort of fascinating idolatry, similar to its originals in the paganish temples, succeeded the pure and simple worship, of the first humble followers of Christ. The contrast of such magnificent, and expensive ceremonies to the genuine spirit of Christianity, first roused the indignation of the Reformers, who applied to these, the terrible anathemas of the Old Testament against Idolatry. Since which period, sects have sprung up like hydra's heads, and each new one advances forth with apostolic gravity, denouncing every other, and setting itself up as the "sine quâ non."

I have been asked whether I was a Catholic, Presbyterian, or Episcopalian? My answer is, that I do not find such words in the Testament, and that I am merely a Christian. If I conform myself to the precepts inculcated by the Evangelists, I humbly hope that I will not be damned, when I present myself before the judgment seat, although I do not rank myself under the banners of any particular sect, or denomination. If salvation depends on the choice of a sect, the Almighty would have fixed some distinctive mark, on that one which is exclusively true. The only alternative therefore is to believe what he has revealed to us; and not trouble ourselves with speculations, which, however refined, always indicate their human, and therefore fallacious origin. When we submit ourselves with humility to the Almighty power, we shall have the inward satisfaction to think, that could we ourselves, be admitted into his councils, we should applaud the motive of his laws, and admire the rule of his actions.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Paris, Jan. 30, 1818.

TO MRS. LETITIA.

ROUSSEAU begins his "education" at the very cradle ; he wishes the child to enjoy perfect liberty from its birth. Those *kind* mothers, who, freed from the trouble of their children, abandon themselves to the amusements of the city, little know the treatment reserved for their offspring. At the least hurry or bustle, the infant is suspended in swaddling clothes to the wall ; while the careless nurse attends to her own concerns, the little wretch is kept crucified ! It is not the mother's milk alone, which is indispensable for the infant, for a healthy nurse is preferable to a mother, of a bad constitution, but that maternal solicitude which no stranger can supply.

The tutor of a child should be a young man, that is, as young as a sensible man can be. He should be a child himself, if possible, in order to partake of the amusements of his pupil, and thereby gain his entire confidence. There are so few things common, between childhood, and advanced years, that there can scarcely be formed a solid attachment at so great a distance. Great cities are the gulfs of the human race : send your children to the country to acquire health and spirits. Accustom them to bathing ; in proportion to their increasing vigour, diminish by degrees the warmth of the water, until they can support the coldest fluid at any season.

Before the age of reason, there is no morality in our actions. A child desires to destroy every thing about him, he handles a bird, as he would a stone, and strangles it without knowing what he does. But behold yon old man, infirm and broken; he rests motionless; peaceably, wishing every thing about him to remain in the same state of tranquillity as himself. Why does the same weakness, joined to the same passions, produce such different effects in the two ages? The active principle, common to both, is developing in the one and disappearing in the other.

Rousseau writes very eloquently against the practice of striking children by way of correction. The state of infancy is extremely amiable. Who of us has not regretted that age, in which a smile is always on the lip, and the soul is in a perpetual peace? Why would you deprive those little innocents, of the enjoyment of those moments, which rapidly pass away, and which they cannot abuse. You say that childhood is the time for correcting evil inclinations! why should you add misery, to the weakness of its condition? Perhaps your ill-judged severity, will engender the very vice of which you pretended to cure him. Do not confound licence with liberty, and the child you render happy with the one you spoil. Do not forbid your child to do ill, do not punish him for having done it; it is enough if you prevent his doing it. But if he has done the mischief, let him suffer from the ill consequences of the action, and not from your advice or correction.

Nature has created children to be loved and assisted, but not to be obeyed. Has she given them an imposing look, a severe eye, a rude and menacing voice

in order to be feared? Observe those children, brought up in the lap of indulgence; accustomed to see every thing bend before them, what is their surprise on entering the world, to see that their imperiousness is resisted, and to find themselves crushed by the weight of that universe, which they thought to direct at pleasure.

The greatest, the most important, and the most useful mode of education, is not to gain, but to lose time. Children should not make use of their minds until they have acquired all their faculties: if they arrived in one stride from the maternal bosom, to the age of reason, you might commence by teaching them in the common way. The first education is purely negative; it consists, not in teaching virtue or truth, but in guarding the heart from vice, and the mind from error. The only lesson of morality, proper for childhood, is to do ill to no body. Let nature work a long time, before you presume to assist her operations; you say you know the value of time! a child ill instructed, is much further removed from true wisdom, than one who has learned nothing at all! The brain of a child is smooth and polished, and reflects like a mirror, the objects presented to it: but nothing goes beyond the surface; he only retains words, the ideas are reflected off. Rousseau condemns teaching children languages, particularly the dead ones. Reading is the pest of childhood, and yet it is the only occupation which parents know how to give their children. *Emile* will scarcely know what a book is, before he is twelve years old! Rousseau teaches the art of being ignorant by preparing the ground for future cultivation. The

body of a child, should be strengthened by gymnastic exercises, rather than his mind by enervating study : if the body is weak, the mind will be so likewise. You will never be able to form wise men, if you do not first make blackguards. This was the education of the Spartans ; instead of being chained to their books, they were first taught to steal their dinner ! If a child is capricious and obstinate, do not render him more so by correction ; but let him go on till he perceives the ill consequences of his own perversity ; take no notice of him ; neither laugh, nor counsel, nor correct !

There is not a more agreeable spectacle for the imagination, than that of a full grown child, much more so, than that of manhood. The earth adorned with the riches of autumn, offers a delightful prospect ; but that sight does not affect us so powerfully as the spring after the previous devastations of winter : then the trees present no agreeable shades, the verdure is almost in embryo, and yet the heart is touched at this spectacle ! In contemplating the gradual reanimation of Nature, we feel ourselves reanimated ; the image of pleasure surrounds us. It is with the same pleasure that we contemplate the child, alive to every agreeable impression, animated without cares, entirely concentrated in his present existence !

At his twelfth year, the powers of a child are developed with more rapidity than his wants. The most violent and terrible propensity is yet unknown to him ; the organ of this passion remains in a state of imperfection, and appears to wait till the inclinations force it into action. In the interval between this time

and the age of sexual propensities, the child has more power than wants. This is the most precious time of his life. He should now throw into futurity the superfluity of his present existence : here is the time for industrious occupation, instruction, and study.

Rousseau has observed that young men, early corrupted and abandoned to women and debauchery, were inhuman and cruel ; on the contrary a youth elevated in a happy simplicity, is early inclined to the tender and affectionate passions : his compassionate heart is moved at the sight of misery, he is sensible to the shame of having given offence, or displeasure. A young man who has preserved his innocence till his twentieth year, is at that age the most generous, the best, the most loving, and the most amiable of beings.

The only difference between the rude and ignorant man, and the polished courtier, consists in the varnish with which the latter covers his actions and deportment. The vulgar man shows himself what he is, and he is not amiable. If the people of fashion would appear in their natural colours, they would excite horror and disgust : a disguise is necessary to render them tolerable. In judging of happiness we are too much captivated by appearances ; gaiety is but an equivocal sign of felicity. Those men who are so merry, so open, so serene in the polished circle, are almost all melancholy, and ill natured at home. Their contentment is neither gay nor playful. The truly happy man talks little, laughs less ; he concentrates his pleasures around his heart. Melancholy is the friend of voluptuousness ; tears accompany the sweetest enjoyment ; excessive joy causes tears, rather than smiles or laughter.

There is no folly of which you may not reasonably hope to cure a man, who is not a fool, except vanity ; nothing can cure this but experience, which has seldom much effect. Interest and vanity are the motives by which children are guided ; by these they are afterwards duped by rascals and prostitutes. When you see them excited to study, by premiums and rewards, and collegiate applauses, at their entrance into the world, a strumpet will take care of their healths, and a pickpocket of their purse. It is always probable that the most applauded of his class, will become both a gamester and a libertine !

Never reason with youth. Clothe your arguments with something sensible, if you wish to produce any effect. Cold reasoning may determine our opinions, but never our actions ; they may make us believe, they do not make us act.

A man of good morals is the true adorer of the sex, although he may be deficient in the common jargon of gallantry ; he has a more sincere, tender forwardness than the exercised courtier. *Emile* will be sometimes timid and embarrassed before women ; but certainly that embarrassment will not displease them, and the least coquettish will take pleasure in enjoying and augmenting it. He will be modest and more respectful with married women, more vivacious, and more tender with young girls.

It would exceed the limits of many letters to give you but a glimpse of the remaining beauties of this admirable work. As you have no children grown up, that will be useless, at least for the moment. But I hope in my ensuing letters to satisfy you about the

manner in which children are *now* brought up at Paris. I will also enter at large on the subject of women and fashion. On these subjects I never write to Julia, because her taste requires more elevated themes.

LETTER XXXIX.

Paris, Feb. 19, 1818.

IN my description of the carnival last year, I was so concise, that you requested me to give a detailed account when I should have another opportunity of observing its festivities. It was this year "short and sweet." Balls, masquerades, *fêtes*, dances, every pleasure which a gay fancy could invent, were enjoyed during this frolicsome period. It seemed that the ladies were well persuaded of the truth of Shakspeare's observation, that

"The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon."

For they were very careful to conceal their charms at candle light, by covering their beautiful features with envious vizors. The immense halls of the Academie de Musique and Odeon were crowded with the "light fluttering, butterfly race" of fops and coquettes. The husband went there to seek his intriguing spouse, who took care that her domino should not betray her; the jealous wife espied her libertine consort; the maid her fickle lover; the parent his son or daughter; the empty coxcomb displayed his fine clothes, his diamonds, and affectation. Many an old prig would throw consternation into a knot of youthful beauties, who made no doubt it was their guardian or husband! In these masquerades, the pleasures of music were united with those of conversation, and to the agreeable

objects presented to the eye. In a saloon superbly fitted up, every luxury calculated to tempt the palate of the epicure or the votary of Bacchus, was displayed on a gorgeous altar, behind which sat a beautiful young woman, dressed off with the utmost taste and elegance. From the upper boxes, I contemplated the moving crowd and the luxurious objects below—

“ It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,

“ And make age smile and dream itself to youth.”

Both sexes walk indiscriminately up and down the room, and when tired, repose themselves on one of the benches disposed for the purpose. A continued buzzing noise, only interrupted by occasional bursts of laughter, is heard.

The Boulevards and Palais Royal were thronged all the last day of the carnival. People masked, painted and dressed like Indians, Harlequins, and Turks, parade in calashes, on the tops of hacks, or on foot. The cutpurses and pickpockets had a fine day for the exercise of their profession.

The etymologist, Ducange, derives the word carnival from *carn avale* ; because, says he, at this time, people eat a great deal of meat, to make up in advance for the privation which Lent enforces. Masqueradé, (says De Jouy) is derived from the Arabian *Mascara*, which means buffoonery ; and, indeed, the root, or derivative, in this case, amounts to a definition. In feudal times, masquerades were more licentious than in this “ abominable age,” as it is termed by the sanctified De Bonald, La Mennais, &c. The people ran about disguised as patriarchs, saints, angels, and even Christ himself was paraded in the procession of Aix ! !

The *fête des fous*, which was celebrated at Paris, at the beginning of Lent, at Easter and Epiphany, was something like the ancient Saturnalia. The students of the University chose one among them, whom they named the *Pope*, or the Bishop of Fools! He was dressed in a manner suitable to his dignity; he was consecrated, and then conducted to church with great solemnity, where he celebrated mass; and dinner was served for him *on the altar*! All the assistants, dressed like demons and women, burnt old shoes in the midst of the choir, and danced about the fire like Bacchanals. The most infamous ribaldry, obscene songs, and disgraceful actions, concluded these abominable orgies; and yet we find the *Rabats*, and writers *ejusdem farinae*, impudent enough to eulogize the piety and virtue of that licentious period! To conclude on masquerades: I will remark, that there was no carnival during the Reign of Terror; under the tyranny of '93, the panic was too great to think of these amusements. Besides, it was abolished by the new calendar; and the government had not sufficient courage even to suffer the Saturnalia!

I have had frequent occasion to notice the great regard the French pay to decency, even those who are notoriously defective in morality; the unfortunate inmates of the *bordels* conduct themselves in such a manner, in public places, that they are not known to be what they are by those who are not their intimates. The following anecdote is a proof that the great mass of the public are always inclined to avenge outraged virtue, and repress the scandal of audacious vice. Lately, at one of the fashionable theatres, a very respectable lady fainted away, in the first row of boxes,

at the sight of her husband's mistress, who used her utmost endeavours to insult her, and to triumph over her unfortunate situation. A crowd immediately formed around the unhappy lady, and made use of every method to recal her to her senses. Several young men, enraged at the vile creature who had been the cause of this misfortune, pointed out to the gendarmes the w——e with a yellow gown, seated in a box, from which such wretches are usually excluded. The spectators arose and overloaded her with hisses, and every mark of contempt and indignation. She was ordered to go out, which she immediately obeyed, with feelings to be envied only by a wretch who is just going to be hanged !

Last week I walked to the summit of Montmartre. From the balcony of the Telegraph can be seen, as if traced on a map, the parts of the adjacent country, which were the theatre of the campaigns of 1814 and '15. When Joseph Bonaparte was at Montmartre with his staff, the heights were occupied by the Duke of Ragusa. Joseph quit the field, leaving four hundred dragoons behind, to defend themselves against twenty thousand Silerians. The battle of Thermopylæ alone, can afford a parallel to the bravery of these heroes, who would all have perished, if their colonel had not sounded a retreat. On the 30th of June, 1815, at 3 in the morning (says Helen Maria Williams,) I was awakened by the first roar of cannon, not as it is usually heard in populous Cities, the sign of victory, the symbol of public festivity, but the harbinger of woe, the messenger of death. The first cannon was fired from the heights of Bellville, which nearly front my window. I arose immediately. What contrasts the

scene presented, and what dissonant sounds struck my ear! The sky was tinged with the soft colours of the morning, and the hills and gardens, covered with the freshest verdure,—presented their formidable artillery, which was at that moment pouring forth its horrible contents; while at intervals of silence, the note of earliest birds floated along the air, and seemed to reproach mankind for this disturbance of nature.”

Montmartre was fortified at great trouble and expense; but the enemy passed the Seine at Pecq, near St. Germain, and on the 3d July, the Provisory Government concluded a military treaty, which has covered France with ignominy. The barbarian Blucher, and the vandal English spread desolation and ruin in every direction. At Montmartre, they indulged those brutal propensities, by which they gained such *glorious* laurels in *our* country.* “Les Anglais acheverent de le ruiner, (observes St. Aubin,) Il n'est pas dans ce malheureux, village une seule maison qui n'ait point été saccagée.”

* I have been reading a British officer's “Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army in America.” It is a model of vandalism, and *mauvaise foi*. The author seems to have a depraved heart; his description of the burning of the President's House at Washington after dining in it, and the Nero-like pleasure he appears to take, in witnessing scenes at which humanity shudders, are proofs of this assertion. The barbarous manner in which the war was conducted by the British, does not draw from him a single mark of disapprobation; and those vandalian ruffians Cockburn and Ross, are even praised *ad nauseam*. At Havre de Grace, Cockburn had the meanness to steal Commodore Rodger's coach and wine, which he carried to Halifax, and publicly used with the most unblushing impudence.

LETTER XL.

Paris, March 2, 1818.

TO J— D—.

My correspondence with you has been interrupted by your frequent voyages in search of commercial prosperity. May you find it in your *courses sur mer*. In your anxiety to secure the smiles of fortune, may not real felicity keep aloof, and resign you to mere fancied bliss? The greatest merchants seldom acquire fortunes till they get either too old, or too avaricious to enjoy their wealth, and all their cares and struggles, have ended in procuring ease and independence for heirs, who perhaps hardly thank them for their pains.

You recollect that you procured me a letter of introduction to M. Thouret, consul of the Netherlands. On presenting which, I received a pressing invitation to dine with him at his chateau at Auteuil, and was desired to hold myself in readiness, as he would call for me in his coach. Accordingly I employed the whole afternoon in preparing myself. Against 5 P. M. I was ready for even a more splendid dinner than Auteuil could afford, dressed in the height of the ton. Every carriage which stopped within hearing, was imagined to contain the Consul, and I thought every moment that I would hear the much desired *tap, tap*, at the door: I waited till 7 o'clock, when being out of all patience, I retired to my boudoir in doleful dumps; I set about covering my half-frozen legs with a pair of warm worsted stockings, and thick pantaloons. "Last

scene of all in my sad eventful history" no Thouret came, and I had to satisfy myself by dining at a Restaurateur.

Yesterday a woman was arrested in the street, for preaching repentance, and the virtues of the gospel to the giddy crowd that surrounded her. The police, either taking offence at some of her expressions, or wishing to enjoy the flowings of her spirit, had her escorted by a couple of gendarmes before their tribunal. She declared to the court, that the angel Raphael had appeared to her in Besançon, and ordered her to repair to Paris and to save its inhabitants from h—ll. The wiseacres on the bench concluded that "too much *ignorance* had made her mad;" and sent her to Charenton, which was very provident in these togged gentlemen, for it seems that the angel Raphael, had forgotten in his hurry, to point out to her under what roof she was to lay her prophetic head!

The following anecdote, has for sometime past amused the Parisians, and kept conversation from falling into insipidity, in the present dearth of news. A few days since, a gentleman died in the Hôtel garni, which he occupied at Paris, and the police was called in to affix the seals of justice. While every one was busily engaged, in rendering the last melancholy services to the deceased, a cat slipped unperceived into the coffin, and was left under the seals, in the chamber of mourning. When night "drew her curtains round,"² our hapless prisoner began to feel the first time, the approaches of hunger, which she had a great mind to satisfy, although it was Lent; she therefore begged her liberty, by the most heart-rending mewing, without regard to the solemn situation in which she was placed:

The whole house was put into an uproar; they assembled at the door of the apartment in their night caps, and the widow of the defunct, began to form serious fears that her husband was again come to life! At length the "demurest of the tabby kind," was known by her voice; but what remedy could be applied? It was midnight; they could therefore do no better than invite puss, in the most polite terms imaginable, to be patient and resigned! At daylight the tender-hearted widow got up, and, relieved from her former fear, begged the liberty of the innocent cause of her trouble. Nevertheless the law has interposed certain forms, which cannot be infringed for a cat's sake! Having, after the expense of seventy nine francs, obtained a warrant from the Police, the seals were taken off, and the impatient prisoner, thrust her head from under the shroud.

" Her conscious tail, her joy declared,
 " The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 " The velvet of her paws,
 " Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
 " Her eyes of jet, her em'rald eyes,
 " She saw and purred applause."

I send you a caricature of Lady Morgan's France. The principal figure is an Irish lady sitting in an arm chair of the modern fashion. A woman of a grotesque appearance, whose dress is made up of parti-coloured pieces of cloth . . . *Caprice*, in fine, holds her Ladyship's pencil; while an airy figure, whose elegance of dress, gracefulness of person, and perfectly French *tournure* announces her to be *Taste*, turns her back to the fair stranger. The caricature is filled up with a

variety of figures, grouped together by chance, and of which scarcely one is in its right place. In the bottom of the Picture, *Vanity* is seen driving her antique chariot, observing all the figures with an attentive eye. Her Ladyship throws flowers on those persons who appear in the greatest dimensions; while such as are in their natural attitude, are splashed with dirt! A figure of Racine so small, that it can scarcely be seen without a microscope, is represented in a mist, with this inscription; *absurde!*

LETTER XLI.

Paris, March 25, 1818.

DEAR JULIA,

ALREADY this gay and dissipated Capital displays all the luxuries of summer. The multiplicity and perfection of the public baths, afford a proof of the progress of refinement. Although ablution is less necessary here than it was formerly in ancient Athens, where the violence of the exercises rendered frequent bathing indispensable, the Aspasias of our days have contracted the custom, and that salutary practice distinguishes the French ladies from the beauties of the North, and even of England and the United States, who perhaps are not less fond of luxury, and amusement than the Parisians. Already the *Montagnes* have prepared their glittering chariots, and thrown open their splendid pavillions and *cafés*; where the connoisseur may enjoy the pleasure of music, the epicure stimulate his palled appetite, and the lover whisper softly to his mistress in the shady bowers, or intricate labyrinths of the French Eden.

The mythological divinities, after having been for so many ages, objects of adoration, serve at present to add to our diversions. The Grand Opera had exhausted the whole round of heathen gods; thus one would imagine, that Jupiter had by this time hurled away all his thunderbolts, Cupid all his fatal darts, and Bacchus his ivy; but there is no end to invention!

The story of Proserpine carried off by the gloomy King of Tartarus, is the subject of a new ballet, which attracts immense crowds every night. In the first act, mount Etna is seen at a distance belching forth flames, and the water below is visibly reddened, by the reflection of the fire. All the "sanctities of heaven" appear in the clouds, and Zephyr is seen hovering over them, fluttering his downy pinions, and strewing roses; his wings are of many-coloured plumes; his flowing hair played in graceful curls on either cheek. One may conceive, that the power of mechanism can produce wonderful illusion; but it is almost incredible that it will go so far as nearly to persuade one of the reality of what is only fictitious. Zephyr not only sails through "the midway skies," but claps his wings, and appears to have as perfect a command over his motions, as if he were on *terra firma*. I shall only further notice an ingenious device, employed by the author of this Opera. One of the beautiful companions of Proserpine is gathering flowers on the plains of Enna; at length fatigued, she reclines in a verdant bower, veiled in a cloud of fragrance, and half seen, so thick the blushing roses "round her glowed." Suddenly a rosebud spreads out to full-blown maturity. Cupid appears in the middle, and with his dart pierces the unsuspecting virgin. The rose immediately shrinks to its former condition of bud, amidst the sound of soft voluptuous music.

The holy week was employed in the promenade of Longchamps, which is an old convent in the Bois de Boulogne. Here all the celebrated musicians of the capital used to meet during the holy week, to display their powers in the cause of piety: here the lovers of harmo-

ny used to resort, to indulge their passion for music in these charming oratorios : the humble Christian made a pilgrimage here, to offer his prayers to the throne of Mercy. But the Revolution having hurled down the whole fabric of Catholicism, soon extended its ruthless influence to Longchamps. By a sweeping decree, the oratorios were forbidden, and the furniture of the convent was confiscated. Since the Reign of Terror, this promenade has been consecrated to vanity and dissipation. During the holy week, all the magnificent equipages of Paris are displayed, from the Place Louis XV. and through the Champs Elysées, where the humble pedestrians crowd to see the most glittering spectacle that can be imagined. The great men of the day, the beauteous Phrynés in ton, and the actresses in favour, dazzle the gaping crowd with their superb equipages ; the fashionable bankers of the Chaussée d' Antin appear in elegant *calèches* ; the voluptuous *grisettes*, and people of moderate fortune, in cabriolets ; the Jon of Bellona, the graceful courtier, and the horse jockey, caper on fiery steeds ; and, finally, the half-pay officers and humble citizens on foot. When I beheld the fop in his painted gig, I could not help comparing him to a butterfly on a rose leaf ! When I observed the favoured *lais*, reclining, like a "soft silken primrose," on the velvet cushion of her calash, and the virtuous daughter and worthy mother walking unenvied by her side, I could not help sighing for poor, fallen, degraded human nature. Yet perhaps the cause of virtue was already avenged ; for amidst the magnificence and splendour which dazzle the eyes of the superficial observer ; under all the fascinating pleasures with which vice seeks to drown the cries of con-

science, or draw a screen over enormity ; there lurks a secret misery, which is only somewhat abated while the sensation is for a time suspended.

Madame Catalani has given up the administration of the Italian Opera, and in a few months abandons the stage for ever. I will never forget the pleasure I received from her voice. There are, indeed, bold and elaborate pieces of music that please only the nicest connoisseurs. By their exquisite taste, they can with ease distinguish, among sounds seemingly discordant, a relative harmony, that would escape an ear less refined than their own. But the voice of Madame Catalani is so sweet, so ravishing, so harmonious, that it cannot fail affecting every one with pleasure, unless the tortures of a bad conscience call off the mind from every pleasant feeling.

There is a certain amiable levity in the French character, which may be observed in all classes, even among the indigent. The beggar will demand charity with a song, and receive it with a smile. I have often been assailed by a little rogue of fourteen, who announces himself as a *father of a family*, and if that will not affect the risible muscles, he will sing a "doleful ditty," in which the terms of romance are not wanting, as darts, flames, sighs, babbling rills, &c. which does not always answer his purpose. But I never can withstand the moving spectacle of beggars, who call the dumb creatures to their assistance. An old blind fellow, led by a dog, with a small basket in his mouth to receive the scanty alms ; a mastiff conducting a little chariot, in which sits a miserable being ; a jackass clothed with parti-coloured stuff, and various ragged superfluities, with a bonnet on his head, surmounted by

some recipient for the money—all these little ingenuities produce a wonderful effect. Often have I passed a fellow roaring out as if wishing “to take you by storm!” but seldom do I see those unhappy beings, whose condition is doubly to be pitied because accompanied by the poor, starving, faithful dog, without contributing a few sous towards their relief. What eloquence can be more moving than the dumb, but expressive, gestures of this affectionate animal? Who that has ever read Marmontel’s *Tales*, will ever forget his pathetic description of a poor old man taking leave of his dog, which he was obliged to sell through poverty. “In tying his garter round the dog’s neck, I observed that the old man’s arms trembled. This I attributed to his extreme old age, for I watched his countenance, which did not change; but when he had tied the knot, he suddenly drew the animal to his face, and with his forehead concealed in his bushy mane, and his mouth fixed to his body, he remained several minutes motionless and silent. I went near him.—What’s the matter my friend? said I.—Nothing, replied he, rising;—his face was bathed in tears. This dog, continued he, is the only friend I had in the world; we never quitted each other; when I slept in the open air he was my guard, and when he saw me suffering and miserable, the poor animal pitied me, whined wistfully in my face, and consoled me by his caresses.”

The Odeon, the most elegant theatre in Paris, has just been burnt. Various conjectures are hazarded on the authors of this infernal deed, which appears to have been the effect of design; for exactly on the same day of the month, twenty years ago, the Odeon was

burnt to the ground, and was not rebuilt till 1807 ;
when the fable of the Phoenix was realized in its re-
appearance, with renewed lustre, from its ashes.

LETTER XLII.

Paris, May 18, 1818.

THE rosy-bosomed month of May has commenced in all her charms, and promises a delightful spring and summer in Paris :

“ While whispering pleasure as they fly,
“ Cool zephyrs thro’ the clear blue sky
“ Their gather’d fragrance fling.”

From the warmth of the climate, the Parisians live a great deal in the open air, and crowd the public gardens during the fine weather. As soon as the spring has set in, they leave their houses, and show themselves in their best clothes ; thus resembling the butterfly, which, when delivered from the caterpillar’s thralldom, likes to “ show to the sun its waved coat dropt with gold.”

An ancient writer has fancifully remarked, that the most effectual way to secure a prisoner, would be to allow pleasure to guard him, and to bind him in her rosy fetters, where he would remain more contented, perhaps, than Renaud was in the enchanted palace of Armide ! If such a prison was to be looked for, it could be found in the Palais Royal. An ordinary man might satisfy all his taste there, without forming a wish to go out of its limits ; but as soon as he finds himself despicable, from such a life of inaction, the dread of contempt would perhaps alarm him, and he would soon prefer glorious danger to dishonourable pleasure.

In fine weather, the greatest part of the population of Paris crowd the beautiful gardens of the Palais Royal, Tuileries, and Luxembourg. In the evening especially, they are filled with company, which, with the surrounding beauties of nature and art, present a spectacle of uncommon interest. When the chairs are well occupied, the *coup d'oeil* afforded by the variety of dress and countenance, is peculiarly pleasing; the various coloured bonnets, shawls, &c. give one the idea of a bed of tulips.

Madame de Staël makes *Corinne* show Oswald St. Peter's Church, when the brilliancy of its decorations appeared in full splendour in the rays of the sun. "I now reserve for you, (says she,) a finer and a more profound enjoyment, to behold it by the light of the moon." It is for the same reason that the gaudy brilliancy of a highly coloured painting is so delightfully contrasted with the meeker tints of obscure light and chaste simplicity of uniform shadows. The appearance of the scene presented in the garden of the Tuileries is extremely beautiful during the stillness of the evening, when the queen of night beholds "her silvery visage in the watery glass." The people, crowded in the gardens, seem to enjoy the repose which universally prevails: no sound breaks the stillness, "save where the beetle wheels his droning flight." The foliage sheds a checquered shade over the ground, while the magnificent vistas of the Elysian Fields are seen in that soft and mellow light by which the radiance of the silver orb is distinguished. The effect of the whole is increased by the perfect stillness which prevails, broken only at intervals by the slow step of the departing or advancing groups of citizens, or the distant

sound of music. I remember, one evening, falling asleep in the gardens : I was soon awakened by a distant concert—delicious sensations filled my mind—my first idea was that I was in Paradise, listening to the music of angels !—Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their moments ! “ Long—long since had ye numbered out my days, (exclaimed Yorick,) had I not trod so great a part of them on enchanted ground : when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path, which fancy has strewn over with rosebuds of delight !”

Although more retired, and less fashionable than the Tuileries, the garden of the Luxembourg is certainly superior in many respects ; there is more diversity in the walks, more thickness in the woods, and a certain pleasing melancholy which breathes along the solitary recesses of this garden : it gives one the idea of the studious promenades of the ancient philosophers. The peasantry in the skirts of Paris, the nurses from the centre of the city, old men, and valetudinarians, assemble in this garden to enjoy the cool zephyrs, and the splendid objects of art which adorn its walks. The *allées* are overshadowed by majestic trees, which lend their “ *umbra hospitalis*” to the convalescent, panting for the Hygæian gale, the idle dissipating, the heavy-weighting time, innocent childhood, and smiling youth, enjoying the pleasures peculiar to their vernal age. During the spring, the lover of nature comes here to witness the courtship of birds, while they

“ In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,

“ And shiver every feather with desire.”

I have been assured that the Princess Pauline, one of Napoleon's sisters, used to disguise herself, and mix with the multitude, to enjoy those pleasures which rank does not procure. One evening she went to the Luxembourg garden to see the fire-works. A well dressed young gentleman, who had relieved her from a very troublesome child, fell into conversation with her. She took his address, and a few days afterwards requested him, in a perfumed note, to repair to a house, where she met him in a plain costume. After continuing this intrigue for some months, the princess dropped his acquaintance entirely. The next time he saw her, was in the emperor's box at the opera, glittering with diamonds: she appeared not to notice him, but in a few days he learned, that Napoleon had given him a place in one of the departments, and that he must set off next morning to take possession of it.

The little gardens, orchards, and vineyards, in the skirts of the capital, present charming rural scenes, and richly repay the pedestrian for the fatigue of the walk. The hamlets, half concealed by the profusion of fruit trees, or embosomed in the luxuriant woods with which they are surrounded, combine the delightful idea of the peasant's felicity, with the charms of the landscape, in the bosom of which, his humble cottage is placed, and awaken, in the midst of the profusion of vegetable nature, those exquisite feelings of moral delight which glow in the bosom of the philanthropist, from the contemplation of human happiness.

In the society of Paris, the conversation frequently turns on important subjects, which are treated with great ability, and that fascination so natural to the French. The ladies join in, and add still more bril-

liancy to the conversation by their captivating manners, and by intermixing "grateful digression." I was in a society last night, in which I had an opportunity of acquiring much pleasure and information. The conversation insensibly turned upon happiness; the question was, who was most likely to be happy, with the least mixture of pain, or discontent. The nobleman measured felicity by the quantity and antiquity of parchments, the lawyer by the number of clients, the physician by the length of his list of prescriptions, and the merchant by the price of stocks; I spoke in a more general way than the rest of the company. There is no station or condition of life, said I, in which it is not in our power to form a chain of agreeable sensations, by following a series of virtuous employments, adapted to our talents; but no sooner does the human mind exceed the limits assigned by nature, than it loses itself in an immense labyrinth, where there are no bounds to check its violent desires. A young mother of a sweet little cherub, who was playing on the carpet, observed, after looking smilingly on her child, that the tender infant was the happiest of all mortal creatures; as yet incapable of any other exercise of its faculties, it feels a secret pleasure in moving its lips and cheeks, in extracting its maternal nourishment; the pleasant taste of the milk is a fresh motive to make it repeat these motions. It passes away the beginning of life in sleep, or in the enjoyment of a thousand little pleasures; so that this infirm being (continued she,) lives in a succession of agreeable feelings, although it appears to be in a state of misery. She accompanied these observations with such a profusion of caresses of the child, that she produced an argument

against herself; for, is it possible, (said I) for any creature to enjoy sensations so exquisitely pleasing, as a fond, affectionate mother.

I have frequently visited the Hospital of la Salpêtrière, destined to insane female patients. The cause of madness among them is seldom the habit of intoxication; but crosses in love, revolutions in fortunes and honours, or sudden acquisition of unexpected wealth, were generally the origin of their deplorable condition. The treatment of the patients, (as in all Parisian hospitals,) is extremely mild. The physician could not contain his surprise and horror, when I related to him the violent measures resorted to in the United States. Here the unhappy patients receive every care and attention; no violent purgatives, no bleeding, no mercury, no sousing in ice-cold baths, no beating. The religious sisters of the order of St. Vincent, soften the fury of the maniacs by their amiable precept and example: they administer the consolations of piety, and by their endearing virtues disarm their violence, and infuse hope into the drooping, the insensible, and the despairing. I have seen that infuriated countenance, in which "sat horror plumed." I have seen such a countenance changed into that of mildness, by the exhortations of these inestimable women. The insane patients, observed the Physician who accompanied me through the wards, sometimes recover quickly by the methods employed in your country, but I have constantly observed, that such cures are not generally so permanent, as when the treatment has been conducted with mildness and humanity.

The medical gentlemen of Paris, differ from those of other countries by their politeness, and gentlemanly

conduct. Can one observe the haughty, sullen pride and hippocratic gravity of certain medical luminaries, without exclaiming with Rousseau "que c'est pure malice aux hommes de devenir malades?" Roux, son-in-law of Baron Boyer, is so familiar with his students, that after performing an operation, he will frequently go with them to a *café*, and play a game of dominos for a glass of liquor. Lately, as I walked through the wards of the *Charité*, with the attending physician and students, we came to the bed of a poor labourer. Dr. Lerminier asked him familiarly, how much money he usually gained a day? thirty sous sir; but they have not paid me yet! Then you gained *zero*, observed the Doctor, gaily: this set the sick man a laughing so heartily, that for the moment he forgot his disease, and could give no account of his symptoms, till the Doctor had smoothed down his risible muscles with the words jalop, bleeding, and sinapism.

LETTER XLIII.

Paris, June 1, 1818.

TO MRS. LETITIA.

I AM very little calculated for the office of describing fashions. The task is not very pleasant, to lay myself out as an observer of the transient modes; but what would I not do to please the sister of Julia? To describe the Parisian fashions, were to depict the varying colours of chameleon. The shape of the bonnet, is always the best calculated to set off the face, diverging from the cheek; it thus hides any defect of the features. I will not pretend to describe the ornaments with which it is surcharged, as they vary continually: the young ladies generally wear in the Tuileries, a shawl of the finest netting, which is very narrow and long, and of the richest colours; it shades but does not conceal their graceful bosom. The beautiful manner in which they arrange their hair, adds not a little to the charms of their faces. Parting from the middle of their forehead, their glossy ringlets fall in luxurious profusion on either cheek. The curls do not appear to be arranged by art, so naturally do they succeed each other, and yet nothing but art, the most exquisite could give them so much beauty. The ladies' dress can be cited as a model of elegance and taste; with all the exquisite simplicity of Rousseau's *Sophie*, they are more elegant than that child of nature; but if they wear ornaments, they are few, and not exposed to the

curiosity of every virtuoso. Like Eve, clothed with the Graces, they "need not the foreign aid of ornament."

Madame, Dutchess d'Angoulême, being obliged, in order to conceal the deformity of her neck, to wear ruffles which reach to the very chin, some French ladies have most preposterously taken it into their heads to imitate her Royal Highness, and have commenced, in spite of Nature, to conceal

" ————— That whiter skin of theirs than snow

" And smooth as monumental alabaster."

Nothing can be conceived more tasty, than the dress of the Parisian belles. No part of it is uselessly put on; each artfully conspires to set forth the beauty of the whole. But, oh! my dear Madam! I lose myself when I begin to talk of the French women. In them, the charming expression of the countenance, and the grace of the whole person, bring into one point of view, every thing that can be conceived most enchanting! most captivating! most engaging! It seems that Nature has stamped with the impression of pleasure whatever they say or do! I see many beautiful English women at Paris; but they want the charm of French animation. "We may imagine what we please of a substantial part of beauty (says Shaftesbury;) but were the subject to be well criticised, we should find, perhaps, what we most admired, even in the outward turn of features, was only a mysterious expression, and a kind of shadow of something inward in the temper."

What particularly pleases me in French women is

their enmity to detraction. Their taste is too genuine, and too well cultivated, to have recourse to such a pitiful way of passing time. With us, it fills up two-thirds of the female rhetoric; the English and American ladies cannot, like the French women, discuss on the merits or demerits of a recent publication, or the light and shade, colouring and character, of a painting, or on the qualities of a new play! Believe me not too severe, when I say that their parties of pleasure are conspiracies against the time and patience of a philosopher! Although the conversation of the good society at Paris is exempt from backbiting; yet it is enlivened by that pleasing enjoyment, that witty raillery, which add such zest to the common chit chat. Indeed all pleasure would be banished from society, were we not to admit of that innocent raillery, which uses the weapon of ridicule in mirth and gayety; without malice: but we cannot approve of those who love to dwell on the imperfections of their friends. Can we call that great, which is formed out of the littleness of others?

The Abbé Anquetil says, in his account of the early Gauls, that with these people, the young women having arrived at the age of marriage, chose their future husband, in a repast which their fathers gave to all the young men who could pretend to their alliance: they distinguished the happy lover, by presenting him a vase of water after the feast. Before the Revolution, the young ladies were educated in convents, and never left them but to get married. It was at the grate of the parlour, that Mademoiselle received the first visit of her intended husband, whom she had perhaps never heard of before; for that solemn reception she was

dressed out in all the hereditary lace and diamonds, which were mentioned in the marriage contract. The Revolution, happily has crushed most of those receptacles of graceless sobriety, and a young lady now-a-days, knows, at least, who her intended is.*

Before the consummation of the marriage, the lover presents his future bride with the nuptial presents, which are generally of the utmost richness and magnificence, and inclosed in a superb basket; the exterior of which is adorned with the most costly diamonds and precious stones; and filled with the newest stuffs, bracelets, laces "thick with sparkling orient gems," and allegorical miniatures, painted on silk or velvet, and framed with pearls; the whole is sprinkled with the most exquisite perfumes. This splendid inventory the bride immediately displays amid her female friends; while the notary, "with spectacles on nose," reads with monastic gravity a parcel of Gothic stuff, of which, happily for her modesty, the bride does not understand a syllable. The nuptial benediction is pronounced in one of the chapels of the parish church. In the evening a splendid ball is given, and the joyful couple slip off in the midst of the waltzes, gayety, and amusements of the company, who do not, or feign not to perceive their absence till the hour of departure arrives.

I take great pleasure in witnessing the marriages in the country churches. It would require the talent of Sterne, or the pen of Marmontel, to do justice to the agreeable scenes which I have enjoyed on these occa-

* "Une fille à marier est dans le monde une espèce de Chrysalide jusqu' au moment qu' en déployant ses ailes, elle se change en papillon."—*Marmontel's Tales.*

sions. With what philanthropic delight do I contemplate the innocent couple advancing from their cottage towards the village church! and the aged parents following them to the same altar, where they had themselves been united! and the youth of the village supporting the old men, whose silvery locks were honoured by their grandchildren.

I will never forget a rustic marriage, which I witnessed in one of the charming villages of Languedoc. There was a delightful contrast between the strength, and soldier-like appearance of the young man, and the amiable softness, and winning *naïveté* of the object to whom he was about to pronounce his vow of eternal fidelity. The scene before me recalled to my mind a similar one described in the "Lady of the Lake:"

"With virgin step and bashful hand,
"She held the 'kerchief's snowy band;
"The gallant bridegroom, by her side,
"Beheld his prize with victor's pride;
"And the fond mother in her ear,
"Was closely whispering words of cheer."

To be sure, the music which animates the pleasures of rustic simplicity will not bear comparison with the elaborate compositions of Hayden or Mozart, and the village collation would not please the palate of the gourmand, so much as the splendid suppers of opulence; but the martyr of fashion and luxury can never enjoy, in his gorgeous saloon, either the sparkling gayety of the class he despises, or the smiling picture which such unreserved and heart-felt joy affords to the philanthropist. Where will he witness the smiles of innocence, the tablecloth spread on the smooth shaven green, the

unfeigned happiness of every one present, and the exquisite relish for simple food? Those merry and bounding dances, those old men with their snow-white hair appearing in the midst of company, where they are revered; and now and then brushing from their furrowed cheeks, the tears of tenderness and joy? Does he find this under his painted canopies, where excess of art makes nature vanish to more sylvan scenes?

LETTER XLIV.

Paris, June 23, 1818.

TO J—— D——,

THE newspapers at Paris are not like our own, filled with advertisements, sales at auction, and lottery notices ; but generally devoted to politics and literature. There is one journal at Paris, whose province is solely to publish advertisements, courts of chancery sales, &c. This paper frequently contains very amusing articles. A man named Willaume, fills several columns of the paper with propositions of marriage, made by persons of both sexes, and left at his *hymeneal* shop for that purpose. He not only offers his services to such as intend forming "one bone of one flesh ;" but very charitably proposes sending a young female friend to any of the opposite sex who may be troubled with the spleen ; or accommodate modest matrons with young fellows, who will serve to chase away the blue devils. He provides maids for those who are in want of them ; but it may easily be imagined, that the *filles* of his recommendation are much on a par with Mrs. Honour, in Tom Jones, whom old Western swore, in a rage, to be "about as much of a maid as his grannum !" A few days ago, a young lady of pretended noble extraction, inserted a clause in her proposition of marriage, that she required her fortunate wooer to be of "an ancient family," and to possess a title ; with these advantages, she did not care

what age he was ! What a pity, that this amateur of worm-eaten parchment had not seen an advertisement inserted a few days before, by a certain Isadaurus, who traced his origin to the days of King David ; being a Jew from Bethlehem, dignified with half a score of orders from different Syriac princes ; although not worth two pence, as the drift of his advertisement was to recommend a certain perfumed quintessence, which was an infallible cure for all the catalogue of human woes, except *poverty* ! as appeared by his own case. If the lady above mentioned had but seen the noble Patriarch's advertisement, no doubt she might have found, among his relations, some one of ancient family !

One of the greatest curiosities at Paris, is the first representation of a new piece at the theatre, which is particularly crowded that night. The author remains in trembling expectation behind the scenes ; every murmur of the audience is a pang to him, and every symptom of applause transports him with joy. If the piece succeeds, the author is demanded with violent huzzas, and cries of *l'auteur* ! At length the curtain rises, and the principal actor advances forth, amid acclamations, to pronounce the name of the writer, the musical composer, and the inventor of the ballet. The first time that the audience demanded the author of a new piece, was at the representation of Voltaire's *Mérope*. The poet was concealed in a corner ; but the people were so transported with enthusiasm, that they forced him to come forward. Voltaire appeared in the box of the Maréchale de Villars. The spectators, inebriated with admiration and delight, cried out to the

young Dutchess of Villars to embrace the author of *Mérope*, which she did with perfect grace and good humour. But if the pit find the piece unworthy of their approbation, hisses, or rather whistling, from every part of the house, soon put an end to the performance; and the curtain falls before the play is half over, amidst the murmurs and insults of the severe critics, who spare not the author's feelings in this unenviable dilemma.

The following anecdote is much talked of. A soldier, who, in a desperate engagement, had lost a leg, after the most heroic feats of valour, came to Paris in 1816, loaded with honours by his generous Emperor; and desiring very much to see Talma in the character of Manlius, he presented himself at the office of the Theatre Française, at which there was such an immense crowd, that he had to put himself *à la queue*, or at the foot of the long row of eager amateurs, who were pressing to get their tickets. The gendarmes on duty, perceiving the distress of the soldier, took him by the hand and placed him at the head of the crowd, amidst the huzzas of the multitude. This brave man lately went to the Française, to see Fleury. Alas! what a different treatment did he receive! He put himself in the train as before; but no gendarme took the slightest notice of him! He attempted to push a little forward, but was rudely thrust out of his place, amidst the insulting and scurrilous language of the royal gendarmerie. The military heroes of the Napoleon dynasty are treated with the utmost contempt by the Bourbon adherents. This impolitic conduct serves to inflame the public mind, and alienate the af-

sections of the people from the present government. The imperial guard has been indignantly disbanded. "Confusion on their glorious banners waits, though fanned by conquest's crimson wing."

I often ramble through the Pantheon, which is really a "*Monumentum ære perennius*." A man in waiting conducts the visiter through the vaults under the church, the exterior architecture of which I will not describe, as every Guide-Book of Travels is very minute on that subject. The vaults consist of galleries, divided into cells, which are destined for the monuments.

"On white heaps of intermingled bones,

"The muse of Melancholy sits and moans ;

"Showers her cold tears o'er Beauty's early wreck,

"Spreads her pale arms, and bends her marble neck."

The tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau are not in cells like the rest ; and their sarcophagi are more elegant. On that of Jean Jacques is inscribed, "To the man of Nature and of Truth." A hand of stone, holding the torch of truth, is seen jutting from the door of the tomb.

The execrable Marat received the honours of the Pantheon. His sarcophagus was near that of Voltaire. This revolutionary demon had distinguished himself as a ferocious demagogue, by an infamous newspaper, which was the mirror of his own horrible sentiments. "Marat alone lived without fear, (says Madame de Staël, in her posthumous works,) for his countenance expressed such baseness, his sentiments were so ferocious and sanguinary, that he was sure no

one could plunge deeper than himself in the abyss of crime; even Robespierre could not attain to that infernal security." The Pantheon is to be converted into a church; and no other tombs are to be erected to the dead within its sepulchral vaults.

LETTER XLV.

Paris, July 10, 1818.

TO MRS. LETITIA.

THERE are three different *coiffures*, or head dresses, in fashion among the Parisian belles; they are termed *à la Titus*, *à la Grecque*, and *à la Diadème*. The *coiffure à la Titus* is the most simple, and at the same time the most beautiful of all: the hair is cut short behind, and is there curled in graceful ringlets down the neck. The *Grecque* is more fashionable; the hair is collected at the top of the head, and flows in curls on both sides, from the comb or ornament which retains it. The *Diadem* is worn like a crown in front of the head; it is very beautiful, but too rich and glittering for a really handsome face. Nothing, in my opinion, makes a more agreeable impression than a fine face, with the features lighted up, as it were, by the graces. But a rich head dress adds nothing to the pleasure we enjoy in contemplating such an object; all the attention is concentrated on the diadem and costly ornaments, and not to the inimitable workmanship of nature.

Montesquieu satirises the various changes of fashion, which took place during his residence in the capital. "Why should I describe their fashions and dress, (observes he in his *Lettres Persanes*;) a new mode would annul all that I had advanced, and before thou wouldst receive my letter, every thing would be changed."

Although periwigs and powder are still in use, among persons of a certain age, yet there is an essential difference from what it was before the Revolution. The ladies now wear their own hair, or if they use any false, it is merely a *faux toupet* or lock ; but their heads are dressed according to the models of the Grecian statues, introduced into France, by the celebrated painter David.

Dr. Franklin, in a letter to Mrs. Thomson, after describing the plainness of his own head dress, wittily observes : " think how this *coiffure* must appear among the powdered heads of Paris. I wish every gentleman and lady would only be so obliging as to follow my fashion, comb their own heads, as I do mine, dismiss their friseurs and pay me half the money they paid to them. You see the gentry might well afford this, and I would then enlist their friseurs, (who are at least one hundred thousand,) and with the money I would maintain them, make a visit with them to England, and dress the heads of your ministers and privy counsellors, which I believe to be *un peu derangées* !"

The ridiculous fashion of wearing powder, was introduced by the Maréchal de Richelieu. The hair was dressed, according to the caprices of the mode, in the form of a horse-shoe, pigeon wing, with a thousand curls, or à la cavaliere. The women improved on these inventions, and built up towers of false hair. One barber immortalized himself " In carrying towards the sky the boldness of the head-dresses." A mathematician made a most accurate calculation, in which it appeared, that a woman's nose was at an equal distance from her feet, and the summit of the hairy edifice which topped her pericranium.

The Boulevard de Grand is the Arena on which the champions of fashion display their advantages, and where, to use the language of the elegant Thomson,

“—A gay insect in his summer shine,

“The fop light fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.”

Here are the modish tailors, bootmakers, hatters, and milliners. *Frogé* is the very oracle of fashion; there is not the slightest change in a coat, either in length, breadth or make, which he does not know as soon as invented. The present cut of a Parisian coat is very untasteful and never looks well, although made of the finest cloth; the English fashion begins to be adopted by the dandies, seized with the Anglomania. One of the greatest inconveniences of the present modes, is the excessive expense which they exact. The cashmere shawl, and lace veil, for the married lady and the coquette, will almost ruin the poor man who is charged with paying for them, and the bills of Le-roy cause as much disturbance in some families as a billet doux.

During the reign of Robespierre and the Jacobins, fashion was as anarchical as the government. After the famous 6th October, and 10th August 1791 and '92, when the Chateaux of Versailles and Tuileries were pillaged, you might have seen blacksmiths in court dresses, coalsellers with embroidered waistcoats, and fishwomen in high-heeled shoes. Terror arrived with the red cap of Liberty, introduced a Spartan simplicity in the dress. The least foppery was regarded as an aristocratic symptom, and ragged clothes were the order of the day. Robespierre alone, who had the

fortune to "ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm," dressed with some elegance, and wore powder. The head dress of the men at present, is so simple and pretty; the most of the hair is left to curl at the summit of the forehead, and temples.

LETTER XLVI.

Paris, July 15, 1818.

THE spring in Paris is the most delightful season of the year, between the cold and damp of winter that has passed, and the sultry days of summer which have yet to come, the heat of the meridian is moderated by the bland zephyrs which gently fan the smiling foliage; the evening and morning dews impregnate the air with their salutary influence. The Palais Royal is perfectly enchanting in this season, the garden in the middle is placed with the choicest flowers, the galleries are bordered with elms and linden trees, smiling with "their freshest, tenderest green." In the evening, it is crowded with a variety of company, some of whom chat over a glass of ice cream or orgeat, others walk through the long alleys of trees to breathe the cool air, some glide through the dark recesses in pursuit of intrigue. "Soft-eyed pleasure sighs in every gale." The Palais Royal can be compared to the enchanted palace of Armide, in which she had the magical art, to fetter her beloved Renaud in a wreath of roses. One cannot sufficiently admire the ingenuity here displayed by Nature and Art, in laying open to the sight, to the hearing, to the palate, and to the understanding, so many fertile sources of agreeable sensations; in such an inexhaustible variety of objects.

I lately accompanied Mr. Devereux, and Major Sommerville to the Chapel of the Tuileries. At noon the Royal guards formed themselves into two files,

and announced the princes, as they passed from their apartments. When they had taken their places in the front of the royal gallery facing the altar, the rolling of drums, and flourish of trumpets, announced the entrance of the King, who took his place on a seat stuffed with cramoisy, and embroidered with gold fleurs de lys. The *heraults d'Armes* or Chevaliers de la Manche, dressed à la Henri IV. with hats adorned with plumes, and with white silk frocks fringed with gold, stood at the two extremities of the gallery. Behind the king knelt the Cardinal de Talleyrand, at whose side stood his nephew the prince de Bénévent. The excellent description which Lady Morgan gives of this personage, immediately occurred to me. I looked on him as the very impersonation of atheism and wickedness. The existence of Talleyrand almost makes one believe with Dr. Franklin, who says "he met persons in the world whom he conceived to be already in a state of damnation."

The Royal family, except the Duke and Dutchess d'Angoulême, do not appear very devout. *Madame* seemed

"Triste, levant au ciel ses yeux mouillés de larmes

"Qui brillaient au travers des flambeaux et des armes."

The Duke and Dutchess de Berry, appeared to think of any thing, but the religious ceremonies: the Dutchess played with her spangled fan, changed her position, smiled when she met Monseigneur's glances, and showed very plainly how uneasy she felt under the "weight of splendid chains." Both of them, with his Majesty, who sat very snugly taking snuff, exhibited

a lively proof of the truth so beautifully expressed, by Delille "Les Rois sont condamnés à la magnificence !" Berry is the emblem of the most profound insignificance; his mind was not at all occupied by the delicious music, or the forms of the service: and all his royal tricks could not conceal what passed within him: he is much more attentive at the Opera, or at the Variétés. The ceremony commenced by a hymn, exquisitely sung by a charming female voice, which must have been that of Catalani, Fodor, or Cinti. This royal farce continued about half an hour, when his Majesty arose, and after a very stiff bow to *Madame* and the audience, or rather spectators, left the gallery accompanied by his niece, who made a most disdainful curtsy to the people, whom she regarded with a look of seeming mingled horror and contempt.

Our dinner on the 4th inst. was splendid and worthy of its noble cause. There were about sixty, not to mention the invited guests, Mr. Gallatin, the marquis de LaFayette, and the count de Ségur. The company met in a superb saloon at Grignons, which was decorated with great magnificence: Messrs. Brown, our president, Gallatin, La Fayette, and Ségur sat in the middle of the crescent, in which shape the tables were disposed. After dinner, several liberal toasts were drank to the glory of our country, and the memory of that great man, who was among the first

"To plant the tree of Life, to plant fair Freedom's tree."

The *Invités* having left the room, M. de La Fayette's health was drank with enthusiasm. The Marquis (who, by the way, has abjured that title, and will only

suffer himself to be called General or plain *Monsieur*;) appears to be about forty-five years of age, although he has really passed his grand climacteric. His vigorous constitution, the healthy bloom of his cheek, and, above all, a very handsome brown *perruque*, which is so well adjusted as to appear like his own hair, contributes to persuade me that he is still in his meridian.

The sparkling Champaign began now to circulate with profusion, and produced its ordinary effects on several of the joyful patriots, who had like to have commenced a cannonading—of wine glasses, broken bottles, and candlesticks, had it not been for the timely interference of the more sober part of the company. The French journals have not mentioned a word of our dinner, as the toasts were too Republican to be inserted in their Royalist columns; last year a newspaper was suspended for publishing the Anniversary toasts. The expense of our feast was defrayed by those who partook of it, each guest paying thirty one franks; which was not giving "too much for the whistle."

LETTER XLVII.

Paris, July 27, 1818.

THE Abbé Fraissinous has just finished a series of conferences at the church of St. Sulpice. So great was the crowd that it was necessary to go an hour before he appeared, in order to secure a good seat. These conferences are not controversial discourses; they are dissertations on the authenticity of the Christian Religion; on the immortality of the soul, and the beauty of virtue. He is very liberal in his political opinions, and his religion breathes tolerance and peace to all. He prevails on his audience as much by the beauty of his figures, as by the force of his arguments. But what renders him the idol of his audience, is the complimentary style with which he addresses the ladies, and the manner in which he speaks of the glory of France. "How many of our countrymen (exclaimed he,) whose fortunes entitled them to ease and tranquillity, and who have led a pleasurable life, amidst indulgence and voluptuous amusements, have forsaken their beds of down, to face danger and death, and to undergo all the fatigues of war!" Then turning to the ladies, he observed, that they had proved themselves, by their virtue, during the times of public calamity, infinitely superior to the Roman ladies, who almost rescued the reigns of Nero and Caligula from utter infamy. "At home (continued the eloquent preacher,) at home, you form the charms of your domestic circles; and in society you diffuse

an enchantment which renders you the admiration of all, and the love of every heart susceptible of its flame."

I was lately present at a drawing of the Royal Lottery of France; although this is one of the greatest curiosities of Paris, few strangers are acquainted with it. Ninety numbers are put into the wheel; at each turn, five of these numbers are taken out by a child from the Hospital de la Piété; as each number comes forth, it is proclaimed by an usher, and immediately appears in a bass relief supported on the lap of a statue of Justice near the ceiling. It would be impossible to depict the joy of the fortunate and the cruel disappointment of the unlucky, when the numbers were proclaimed; a murmur like the growling of the troubled sea, signalized the unfortunate adventurers; but it was a pleasure to behold the faces of the favourites of Plutus, gleaming with joy at the unexpected appearance of their numbers in the bass relief; the soul being then penetrated with a sensation the most exquisitely pleasing, rejected every object that seemed capable of diverting her attention, or of disturbing her felicity. The physiognomist, the painter, and the moral observer should come here, to learn how far the human face is capable of mobility and expression; an atheist would never adhere to his materialism, could he but contemplate the figure of a Parisian *grisette*, radiating with joy, which she cannot conceal; or depressed "more in sorrow, than in anger," with her eyes almost "bursting from their scarments," with rage and disappointment. You have undoubtedly read the discourses of Lord Stanhope, in which he stigmatises the French with the most injurious epithets: he judges of their characters by the delirium of the Reign of

Terror. All his observations on that subject were answered lately by a noble French Peer—in an admirable apostrophe on the glory of the Great Nation. “The heroes of France (exclaimed the orator) have covered the hideous spectacle of terror, by the veil of their immortal glory; they enveloped the wounds of their country in the folds of their victorious colours, and threw in one of the scales of the balance their conquering sword, as a counterpoise to the axe of the Revolution.” This country, although obliged to stoop her neck before Adversity, feels yet all her power,

“And sees far off, with an indignant groan,

“Her native plains, and empires once her own.”

Last Friday I went to St. Roch, to see the religious ceremonies performed over the body of Madame Derivis, wife of one of the principal opera singers: she killed herself by inhaling the vapours of burning coals, being driven to that act of desperation by certain family contrarieties. Before the Revolution, Madame Derivis would not have been allowed Christian burial; now she is buried with the greatest funeral magnificence; so much has the brilliant luminary of freedom dispelled the gloomy shades that mantled reason and good sense. The Aurora of Liberty now glitters on the horizon of France; but Apollo had confided his chariot to the senseless Phaëton, who lost his way, and was hurled to destruction in the midst of the conflagration which he kindled. The Revolution, although sullied by some crimes, has implanted liberty and reason in every reflecting mind. Bonaparte dazzled his subjects by the glitter of his illustrious actions; the

generous Frenchman, captivated with the glory which environed his country, surrendered his liberties, and acquired what he deemed a compensation. But now! when he is so humbled, when his reflections, not being diverted by splendid victories and glorious conquests, turn inwardly—now, the seeds of reason will be brought to maturity, and France will be a free nation, if not a great one.

I attend Alibert's clinical lectures on the Diseases of the Skin, delivered in the open air, and under the shade of a grove of chesnut trees. There is something romantic in this manner of lecturing: the students sitting under the trees, stretched on the grass, or grouped around the Professor, who shows the patients in order to exemplify the diseases he treats of, and exhibits his superb paintings and engravings, unequalled in Europe.

LETTER XLVIII.

Paris, August 1, 1818.

DEAR JULIA,

IN one of your interesting letters, you observe, that as Talma is "declining into the vale of years," his countenance must have lost much of that mobility of expression so peculiar to youth ; and you suspect that he is deficient in the keenness of juvenile feeling, and that he fails in expressing that enthusiastic ardour, that unrestrained vivacity, which approaching age is so apt to chill. In answering these reflections, I might refer you to Madame de Staël's excellent criticism of Talma's acting, in her *Allemagne*, which I lately sent you. If the countenance of this great tragedian has lost some of the perfections of youth, it has, on the other hand, gained much from the earnestness and dignity of advanced years. Perhaps Lafon expresses better than him, the warmth, the hope, the ardour of love ; but Talma is irresistible in the peculiar earnestness with which he pours forth his passion. In the expression of profound emotion and suffering, his countenance is admirable ; nothing was ever, in this respect, more true and perfect. He alone, of all actors, exhibits that restless impatience in misery and ennui, which so well expresses the truth and reality of affliction. The air of his face and of his whole person, sometimes brings into one point of view every variety, every grade of passion. In the last act of Racine's *Britannicus*, Talma (as Nero) listens with the utmost impa-

tience to the bitter reproaches of Agrippina : one could guess at the progression of anger, rage, and fury, by the gradually increased quickness of respiration, and the wildness of his gestures : he at length darts at her a look like that of the tigress " in her whelpless ire." His eyes still fixed on Agrippina, with an expression of cruel ferocity not to be depicted, he puts one hand on the shoulder of his wicked minister, and at length leaves the room with him, to deliberate on his intended parricide. In performing Hamlet, his expression was so terrible at the moment he is about to stab his mother that a lady in the boxes fell senseless; and when she was restored by the assistants, she screamed out, " has he killed his mother ?" An anecdote of this kind speaks more loudly in an actor's favour, than a volume of eulogium.

At the late representation of the Retreat of Fleury, where the crowd was immense, a venerable old man introduced himself to the middle of the pit to find a seat. Some brutal fellows pushed him away with violence, and obliged him to find his way towards the door. He was going out, when a number of young men arose, called him back, and vented their indignation on those who had shown no respect to his silvery locks : every one was desirous of having the old gentleman beside him. Twenty different places were offered, and he took his seat amid the bravoës and exclamations of the spectators. Immediately afterwards another old man received the same honourable distinction. I had an opportunity of judging of the French character by these scenes ; the whole house expressed in the delirium of admiration, the electrical effect produced on their highly excitable passions ! I imagined

myself in the middle of the Olympic games ; and, oh ! Julia, I almost wished myself a Frenchman !

I last night saw at the *Ambigu Comique*, a most excellent satire on those persons who are plentifully endowed, with the "gift of gab." The piece is entitled the *Parleur Eternel*. One personage alone speaks during the whole play, and although he is surrounded with ladies, whose fault is not usually silence, he does not permit any one to put a word in. Whenever any one shows an inclination to interrupt him, he impatiently cries out, "your pardon, Madam, let every one speak in his turn," and then talks on with his accustomed volubility. The eagerness with which his companions express their desire to speak, is truly comical ; I know not when I was more amused. I think it would not do our friend, Miss Susan Sh—, any harm to see this play. If an amanuensis were to undergo the penalty of writing down that lady's chat "for one little month," I am fully persuaded that he would have materials enough to publish a Royal Folio of table-talk.

This will, perhaps, be the last time in which I will have an opportunity of mentioning Madame Catalani, whom I always hear with renewed pleasure. With what freshness and purity she warbles, and draws out the sound, as it were, into a thread of the most exquisite fineness, and then suddenly imitates the majestic rolling of thunder. She will then proceed through all those delicious gradations, which alternately infuse the most tender emotions, melt the soul into ecstasy, and convey gayety and good humour. Frequently I would be in the same condition with our first parent, in whose ear the angel

"So charming left his voice, that he a while
"Tho't him still speaking ; still stood fix'd to hear."

All the modulations of her delightful voice, "through mazes running," are heard with distinctness. No passion, no thought seems to be indulged by the enraptured audience, the whole soul appears wrapped up in the magic of her voice ; nor is she interrupted till the air is finished, when the whole house is convulsed with applauses, and cries of admiration.

There is a slight shade of melancholy perceptible in Madame Catalani's features, but which does not in the least diminish the lustre of her charms. It produces the same effect as the dark colours in painting, which, by their contrast, render the light more brilliant ; and by their influence, serve to graduate, and mellow the more splendid tints.

LETTER XLIX.

Paris, August 6, 1818.

TO J—— D——.

I BELIEVE you never have, and what is more, you never will read Montesquieu's productions. You will therefore excuse me, if I occasionally borrow the sentiments and expressions of that inimitable writer, who says, very truly that vanity is the characteristic quality of the French; this when allied with their usual toying is indescribably amusing. "Their trifling, naturally intended for the toilet, seems to have become accessory to the formation of the general character of the nation. They trifle in council, they trifle at the head of the army, they trifle with an Ambassador." Their vanity embraces every subject, arts, sciences, manufactures. The wigmakers, cooks, tailors, all consider their several trades connected, in some way or other, with science; and this they communicate to those, who listen to them with the most solemn importance, *Milord*, said a ridiculous looking barber to me, a few days ago, "I see that you are from London; and permit me to assure you, with profound respect, that the science of shaving is totally unknown in your country. Ah! Monsieur, I am told by good authority, that among you, the barbers shave off the *epiderme*; now you must know that the destruction of that precious membrane, produces the most ruinous effects, and is against the first principles of science." I

roared out a laughing so violently at this effusion, that he actually shaved off my *epiderme*.

The French will laugh at any thing which is so incredible as to shock their reason. I have never seen any of their plays, in which a ghost was permitted to appear on the stage; when the Italian opera ushered forth a spectre in *Semiramide*, his sepulchral highness was saluted by universal laughter; whereas the ghost in *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, &c. has often made an English or American audience shudder. The fear of ghosts is treated with derision by every French girl of thirteen years of age. The celebrated Madame des Houlières once resolved to ascertain, whether a certain old chateau was inhabited by any of those spiritual creatures, which give such an awful reputation to solitary buildings. She ordered her bed to be made on the ground floor of the terrible chateau; and slept without disturbance till midnight, when she was suddenly roused by the falling down of the door of the room, and the entrance of some being which would have struck the panic of death into any one but the intrepid des Houlières; the frightful object proceeded point blank to the bed side, without appalling our heroine; her hands came in contact with two soft velvety ears, which she firmly grasped, resolved to keep her hold till daylight. She remained in this position for several hours, till the light which shone through the casements, discovered her prisoner to be *Gros-blanc*, a large dog belonging to the chateau. Our heroine burst out into a hearty laugh at this ridiculous termination of her adventure. She then rose, and examined the lock of the door, the wood of which was so rotten, that the slightest push would render locking it use-

less. Now Gros-blanc who was not fond of sleeping out of doors, was tempted by the facility of entrance, to make choice of this room for his slumbers. "Thus," said Madame des Houlières, "are the most trifling circumstances magnified into omens of supernatural augury." I remember the facetious Mr. O'Brien, who used to frighten the young ladies out of their wits, by his stories of the dancing of the chairs at St. Domingo, the deist who felt his wife's dropsical leg a month after she had sailed over the Styx, and the adventure of Dr. D—— and his ghost. These I told to some French girls, which produced great merriment, but not one symptom of sympathetic fear.

It is decidedly certain that a degree of éclat is necessary for succeeding in every trade and profession. Even the tombmakers, and sculptors, do not disdain the common methods of recommending their ware. A few days ago I entered a marble cutter's workshop in the Chaussée d' Antin, with a friend of mine, who designed erecting a tomb over his departed mother. The sculptor had two or three hundred inscriptions already prepared on marble, stone, &c. with blanks left for the names, and titles of the deceased.

"Can flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death,"

said I, as we passed along. While examining the different monuments, a gentleman, loaded with orders of nobility, entered the room which contained the most expensive tombstones. He cast a look of sovereign contempt on all that were presented to him: he thought that none of the epitaphs gave a sufficient eulogium of the wife he had just lost. At length the

sculptor showed him one recently finished, uniting all the forms of panegyric. The widower was delighted with it: "Add to the inscription, said he, these words, 'by her inconsolable husband,' and send it to my house to night, so that I may find it on my return from the Opera! As I go a hunting to-morrow which will detain me some days; I should like to show it to three or four of my female friends, before it goes to the grave-yard." Oh! the inconsolable husband! with his opera, his hunting match, and his female friends at midnight!

I have again visited the Catacombs: these immense subterranean cavities have furnished materials for the construction of the temples, palaces, and other edifices of the French Metropolis, and are now destined to receive the vestiges of the countless generations, which (after having received the rites of burial in the city,) have been dug up and replaced, with a methodical arrangement almost incredible, in these deep excavations. The principal door, faced by a vestibule or entry, is ornamented with two pilasters of the Tuscan order. At the bottom of a long flight of steps, commence the galleries and rooms. The largest bones, arranged with wonderful symmetry, and in compartments, sustain the smaller ones, which are thrown behind. The number of dead bodies which have furnished these bones, is estimated at three millions! The walk which I made in the midst of them, appeared about two miles in extent. A great part of the southern division of Paris, is thus undermined; but this does not prevent its gay inhabitants from sleeping soundly on the borders of the tremendous precipice; the bones of those who lie here,

"Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown,"

are piled up without distinction. In the middle of the catacombs, is a valuable cabinet of Pathology, in which are specimens of *necrosis, rickets, exostosis, &c.* which had been found among the bones brought from the graveyards. In some of the apartments are altars, made like those seen in Catholic churches; others of an antique appearance; and some built of skulls and thigh bones! The altar of the obelisks, at the northern part of the catacombs, is copied from a splendid marble tomb, discovered lately in Vienna.

Lines drawn on the ceiling of the galleries, guide the subterranean traveller in his melancholy walk. Each visiter, who accompanies the Cicerone, carries a taper; and woe to him who loses his way, or whose taper is extinguished! Delille, in his poem *L'Imagination*, has described, in the most affecting manner, the sufferings of a young man, who was lost in the catacombs, and was found dead there, several months afterwards. He had attempted to explore the "long draw aisles, and fretted vault," without a guide; his taper soon melted to nothing, and he was found dead on a stone, with his hands uplifted in the attitude of prayer.

At the entrance of the catacombs, there is a register for persons who have visited it, to express the sensations which those funeral regions have inspired. Some of these effusions are worth noting down; but the generality of them are so wretched, that I did not contribute my mite, to filling of the ledger.

LETTER L.

Paris, August 16, 1818.

MY JULIA.

WHAT heavenly bliss you have conferred on me! Like the lover of your namesake in the *Héloïse*, I had a soul for pain; you have taught me that I have one for the most exquisite pleasure. I have received your portrait; yesterday morning a package was brought to me—I knew your hand writing—Julia!—Oh my Julia!—the envelops are removed—the obstructing veil is torn off—I beheld you “face to face.”—Guess at my feelings, and tell me if they are describable! How often do I press it to my lips—gaze on it—fold it to my bosom!—and then read over the letters which *St. Preux* writes to *Mademoiselle d’Etange*, on the receipt of her likeness—I never knew—at least, I never felt till then, how truly, how eloquently he described human nature. After gazing for hours on your angelic features, I exclaim

“Alas! one moment of reflection undeceives me!”

In the first delirium of my joy, I forgot that I only looked on an inanimate painting, but soon all the pain of separation, and of absence from you, became stronger; when the magic spell was broken, I was in the same state with those wretches, whose torments are only suspended to render them more acute!

In order that we should want no point of resemblance with Rousseau's lovers, I immediately observed the same defect which St. Preux found in the picture of his mistress. The painter has wished to draw a flattering likeness; he has put too much bright carmine on the cheek, the rosy hue extends too equally over the face, and does not melt in delicious gradations with the lily, which advances from the neck. Thus he has not painted Julia with the delicate bloom of health, or the blush of animation; but with the artificial hue obtained from cosmetics!

In my letter from Lodève, I described a female acquaintance, who, in several respects, resembled you, but most of all in a slight, almost imperceptible scar on her cheek. Your painter has omitted—Oh Gods! was that man adamant?—he has left out that niche of love! that gave to your countenance an expression which none but Guido's colouring could have equalled! Perhaps any one but myself would admire his painting: I would myself, were I not the best judge in the world of its defects. Ah! the image of the heavenly model is too well imprinted on my heart, ever to be in the slightest degree effaced. In spite of the defects alluded to, the picture resembles you, and the painter has deserved, in part, the praise you bestow on him. What particularly pleased me, was the manner in which you were dressed when you sat for your portrait. You needed not a coronet of roses, nor a splendid comb, nor a pretty ribband to encircle your flowing tresses; no fashionable ruff or glittering jewels to set off your snow-white neck. You are dressed with the rural wildness of the "mountain nymph," with the simplicity of Sophie, and yet with more taste than the

most finished *petite maîtresse*. Nothing can surpass the beauty of your head dress ; it is exactly the "*longue tresse de tes cheveux roulée autour de ta tête*." One with less taste than yourself, would have entwined the hair with roses ; but every leaf of these flowers would have concealed a part of that on which my eye looks with such pleasure.

How happy I am, in choosing you a library, in not being obliged to restrain myself to trifling books ! With the present letter, I send you two very interesting works—the Remarks on the French Revolution by Madame de Staël, and Manon Lescant. The first is a posthumous production of your favourite author ; the second is by the witty and eccentric Abbé Prevost. I have often heard you mention your aversion to female politicians ; generally speaking, they are very ridiculous and unamiable ; but Madame de Staël !—no !—I shall not write an eulogium of her—it will only be anticipating your own reflections.

If I were to choose books for any other young lady in Baltimore, I would not select Manon Lescant. In general, my fair *concitoyennes* are so outrageously virtuous, that they will blush at the very idea of a *vertu de moins* ; but you are so truly virtuous, that you need not the unamiable garb of prudery. I am sure you will pity Manon when she is imprudent or unfortunate ; you will admire her when she is heroical, and love her when she is, as she always is—amiable. Among the ladies I could name, how many there are who are perpetually talking about sermons, prayers, and virtue ; and yet, who never felt a spark of pity for the unfortunate ! Julia, your religion consists more in angelic actions, than angelic discourses ; it is that

of Christ, who "went about doing good;" and not of the Pharisee, who thought that his prayers alone were heard, and that those of the publican were unworthy to be wafted before the throne of Mercy.

LETTER LI.

Paris, August 25, 1818.

THE several departments of France, and even the environs of Paris, have for some time been pestered by a set of fanatics, sent by government, with the title of Missionaries; as if the most polite nation in the world were as barbarous as a host of Visigoths, or Indian savages. These *devout* gentlemen appear desirous of bringing France under the yoke of religious intolerance: by their indiscreet conduct, they have excited a mutual distrust and hatred between the Protestants and the true orthodox children of the Romish faith. There is so little true religion now in the world, that, in my humble opinion, those who have any at all should join hands, and not drive the still wavering inquirers after truth into the ranks of deism, by intolerance and bigotry. The following melancholy affair will prove to you the effects of imprudent zeal, and show, that persons of strong imagination and weak judgment are easily imposed upon by appearances, and soon yield to the despotic sway of fanaticism, armed by the *fascies* of authority.

A young gentleman, of excellent family, and universally esteemed for his personal qualities, was desperately in love with a most beautiful and accomplished young lady in the town of Castres. They had been brought up together, and, like *Celadon* and *Amelia*, they were

“ ——— The same, distinguished by their sex alone.”

The mother of the lady, having been much edified by the discourses of the Missionaries, resolved to banish the lover, who was a Calvinist, and by the advice of a *pious* friend, commanded him to discontinue his visits, as she intended to permit the addresses of an old *orthodox* baron, violently “*épris de sa fille*.” For a long time Mademoiselle pined in secret melancholy, and her temper was not much enlivened by her powdered Philemon’s nauseous visits. At length she found an occasion to convey a billet-doux to her lover, appointing a rendezvous late that night in her own chamber. You may easily imagine the joy and exultation of the young man. I will not describe to you their meeting after an absence of many months, nor the protestations of eternal fidelity on both sides. The sound of her mother’s voice interrupted their felicity. Madame insisted on the door’s being immediately opened. What could be done in this perplexity? The lover gets behind the curtains of a window, the shutters of which were open; the mother rushes in, loads her daughter with a torrent of abuse, and searches in every corner for the unhappy youth; at length she opens the window curtains, and perceives the shadow of a man. Guided solely by her passions, she slammed together the shutters, which closed inside, and precipitated him into the street. The next morning he expired. Mademoiselle dissembled her grief, and agreed to accompany her mother that very day to see one of her friends. As they walked near the river together, she suddenly drew her lover’s picture from her bo

som, gave it to her friend, and rushed to the parapet. She was pursued by the persons who were present; but the darkness of the night favoured her design, and when they arrived, the young lady was no more! The mother, in a rage, banished all the crew of religious imps; and is now resigned to all the gloom of atheism!

Spain re-establishes the inquisition; Germany prepares religious contests; China persecutes the Christian converts; and Rome makes new saints! I am told that the reverend Father Possadus, a famous Spanish monk, will be beatified in the month of September. This virtuous cenobite had lived such an exemplary life, that several miracles were attributed to him. A beautiful girl of Madrid, who used to confess her peccadillos to his Reverence, was at length observed to have rather a suspicious rotundity below her waist. The pious inhabitants doubtlessly attributed this embonpoint to the miraculous power of St. Possadus! At all events, he will be canonized, as he is, not improbably, now in Heaven!

It is rumoured, that letters of the Roman consistory have been sent to France, in order to acquire information concerning such of the Missionaries who are to be sanctified after their death. In a short time, the golden-legend will be as well cramed as the almanac of addresses!

The *Minerve* often contains very interesting observations on the United States. The last number eulogizes the government of Mr. Monroe, which, says the *Minerve*, "bears the stamp of peculiar grandeur and energy, and promises to the only true Republic in the world, an uninterrupted series of prosperity and

credit. The United States are just what they should be : sincerely Americans, all their interests are concentrated in their hemisphere ; sincerely Republicans, the cause of the people is the cause of the Government." The *Minerve* is conducted by the Authors of the ci-devant *Mercur de France*, which, after having lasted for centuries, has been suppressed by the Police, for publishing an ode against the satellites of the ministry ! Every day is signalized by the seizure of some political work, or the arrestation of suspected persons. How weak must that Government be which has no resources but those of despotism. Among the most celebrated of these arrests, is that of M. Dunoyer, author of an excellent periodical work, the *Censeur Européen*, in which he had made some observations on the conduct of the president of the Tribunal of Reunes, during the civil wars of the Chouans. If these remarks are true, M. Béchu, the president, has no claim to integrity as a magistrate ; and no one doubts M. Dunoyer's veracity. But, instead of clearing himself as a man of honour, M. le président had a mandate fulminated against the author and publisher of the *Censeur*. The editor had the good luck to escape by a back door, the satellites of government entered his house, broke his looking-glasses, china, and even tore the sheets from his bed. Dunoyer was arrested in the arms of his young and lovely wife, whose tears could not soften the barbarians ; he was carried most ignominiously to Rennes, and imprisoned in a dungeon destined for criminals. As soon as the inhabitants of this liberal city heard of the arrival of the martyr to the good cause, they assembled in the evening under his windows, and gratified him with a delightful serenade,

and the most fantastic expressions of their attachment. Dunoyer's lawyer was carried in triumph through the streets; *fêtes* and suppers were given to him, and every person in Rennes was invited, but *Monsieur le Président !*

LETTER LII.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1818.

TO MRS. LETITIA.

ON the eve of the *fête* of St. Louis, the theatres gave representations gratis. The crowd, as you may easily imagine, was immense: you might have seen *poissardes* in the box of princes, and blacksmiths in the first gallery. At the Opera, in the middle of the representation of the *Danaïdes*, when Danaus was in hell dragged by furies to the fiery rock, a plank from the ceiling of the house got loose, and fell "with impetuous recoil, and jarring sound" into the middle of the pit; one man was killed on the spot, and three were mortally wounded.

Having with some difficulty obtained a ticket, I put myself *à la queue* to go into the Tuileries where there was a great dinner on the 25th. His Majesty was dressed as a French marshal, and had no other decorations but that of the Legion of Honour. He ate very heartily, and more than the rest of the *convives*! indeed he has a most royal appetite, which accounts for his "fair round belly with good capon lined." *Madame* appeared to be devoured by her sorrowful emotions; the Duke d'Angoulême looked like a capuchin; Berry seemed to like wine, better than the other delicacies, and his father was so very polite, that he scarcely touched a morsel. The crowd passed by the tables in

silent admiration,* but were not permitted to stop a moment ; the guards kept a watchful eye on what was going on. The security of the Bourbons is evidently not in the love of their subjects, but in the swords of their guards. The artificial mountains, and the delightful gardens attract the Parisian crowd at present. A dreadful accident has lately arrested the *cours de chars* of the Montagne Beaujon ; the vehicle was descending from the top of the tower with the rapidity of lightning, when it suddenly split, and dashed a gentleman and his niece, who were in it, against the railings, and killed them on the spot. The chariots were immediately stopped by an *arrêt* of the police, and in half an hour poor Beaujon was as solitary as a desert. In order not to die of pure inanition, the proprietors have placed behind the magnificent altar of the *café* Mademoiselle Rose Pierret, a beautiful girl from Rodez, who figured in the famous trial of the murderers of Fualdez. They could not have made a happier speculation ; for the crowd now is greater than ever, and Mademoiselle Rose is the object of universal attention. Montesquieu, in his *Lettres Persanes*, says that when he arrived at Paris, he was gaped at by the populace, as if he had been sent as an Apostle from heaven. " This induced me (continued the witty writer) to lay aside my Persian dress, and to transform myself into a French fop, to see if there still remained any thing wonderful in my face or person ; but I soon found that my tailor had reduced me to an absolute

* " Au grand couvert, le Parisien remarque que le Roi a mangé de bon appétit, que la Reine n'a bu qu'un verre d'eau ; Voilà ce qui fournira à l'entretien pendant quinze jours ! "

Marcier, *Tableau de Paris.*

néant, and that I was no longer the object of attention and curiosity." The same happened to Rousseau, in his Armenian dress in the streets of London.

I have often mentioned with what taste the ladies of Paris dress. A French woman, in her morning dress, shows to greater advantage than an English *petite maîtresse*, set off with infinitely more expense and richness. In the public walks, the ladies wear coloured gowns; quite different, I believe, from our American fashionables, who would not be caught in the streets in any other colour than white or black! Certainly the modes are as capricious here as in other countries; but every new one introduced must be sanctioned by the seal of true taste. Every week or ten days the fashion is different, so that a woman who passes six months in the country, would return to Paris as antique as if she had been thirty years in a Gothic chateau!

The French girls are the most sprightly creatures in existence, and appear to have received all the advantages of society, without having yet entered the *beau monde*; but it is particularly at that interesting period when she becomes "ripe for the bridal joys," that the attractions of Mademoiselle appear in their full force: certain that it is only by the hymeneal torch, that she will be initiated into the pleasures of Venus, she puts in play her whole "pomp of winning graces," to gain the heart of the object of her affections!

Every little French girl seems to place her delight in winning the attention of the men, and does not relish the "childish treble" of her female companions. Chateaubriand draws a parallel between the English and French female children, much to the disadvantage of the latter. "When I have seen (says he) our French girls dressed

in their antiquated fashion, lifting up the trains of their gowns, looking at every one they meet with affrontery, singing love-sick airs, and taking lessons in declamation, I have thought, with regret, of the simplicity and modesty of the little English girls."

LETTER LIII.

Paris, Sept. 12, 1818.

In a few days I will leave this city for Edinburgh, where I propose passing the winter: I shall not return to Paris before a year, in which time I will have visited the three capitals of the British Empire. I have acquired a great taste for travelling, and were I blessed with an independent fortune, I would employ many years in that delightful manner:

"I would be busy in the world and learn ;
"Not like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,
"Fixed to one spot, and rot just as I grow."

The last visit I paid to Bicêtre, I requested the porter to let me know when the galley-slaves, or criminals condemned to hard labour, would depart for Brest. Some time ago I received notice from the man, who was more punctual in performing than I was in remembering, what I had told him. I went to Bicêtre to see the criminals put in irons, the day preceding their departure. There were three hundred and twelve in all, some not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age! Twelve chains of immense length, were laid on the ground parallel to each other; twenty six prisoners were attached to each chain, which was connected to their necks by collars of iron, and smaller chains. After this operation, their hair was cropped close, and they were sent to their dungeons for the

night. Next morning early, they commenced ~~their~~ melancholy procession in long carts. Three leagues from Paris, they were stripped and narrowly inspected, to see if they had files or other run-away instruments about them. The Marquis de Beaubois, the governor, explained to me very minutely the rules and customs of Bicêtre, and pointed out several of the most hardened of the criminals. The captain who commands the guards of the chain, is admirably calculated for that office, being perfectly destitute of the "milk of human kindness," and as strong as the Crotonian Milo! He has the power of life and death over the galley-slaves, on the road to Brest or Toulon, and would shoot through the head the first one who might show any symptoms of mutiny. "Yonder unfortunate youth appears to me to have a good disposition, (said I, pointing to a young man,) if I can judge from the comeliness of his features and the cheerfulness of his countenance." "He is the greatest villain of all the criminals you see (answered M. de Beaubois ;) his cruelty is that of a tiger, and his unprincipled conduct never has been equalled. In a fit of jealousy he attempted to devour the breast of the girl he had seduced, and actually mangled her in the most shocking manner. He at another time tried to smother his — Alas! the pen drops from my hand—the horrid deed shall not stain my pages. The reading of *Justine* was one of the early causes of his unparalleled depravity. You know that Napoleon had Sade shut up in Charenton, for publishing a set of profligate and blasphemous volumes under the title of "*Justine, or the Misfortunes of Virtue*," in which he gives the history of two sisters, one the model of female excellence, the other a perfect Jezabel. The

first became the most miserable of human beings, and the latter arrived at the acme of human felicity by the most abandoned lewdness, and the most shocking crimes. I afterwards accompanied my guide "through grated arch and passage dread," and visited the dungeons in which the prisoners had been confined.

The Electors will shortly meet for the second time since the publication of their new election law. Already the infamous stipendiaries publish their defamatory libels, and ultra-royalism commences its intrigues. In a few days a congress of Kings will assemble at Aix-la-Chapelle: pacific France is ready to appear on the arena, offering with one hand the painful tribute of her sacrifices, and leaning with the other on those immortal trophies which she has stained with her blood, and sprinkled with her tears. France has presented to the world a striking example of the vicissitudes of fortune. After twenty-five years of victory, during which she was menaced by a double danger, her glory and her honour have remained spotless. Her patient resignation in the moment of adversity, her respect for her treaties, her exactitude in fulfilling the most painful engagements—have elevated her in the eyes of nations.

Of all the parties in this country, the ultra-royalists are the only real adversaries to public tranquillity; their design is to usurp their odious privileges, and to reign over France with a sceptre of iron: tyrannical power, in its impetuous career, crushes, without distinction, and without remorse, whatever opposes its destructive caprices. The horrid spectre of Feudality stalks forth from the dust of ages, and clanking his chains destined to enslave the nation, makes no im-

pression on the minds of the monarchists. ~~once~~ ~~we~~ have the nation plunge into its former deplorable blindness and ignorance ; but the Revolution has declared itself the avenger of the people ! In days of Gothic barbarity, priests hurling from the pulpit the torches of fanaticism on a superstitious populace would have excited senseless crusades ; feudal tyrants would have provoked them to war by the hopes of plunder. That age has happily passed away, never, never, to return ! every attempt to re-establish anarchy has shipwrecked before one sole rock ; the genius of civilization !

To prove the advantages of absolute monarchy, the Ultras cite the splendid reign of Louis XIV. Imagine him for a moment in the midst of his sumptuous court ! All the arts environ him with their wonders, every talent conspires to increase his glory ; he himself assists at his apotheosis. Nature bends her neck before him ; forests disappear at his command ; mountains are converted into plains ; rivers are turned from their natural beds ; the universe resounds with his name ! But do not leave the threshold of those magnificent palaces ; look not beyond those statues, animated by the creative chisel ; those bronzes, which breathe the faithful image of his abject courtiers. If you examine the humble cottage, you will find servitude and despair. The walls of the royal edifices have been cemented by the sweat and blood of the people ; the subsistence of an hundred families has been devoured by enriching a mistress ; whole provinces have been ruined, to dig canals and suspend aqueducts over mountains.

LETTER LIV.

Amsterdam, September 30, 1818.

I ARRIVED here last Monday, after a very agreeable journey of eight or ten days. In passing through Cambray and Valenciennes, I could not behold, without displeasure, the British regiments on that station. Their insolence and oppressive tyranny make them even more odious, if possible, than they are naturally; and the patience of the people is so completely worn out, that if the Congress do not cause the removal of their enemies, the inhabitants will probably be their own deliverers!

Flanders may be called the grave of warriors. In every continental war it has been the theatre of carnage; and it may be fairly said, that it contains scarcely an acre of ground which has not been deluged with blood. But perhaps the affair at Waterloo will yield to no other legalized butchery, for the importance of its consequence and the opposite tactics pursued by the two chiefs. I spent nearly a whole day on the field of battle, accompanied by the man who had served as a guide to Napoleon, and who was capable of giving the most accurate information concerning the battle. I do not intend giving a detailed description of an engagement which has been commented on by so many hands, but will confine myself to a few general remarks.

The ground occupied by the two armies was the smallest in extent of front, compared with the number

of soldiers, in the memory of man ! Napoleon had rushed on with all his accumulated force ; no new levies were at hand to repair his losses ; victory alone could procure him fresh troops, and if he was defeated, his star was fixed for ever ! “ The same system of egotism which has always guided Bonaparte, (says Madame de Staël,) induced him to seek a great victory at any price, instead of trying the defensive system, which, perhaps, was better suited to the French, particularly if he had been supported by the public voice.” The position occupied by the British was itself worth forty thousand men ; Mont St. Jean masked their rear, while the French were exposed at every point. So overwhelming, however, was the impetuosity of Napoleon's troops, and so admirably did he seize the advantages gained, that fortune seemed to smile on the man whom she had so long favoured : the Emperor deemed the victory his own, and despatched a courier to Paris with intelligence that the day was won. My conductor told me, that Napoleon could not conceal his joyful emotions. He incessantly took snuff in large pinches from his waistcoat pocket, and threw away the rest with a violent extension of the arm. Seeing the poor guide frequently flinch at the shower of shot that fell around him, he said, “ Do not stir, my friend ; a ball will kill you equally in the back or the front, and wound you more disgracefully.”

You well know what led to the victory of the Allies. The carnage was dreadful, particularly during the pursuit, when the ferocious Blucher would permit no quarter to be given. The tremendous scenes of the day were infinitely surpassed by the horrors of the night. The sun had long gone down, but no friendly

darkness sheltered the fugitives. The moon, rising in clouded majesty, lit the destroyers to their prey ! In all the villages traversed by the barbarous Prussians and Brunswickers, they galloped through the streets, and massacred, with a refinement of cruelty, every Frenchman who fell in their way !

Lord Byron gives a most exquisite description of the feelings of the inhabitants of Brussels, on the eve of the engagement. The effect produced on the ladies in a ball room, by the impending storm, is depicted in his finest style :

“ And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
“ Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.”

I would with pleasure quote the whole of the delightful passage, but its unusual length obliges me to content myself with referring you to it. When Napoleon arrived at Malmaison, one of his *faithful* servants proposed suicide to him, as the most honourable termination of his career. He answered, with dignity, “ *Je sais que je pourrais me dire comme Annibal, délivrons-les de la terreur que mon nom leur inspire ; mais il faut laisser le suicide aux âmes máltrémpées et aux aux cerveaux malades. Quelle que soit ma destinée, je n’ avancerai jamais ma fin dernière d’ un seul moment.*” Madame de Staël, who had no great reason to be his friend, admires his resolution to live, which she says, “ *n’était pas sans quelque dignité.*” It was only at his downfall that he, who had exposed his life in a thousand battles, was found out to be a coward. All his virtues, and he had many, are forgotten ; his vices and faults only are remembered.

" No ! wildly, while his virtues gleam,
 " They make his passions darker seem,
 " And flash along his spirit high,
 " Like lightning o'er the midnight sky."

I returned in the evening from Waterloo to Brussels, where I spent a couple of days. This city is the residence of the court every other year ; during the present year, the Royal family remain at the Hague, which is the second capital of the Netherlands. The Hotel de Ville is a remarkable edifice ; the Gothic spire, from its carved and florid lightness, has the appearance of a work of fairy hands.

The present King is the son of the last stadtholder of Holland ; at the time of the suppression of that dignity by the Revolution of '95, the Prince of Orange took refuge in England, whence he was called to the throne of the Netherlands in 1813. His majesty is not popular with any part of the nation ; his being a protestant, gives umbrage to the people who are governed by the priests ;* his coldness and formality con-

* Lord John Russel in his " Letters to Lord Holland, on foreign Politics," says that the Dutch and Belgians, form a most incongruous medley. The Belgians require their government to be strictly Roman Catholic, and intolerant ; the Dutch wish no less for a Protestant King, and general toleration. The former are accustomed to the use of the French language ; the latter will not be governed except in Dutch. The Belgians despise the Dutch, as a covetous, unpolished, unfeeling people ; the Dutch despise the Belgians, as an ignorant, stupid, bigoted race. The Sovereign authority is exercised neither with the youthful vigour of a new, nor the prescriptive majesty of an old Government. And what shall we say to this limited Monarchy, in which the King, by his first act, abolished trial by jury, and named his own Chamber of Deputies ! or to a Parliament, the members of which rail at each other in different languages ! We have here an instance of two nations possessing no

tribute to the disaffection of the persons who approach him, and his total want of understanding, and blind partiality to England, have lost him the good opinion of all! The country is inundated with British goods, and the manufactories of the Netherlands suffer in proportion. The people look forward for the moment in which the Prince Royal will guide the reins of government; he is universally liked for his bravery, affability and patriotism.

Last year the Prince of Orange had a violent dispute with his father, on the military regulations. The King, who is jealous of his son, could not contain the expression of his resentment, and the prince determined to retire to Russia with his wife, sister to the Emperor. It was only at the earnest solicitations of his friends that he consented to remain.

A more perfect idea of paralyzed commerce cannot be formed, than that at the Exchange of Amsterdam. The merchants remain at their posts, enjoying all the sweetness of solitude; or when they meet any one to converse with, it is merely out of their own *clique*, recounting the eternal dull tale of the badness of the times! This affecting scene is shaded by swarms of Jews, a living proof of the veracity of the prophecies.

natural attraction, but rather a very great repulsion to each other, pounded together in the great mortar of the Chymists of Vienna. What is to result from the mixture of two equal parts of Catholic bigotry and Protestant freedom, of French and Dutch, of polished stupidity, and vulgar talent; of natural servility, and an ancient love of freedom! no man can guess. It may be supposed, however, that one of the parts will flay off as soon as it can join any foreign matter.

LETTER LV

Amsterdam Oct. 1, 1810.

SIR William Temple says, that Holland is a country where the earth is better than the air, and profit more in request than honour; where there is more sense than wit, more good nature than good humour, and more wealth than pleasure; where a man would choose rather to travel than live, shall find more things to observe than desire, and more persons to esteem than to love. —Marmontel, in his beautiful tale, called the “Lessons of Misfortune,” draws an admirable picture of the Dutch character, without any of those odious peculiarities, which travellers represent as national; and his reflections on the incredible industry of this people are replete with excellent advice, and sound observation. The confluence of ingenious strangers, who were obliged to leave their own country in times of persecution; the admirable situation of Holland for the Baltic trade, the vast nurseries for sailors; each town valuing itself upon some particular branch of trade, must be brought into account, (together with the amazing industry of the inhabitants,) in explaining the singular prosperity which this country once enjoyed; in accounting for the former superiority of the navy in a republic without forests, and scarcely an oak-tree, and for the magnificent stone edifices where there is scarcely a stone or pebble.

Nothing can be conceived more picturesque, clean and elegant, than the little towns in Holland. By

means of their numerous canals, the borders of which are planted with trees, the towns present, at a distance, the appearance of a great number of hamlets crowded together: the traveller imagines that he is in the midst of an enchanted country, and the hamlets seem to have been suddenly created by a fairy's wand. Under the influence of this magic spell, the beautiful edifices and gay cottages, look as if they had been called up "from the deep," and they appear on the surface of the waters, like so many immoveable vessels, without masts. The idea I had formed of the Dutch houses, was greatly surpassed; the floors, the walls, the pavements, glittered from the polish given them from frequent scrubbing; the kitchen utensils are clean to a fault, and the pretty waiting girl, with her "shining morning face," adds to the charm of every thing around you. The passages at every story, are ceiled with pieces of queensware of the most brilliant colours. The old houses have such an air of freshness, that they appear new for a long time; the vivacity of the colours, and the glitter of the varnishing are occasionally renewed, and the floors are spread over with mats, which leave no spot uncovered.

Holland is bathed almost on every side by the waters of the ocean, and its scenery consists of immense meadows, intersected by canals; the shores are bordered by linden trees, elms, and groups of willows; no hills, groves, rocks, or gloomy forests, add agreeable inequalities to the surface of nature;

"No mountains, that like giants stand

"To sentinel enchanted land."

Canals and small lakes are seen in every direction.

and the whole country appears to have been once deluged with water, which was only partially dried up. There is, therefore, great uniformity in the scenery; but occasionally a splendid prospect breaks the dull monotony of the view; sometimes, even a spacious river contrasts agreeably with the little patches of water which intersect the country. Thus in the road from Utrecht to Rotterdam, the prospect of the Issel, and a beautiful lake studded with rich islands, was a charming treat after the ennui, which the previous sameness of scenery produced. The deep green isles, the canals, and elegant country seats, adorned with pavilions and statues added, to the charm of the prospect; the sun spread his golden rays on the trembling waters, and the whole azured sky appeared to admire itself in the crystal streams, that flowed in silver to the shores, while the sparkling billows seemed "to light the banks they laved."

The windmills which swarm in this country, produce a very pleasing effect; they are towers of brick, sometimes covered with thatched reeds, and roofed with blue slate; their sails present in the pivot, elegant gilt balls, or glittering stars, which appear to blaze in the meridian sun. To add a degree of animation to the prospect, flocks of sheep are seen grazing in pastures, enamelled with flowers; the classical traveller will, on viewing the shepherd driving his flock to the rivulet, recal to mind the "*Jam pastor umbras*," and the philanthropist will feel his bosom glow with joy, on perceiving the happiness produced by virtuous conduct, and laborious occupations. How often have I admired the industry and activity displayed in the streets of the

commercial towns! every one appears busy; there was not a lounge to be seen; no street walkers! no idle rendezvous! one had books under his arm, another a package of goods, a third bags of money, and here and there groups of merchants assembled, to converse about the business of the day.

Sir William Temple, who has so well described this country, says that a Dutchman is not delicate, or idle enough to suffer with spleen!—Nothing is better calculated to convey a more perfect idea of the phlegmatic calmness and patience of a Dutchman, than the inflexible tranquillity and profound silence of the rowers, who manœuvre the boats on the canals. Although a thousand incentives to loquacity may present themselves, they make no impression on the honest fellow, who, with his pipe in his mouth, appears concentrated as it were in his present existence!

LETTER LVI.

Amsterdam, Oct. 2, 1818.

TO J—— D——.

VERY fortunately for me, I arrived in Amsterdam during the *Kerrnesse*, a fair, which lasts three weeks. A large square is covered by the shops of the sellers, the stalls of the pancake makers, the circumforaneous theatres, &c. In one of the spectacles, the affair of Fualdés is represented in wax, in all its original horrors; in another you see a man weighing eight hundred weight; in a third, a fellow swallowing swords and daggers, with as much avidity as if they were plumb-pudding or beefsteak!

In this country the mind is perpetually struck with wonder and astonishment; if mathematicians are to be credited, on the measure of the two elements, they found the sea, even in a calm, above half a foot higher than the land. Goldsmith has drawn a very admirable picture of this country, in his beautiful poem of the Traveller;

“——— The pent ocean rising o’er the pile,
 “ Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
 “ The slow canal, the yellow-blossom’d vale,
 “ The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 “ The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 “ A new creation rescued from his reign!”

In order to see elegant neatness exemplified in perfec-

tion, the traveller should visit the villages of Broeck and Saardam, near the Y, or bay of Amsterdam. The houses of Broeck are models of unexampled cleanliness; the doors and windows of these beautiful buildings, may serve as patterns for the most splendid edifices; the architrave and cornish, are ornamented with basso-relievos of flowers, festoons and leaves done in plaster, with the fineness of embroidery. In their elegant churches the plaster is wrought in figures, knit together with exquisite beauty! The bricks of the pavements are arranged in the style of Mosaics, and the little gardens are laid out with perfect taste and elegance.

I left Broeck early in the morning, on an excursion to Saardam. I never enjoyed more delightful weather; the "summer heavens" was not obscured by a single cloud; the meadows clothed in their rich robes of green, and the whole landscape appeared spangled with

"————— diamond dew so bright and clear!

"It rivals all but beauty's tear!"

I drove over an extensive dyke or mound which prevented the inundation of the water from the canal. What could equal my astonishment, on beholding the canals raised above the meadows, and the water of the Y, considerably higher than the adjacent country. On approaching Saardam, I was struck with the prodigious quantity of windmills, which almost impede the view of the town: the chivalrous Knight of La Mancha might have taken them for an army of enormous giants, brandishing their faulchions at him!

Soon after my arrival, I walked to the Vorstenburg,

dwelling house of Peter the Great. The Czar, after the brilliant victory which opened to him the gates of Moscow, resolved to travel, in order to acquire a sufficient degree of knowledge to enlighten his Vandal subjects. I refer you to Voltaire's interesting history of Peter, for an account of his "way of life," during his residence in this place. The Czar worked in the dock like a common ship-carpenter, and was not at all distinguished from his fellow labourers in his dress, or manner of living. I entered his hut, which is preserved in its original simplicity; near the wall was a large oak table, on which was an immense album; and the only ornaments of the room, were three triangular chairs, made by the imperial workman himself. As I left this place, I was informed by a visiter, (*and I record it to the honour of majesty,*) that the present Emperor of Russia would not step over the same bridge that Napoleon passed, when he visited Peter's hut; but had a plank thrown over the rivulet, in order not to follow the track of one who was now trodden down, but whom he had more than once folded to his bosom in the days of his prosperity. He no longer feared either the speedy vengeance or the disdainful pardon of the man whom he had once courted with the meanest adulation!

I returned to Broeck during the night—the moon had risen, and I wished to see how the scenery would appear in the dubious light which is shed by that orb. I took a different road from that on which I had arrived at Saardam, and drove along till I found myself in the midst of a beautiful landscape, forming by the silvery winding of a picturesque rivulet, which brawled along the glade, a kind of natural amphitheatre; with

small tufted bushes rising above each other by the gradual ascent of the ground.

“ How sweet the moonlight slept upon the bank !”

The whole landscape appeared to have been disposed by the design of some skilful painter. I alighted from my gig, and took a seat near the stream, where I fully satiated myself with gazing on the seemingly enchanted scene.

My next letter will be from London, for which place I shall embark in a few days, by way of Rotterdam, and thence continue my journey to Edinburgh.

I did not revisit Paris for nearly a year, which time I passed in Edinburgh, the Highlands, Dublin, and London. I wrote, as usual, very long letters to my friends ; but I will not insert them in this collection, as my remarks on the British government, manners, and institutions, might appear too satirical, and the effect of prejudice. I returned to “ *cette chère, cette belle France*,” the object of my love and admiration, in the beginning of August, 1819.

LETTER LVII.

FROM JULIA.

July 7, 1819.

SINCE your arrival in London, you have favoured me with but one letter, and that too beautiful not to make me sensible how great my loss is in not having more. Oh my friend, next to seeing you, is the pleasure of seeing your hand writing ; next to hearing you, is the pleasure of hearing from you. Indeed, indeed, you have a first row in the front box of my heart, and I think that you will believe me when I assure you, that you are not in danger of being crowded there ! In a year from this, you will undoubtedly be with us ; I will not pretend to describe the joy which every one will feel—I can only assure you of this, that no one will receive you with such heart-felt pleasure, as one whom you are so kind as to style your “ dear Julia.” You know that there are few persons here with whom I can indulge myself in that familiar intercourse, that peculiar extension of one’s being, without which true friendship cannot exist. I laugh very heartily at the occasional strokes of satire which you dart at “ those frail, those feverish beings of an hour,” who compose the Baltimore society. From your description of the Parisian *soirées*, nothing can be more delightful than the company of the amiable people whom you so justly admire. Stiffness, ceremony, ridiculous distinctions, are the bane of our society in this place ; we pretend to be Republicans, but certainly there is the greatest aristocracy in the forms of our intercourse. Some peo-

ple will not visit such and such a one, because he is not "first chop;" and were I to define these folks, I would call them eminently dull and stupid! Our young ladies and gentlemen are any thing but well informed. If they would employ that abundant leisure, which they devote to "taking the mote out of other people's eyes," in cultivating their minds, their society would not be so insipid, or so full of airy nothing. It appears to me, that their whole occupation is in providing wives and husbands for their acquaintance. Would you believe it?—the current report is, that Letitia is to be married to Mr. —! I think that the town might have left us in peace—we live retired in the country—enjoying ourselves and our books, and we

"————— Hoped to find

"A life within ourselves, to breathe without mankind."

Whatever may be Mr. —'s intentions, or however my sister may keep him at a distance, I should be very glad, in this instance, if the report was true—for she could not have a better excuse for a second marriage.

I hope that you have recovered from your illness; perhaps it is nothing but the *hiz*, but if it be a real disease, pray, take the greatest care of your health, if not for your own, at least for my sake, and be not so tired of this "way working world." I know not what sublime attachments you may have formed in the other, which I pray you not to be in a hurry to visit. Among your sublunary familiars, there certainly is not one that is more sincerely devoted to you, than

Your affectionate

JULIA R——.

LETTER LVIII.

Paris, August 13, 1819.

DEAR JULIA,

AFTER all then, behold me again in Paris! A year's absence in Edinburgh and London, will enhance the pleasure which this place will afford ; and I will be in the condition of the shipwrecked mariner, who has arrived home, to enjoy the delights of the domestic fire-side, and plenty after the horrors of his voyage. As the paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans, consist in playing on the flute, and enjoying the Houris, so mine in England was in reading your letters, answering them, and in thinking and dreaming of you. If I had not had this resource, say what would have become of me, in the midst of the gloom, and fogs of London ?

I have just passed two most delightful days at Ermenonville, which will be ever dear to the admirers of Rousseau. It is well known that he died there, at the villa of the Marquis de Girardin, in 1788, the same year in which Voltaire expired. His body was laid in a coffin of oak, and buried in the Isle of Poplars. The mausoleum is discovered in the middle of a charming spot, which rises from the bosom of the lake, the water flows in a silent stream, the uncurling waves appear diffused "in glassy breadth," and seem "thro' delusive lapse, forgetful of their course," zephyrs seemed unwilling to ruffle the surface of the lake, breathing with caution over its blue surface. The surrounding

woods rise one above the other, the ascent being concealed by the thickly entwining boughs. The hillocks appear to separate the enchanted isle from the rest of the world, shedding on this fairy spot, a mysterious silence. A soft melancholy saddens all the scene,

“ Deepens the murmur of the falling floods

“ And breathes a browner horror on the woods.”

For although the surface of the lake is unruffled, there is a picturesque cascade on the Isle sprinkling its dewy murmurs on the soothed ear. The hillocks at the margin of the little island, seem to guard the mysterious retreat. “ The religious feeling with which we approach this spot, proves that we are worthy to carry our offering to the funereal urn.” The solitary paths from the shores, lead the sentimental visiter to the Mausoleum, which is not adorned with “ storied urn or animated burst.” The tomb is simple, but the majestic, beautiful, and melancholy landscape which surrounds it, “ seems, observes Madame de Staël a new, and sublime sort of monument, which recalls to mind the character and genius of the immortal Jean Jacques.” No !—Imagination cannot fancy any thing more beautifully picturesque, than the scene which burst upon the traveller on approaching this tomb.

In one of your letters, you request me to give you a description of the Académie Française. I assisted at the annual public session of the 27th August last, the object of which was to reward the author of the best essay on Rollin’s writings, and the reception of a new member, the celebrated naturalist Cuvier, to supply

the vacancy left by the decease of one of the members, M. Roquetaure.

M. Deséze, the courageous defender of Louis XVI, sat in the presidential chair, M. Ronouard author of the *Templiers*, and M. Daru were the secretaries. The forty members in their costumes of black, bordered with light green silk, sat in the four divisions corresponding with this four academies. I will refer you to Lady Morgan's lively description, for an idea of the fashionable appearance of the brilliant assembly. The most distinguished men in the country were pointed out to me; among others, the chivalrous M. de Chateaubriand, who appeared lost in a maze of abstraction. De Jouy, in whose penetrating glance, I recognized the modern Addison; Lemercier, the author of *Agamemnon*; Lacretelle, the first historian of the age, Vernet, the exquisite caricaturist; and—but I recoil with horror when I write his name, that monster of iniquity, that worst of all atheists the infamous Talleyrand! he has the external appearance of a perfect gentleman, and his age gives him so venerable an air, that I could not refrain from exclaiming with Benedict (in "Much ado about Nothing,") "knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence!" The premium for the best eulogium of Rollin was awarded to a young lawyer, M. de Saint-Albin Berville. His beautiful dissertation was read by Picard, the manager of the Odeon. The liberal sentiment with which the essay abounds, contributed a great deal to the enthusiastic admiration of the hearers. In one part he said, "We can pardon a nation for being proud,—a citizen for glorying in his country, when that country is France." Speaking of the author of the "Traité d'Etudes," he

observed, (but the morsel is too fine to be translated!) "*En le lisant on croit entendre un de ces vieillards raconter les faits des temps passés à la jeune génération rassemblée autour d'eux.*" In another part he says that Rollin, "*a repandu dans ses ouvrages comme un parfum de l' antiquité.*" Julia, is not this a luscious thought? Alone it deserved the medal, even without the remainder of this exquisite performance.

M. le Baron Cuvier now rose from his seat, and, in a faltering voice, pronounced his inaugural discourse. It was on the mutual assistance afforded by the Sciences, Literature, and the Arts. He said that the clearness, and chasteness of the style of the *Lettres provinciales*, were in a great degree owing to the circumstance of Pascal being a mathematician!

Write as frequently as possible, and in your letters, which my partiality induces me to compare to those of Sevigné, continue to make me imagine that I am dear to you; for I must confess, that I am vain enough to desire the love of somebody, and can choose no one I esteem as much as you.

LETTER LIX.

Paris, August 28, 1819.

TO J—— D——.

It has often been remarked, that the French are a sober people; I can assure you from my own experience, that I have not seen a Parisian of any gentility in a state of intoxication! with us it is a common vice; how frequently do we meet in our streets with men, who by dint of tippling, have become, like Falstaff,—“globes of sinful continents!” It is customary with the English and Irish at Paris “to keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down:” indeed, on entering a coffee-house, I could always tell where the *Anglais* were grouped, by the volume of flame, which arose from the punch-bowls in a corner of the room! The French have the greatest contempt for such beastliness, and they never fail to show it where an opportunity presents itself.

The perfumers, distillers, and milliners, daily invent some *indispensable* articles for the toilette. One advertises a liquid for rendering the skin most beautifully white; another invents an oil for curling the hair without the aid of tongs or papillotes; a third comes forward with a powder for the teeth, which gives them the whiteness of ivory; but nothing can be compared to the peerless liquid of Monsieur Lange! The Gods drank their incomparable nectar; but to taste it, it

was necessary to be admitted to their table which was no easy matter. The ladies being our divinities on earth, M. Lange has tried to compose a nectar worthy of them. It is really a divine liquor, and, in the times of Mythology, Jupiter would either have darted his thunder on the daring inventor, or at least, sent his cup-bearer on earth to get a beverage fit only for the Gods!

There are certain establishments at Paris, which few strangers ever think of visiting, and which are unknown, except to the inhabitants of the quarter in which they are situated; among these is the market of old linen near the temple, which consists of more than eight hundred stalls or *échoppes*, which are under a roof supported by an infinity of pillars. The shops are separated by passages which traverse the building in every direction; but there are a great many "passages that lead to nothing." It is impossible to walk through the *corridors*, without being assailed by the girls, and *marchands d'habits*, who importune you to purchase their goods. They buy old clothes and linen, at the auctions of the *Mont-de-piété*, and polish them up anew; after which they generally ask double of what their goods cost them, for you can beat them down *ad infinitum*!

The *marchands ambulans* are the pests of Paris. Their cries are quite stunning; their vagabond appearance, and the sphere of filth in which they circulate, render them particularly disgusting. The different criers appear to rival each other in the shrillness of their voices. As an agreeable contrast to these discordant noises, the ear is often saluted with the music of the hand organs, which are carried through the streets,

playing some of the sweetest airs, accompanied, generally, with a female voice. They stop under the windows of the different hotels, and a few sous are all that is required for the pleasure afforded.

LETTER LX.

Paris, Sept. 11, 1819.

THE state of my health will oblige me to pass a great part of the winter in the south, and if I find that even to fail as a remedy, I will immediately return home, in order to have at least the consolation of closing my eyes in the arms of the authors of my being.* But I hope that the delightful climate of Hyères, Toulon, or Nice, will restore me to perfect strength, and that my trip to the south will be equally a source of pleasure, instruction, and health. In the mean time, the excessive heat of Paris drives me to the delightful elysiums in the environs.

The present is the season of feasts and holy-days, which succeed each other with rapidity. One of the most beautiful and singular is the Coronation of the Rosary of Suresnes. The Mayor of that village presented me with a card to witness the ceremony, which took place on the Sunday preceding the 25th ult. or *fête* of St. Louis. The coronation of the Rosary date from the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was revived by the Abbé Hélot. The Revolution changed the face of affairs, and the crown of the Rosière had the same fate with that of France! During Napoleon's sway, a lady of Suresnes lost her young daughter, the object of all her care and affection. She

* Happy, exclaims Madame de Staël, happy are those who die in the arms of their mother, and receive death in the breast that gave them life—death itself loses its anguish for them.

intended having a superb tomb erected over the remains of her departed child ; the curate of the village persuaded her to put that money in a more laudable undertaking—the restoration of the Rosary's coronation.

In the morning of the ceremony, the candidates for the Rose go in procession to the grave of their benefactress' child, each one strews flowers on the monument, and they return to Suresnes in the same pious recollection. The curate selects three girls of the village who are above eighteen years old ; the fortunate Rosary is chosen by a jury of the church wardens and syndics of the parish. I entered the church at three in the afternoon. The girls of the village, dressed very neatly, sat on the benches of a graduated amphitheatre. Before the altar, a crown of roses was placed, on a beautiful basket, with a sheaf of wheat, as an emblem of industry. The name of the fortunate Rosary was proclaimed by the curate, amidst the acclamations of the spectators. A little fat priest, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, entered the pulpit, and delivered, with theatrical gestures, an address to the virtuous village girl who had obtained the crown. The curate then went to the scaffold, and called forth the three maids who had been proposed to the jury ; they advanced, " blushing like the morn"—knelt down before the basket, and were invested with broad red ribbands. The fortunate Rosaire advanced to the sofa of the Dutchess de Berry, and kneeling on a cushion before her, received the crown. A collection was afterwards made for her. The Dutchess put a gold ring on the Rosary's finger, as a pledge of the dowry. The three hundred francs left by the restorer of the

ceremony, are only given to the *villageoise* in case she marries. I observed that the fortunate girl was very beautiful, and had inexpressible grace in her countenance and demeanour. She is now undoubtedly sincerely virtuous, and a perfect Lucretia :

"Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,

"Are charm'd to rest, and love alone is waking."

M. Delaure, in speaking of the coronation of the Rosary, slyly observes, "This respectable ceremony attracts a great crowd, for which a virgin of eighteen or twenty years of age is an object of curiosity !!"

On the 31st August, I walked out to St. Germain to witness the Fair of the *Loges*, which takes place in the middle of the forest. In the square before the *Loges*, sellers of every description expose their various articles in shops, made of wooden frames, covered over with sheeting. Every species of sweetmeats, wines, cakes, and every sort of meat, are exposed to tempt the passer-by to relieve himself of his money. Some sell off quantities at a time, by a species of lottery ; nine-pins, roulette, cards, are set out to tempt the simple countrymen to lose their money, for nobody gains a sous ! I was amused with the grimaces and tricks of the mountebanks, and jugglers, who have tents filled up, in and before which they amuse the "profane vulgar" with their hideous grimaces. Within the tents the most disgusting acts are performed, such as swallowing swords, eating spiders, and live cats. In one of the caves of Trophonius was chained a savage, of a horrid aspect, with feathers on his head, and his body tatoued. This man was brought from the Island of Maouna, which had been discovered by

La Peyrouse. In another tent, I saw a Laplander forty years of age, and only two feet high. His head was of the ordinary size, he had large mustachoes, and a gravity of phyzz almost unparalleled! He spoke French and German very well, and drank brandy like an Irishman!

Every thing that could be imagined, by the lowest and vilest part of mankind, was exerted to make money at this fair. Orchestras were here and there disposed for music and dancing. I found no Alberts, Pauls, or Vestris's among them, but I was amused with their country tunes, and the fanciful skipping in leafy bowers. At length, fatigued with walking about, and satiated with what I saw, I got into a wagon which was crammed full of country girls, and jolly farmers; and on paying three sous, I had a more pleasant ride, than if I had returned to my lodgings in the most splendid chariot!

LETTER LXI.

Lyons, Sept. 22, 1819.

THE state of my health obliges me to travel as quickly as possible to the south. I shall therefore be very concise in my observations on the cities I pass through. My letters in 1817-18, give you an account of the conduct of the ultras in many of the departments. Lyons, the unfortunate Lyons, did not escape their hellish fury. In 1816 this celebrated city became the prey of the royalists. Chabrol and Defargues the prefect, and the mayor, together with Canuel, and Maringonné, excited to revolt a handful of weak and indigent persons, by means of spies, and subaltern agents, and afterwards had them tried and condemned. The above mentioned villains began their plot in 1816. They suddenly pretended to have discovered a dreadful conspiracy. The military authority was formed into a police, destined to execute the orders of the tyrants, entering the houses of the peaceable citizens at all hours of the night, and arresting them in their beds without mercy, and with no order but that of Chabrol. The discoverers of the rumoured plot were equally as honest as their masters! They were, first, a woman of the most infamous stamp, and at times deranged in her intellects; secondly, a common pick-pocket; thirdly, a gendarme! It was given out that the design of the conspirators was to attack Lyons, which was guarded by no less than eleven thousand men! to fall at the same time upon the barracks, arsenal, &c.

On the 8th June, the insurgents appeared in a few of the villages, to the number of two hundred and fifty! Among these, many poor wretches grouped together, without knowing what they did, with no culpable intention, but merely excited by curiosity, or the example of others. The rest were urged on to their destruction, by wretches similar to the execrable Oliver in England. As soon as this trifling insurrection was calmed, many arrests took place both in town and country: a great number of respectable persons were arbitrarily thrown into the dungeons, kept there several months, and if not tried, were set at liberty, with the consoling reflection, "that it was a mistake." Of the two hundred and fifty poor peasants, who flocked together in the villages, one hundred and fifty were condemned to the galleys, transportation, or the guillotine! During four months, the Prevotal Court, accompanied by soldiers, executioners, and the fatal tumbrel, spread desolation in the proscribed villages. Among other examples of tyranny, a poor tavern keeper was barbarously shot, because he had an old cock carved on his time piece, which was taken for an eagle!

: "It appears certain (says M. Sainneville in his pamphlet on these atrocities,) that the insurrection was the work of those who claimed it as a triumph. Their own safety had inculcated the necessity of calming the commotion; but their infernal interests induced them to fan the flame. They wished to render themselves necessary to Government, and they did so by conjuring up the phantom of a revolt, thinking by this to make an impression on public opinion, in

order to prepare the mind of the people for the execrable despotism which they had long since plotted !”

The grand library of Lyons is very fine. The great hall is a long parallelogram, surrounded by an elegant gallery in which are eight hundred volumes. Here I amused myself for a long time by reading some notices of Lyons, from the *salle Adamolly*, which contains the books left to the library by a private gentleman of that name. From the balcony, a magnificent view is enjoyed of the superb *Quai du Rhone*, adorned with trees, and the finest buildings in the city ; the rapid stream separates the quay from the beautiful *Brotteaux* : beyond, a rich and immense plain, prolongs the horizon to the frowning Alps and the eternal snows of *Mont Blanc*.

Near the ancient church *D'Ainay*, the *Saône* and *Rhone* formerly had their junction ; in 1770 *Pénache* joined the island to the main land, and thus brought the confluence of the two rivers to the *pont de la Mulatière*. Mr. Gray very wittily personifies the *Rhone* and *Saône* ; “ two people, who, though of tempers extremely unlike (says he) think fit to join hands here, and make a party to travel to the *Mediterranean* in company : the lady comes gliding along through the fruitful plains of *Burgundy* ; the gentleman runs, all rough and roaring, down from the mountains of *Switzerland* to meet her ; and, with all her soft airs, she likes him never the worse : she goes through the middle of the city in state, and he passes incog. without the walls, but waits for her a little below.”

LETTER LXII

Sisteron, Oct. 1, 1819.

My journey to this place has been nearly the same, inversely, as that of Napoleon in his invasion from Elba, in 1815. During my ride in a humble carriage, from Lyons to Grenoble, I enjoyed a fine view of the mountains of Chambery, which evinced the truth of the beautiful lines of Campbell :

“ 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
“ And robes the mountain in its azure hue.”

At Grenoble, I put up at the same hotel to which Napoleon retired, in his return, where, says Hobhouse, he was for some time completely lost to his staff, who became so much alarmed, that Termanoushi and Bertrand, after many efforts, forced their way into the room and found the Emperor, unaccompanied by a single soldier, in the midst of a crowd, who were thronging about him in every direction, to see, to speak to, and to touch him.

The horizon of Grenoble is terminated by elevated rocks and mountains, which present an extremely romantic appearance. The town appears to be built on the arena, of an immense rocky amphitheatre; this scenery recalled to my mind some of the views in Scotland, particularly about Loch Katrine. The variety of shape, and appearance of the mountains of Grenoble, add still more to their agreeable effects: some are perfectly pyramidal, others round or shape-

less, some are covered with a verdure and a rich vegetation; which seemed

“ Thrown graceful round by Nature’s careless hand,”

while others present a barren rocky front.

The department of the Isère, of which Grenoble is the chief town, has this year elected as deputy, the celebrated Abbé Grégoire, one of the most learned and liberal men of the age. The ultra-royal papers, are in a violent rage about his election, calling him an execrable regicide, a monster vomited from h—ll, &c.*

The unfortunate Labédoyère joined Napoleon with his regiment, near the gates of Grenoble. The colonel finding the porte de Bonne shut, cried out to the soldiers who guarded it. “ *Mes amis! c’est moi! l’Empereur est là.*” Immediately the gate was broken with axes by the soldiers within and without Grenoble.

This department suffered misfortunes, similar to those which were inflicted on Lyons and the Rhone. The infamous Donnadieu, since nicknamed *Donn au Diable!* was lieutenant general of the Isère. The spies of this fellow and the prefect produced the same effect as those of Canuel, &c. at Lyons: some hundreds of poor ignorant peasants were persuaded to appear

* “ M. Grégoire, (says that admirable Journal, the *Minerve*,) is of gentle piety, and ardent charity; his superfluity is the patrimony of the poor, and he relieves their wants; he is possessed of great information. Germany herself, has not a more upright man, neither is there in the civilized world, a corner of the earth with which he does not correspond; above all, he encourages the progress of Science, and the improvement of the human species.” It is well known and the ultras know it, that the bishop did not vote the death of Louis XVI.; he was at that time absent from Paris!

in arms ; and were afterwards accused of an attempt to attack Grenoble ; the garrison alone was sufficient to repel the invasion of the unhappy peasants, who were excited by the same infernal means as those of the Rhone. The next day a great number of arrests took place : the dungeons were filled with pretended criminals ; and a short time after the insurrection, the sentence of death was pronounced by the execrable Prevotal Court. The department was declared to be in a state of seige ; and the civil and military authorities usurped a discretionary power, which suspended the ordinary course of the law ! I will not descend into particulars, nor detail the abominable tyranny of the permanent *conseil de guerre*, presided by Donnadieu. Grenoble and its environs became the theatre of terror, which continued without remission,

"From morn till night, from night till startled morn,"

In their very first setting they condemned to death twenty-one persons, among whom were youths of fifteen and sixteen years of age !!

A few days ago, I saw the infamous Donnadieu in the streets of Grenoble. His countenance appeared most terrific ; Robespierre himself could not have looked more hideous,

"There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,

"That raised emotions both of rage and fear ;

"And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,

"Hope withering fled, and Mercy cried farewell !"

On the 29th May, 1816, when the department was no longer submitted to the discretionary power, a Mr. Tabaret was inhumanly massacred by a horde

of assassins, sent to arrest him for some imaginary offence. The villains surrounded his house at two o'clock at night, and endeavoured to break it open! Tabaret, suspecting some design on his safety, escaped to the roof of an adjoining house. The captain of the troop gave orders to fire on him, and the unhappy man received a mortal wound in the thigh. His body was hurled on the pavement, and robbed of near six thousand franks, which were packed up in a roll, and found in his pockets! His children have in vain attempted to bring his murderers to condign punishment. The monsters still exist!

I have been at Sisteron since yesterday. This place is strongly fortified by works on an adjoining hill : the Durance runs at the bottom of the mountain. Napoleon, in his unparalleled invasion from Elba, arrived at Sisteron on the 5th of March. Over the Durance is a narrow bridge, protected by the citadel on the brow of the hill ; the bridge might have been blown up in five minutes ; but the prefect, who was attached to the Emperor, declared that Sisteron could not be defended. When Napoleon arrived at the bridge with his one hundred and fifty men, he exclaimed in rapture, "*Nous voilà sauvés !*"

My letter is so long, that I will not be able to give you a description of the Grande Chartreuse, which I was induced to visit (in spite of the fatigue) by the fascinating account of Gray, who assures us, that "he had no reason to think his time lost" in his journey thither.

LETTER LXIII.

Marseilles, Oct. 6, 1819.

I REMAINED so short a time at Aix, that I will not give you an account of it till my next visit to that city. On leaving Sisteron, the embalmed atmosphere of the country through which we passed, the richness of the soil, planted with lavender, box, thyme, and every perfume, soon convinced us that we were in Provence. We seemed to be continually travelling through a delicious garden.

“ Here summer reigns with one eternal smile,
“ Succeeding harvests bless the happy soil.”

Every day brings forth another flower, every month its fruits, and every year a copious harvest. Beautiful prairies, villages, houses in the midst of arbours, and delicious vales, were seen here and there in our route to Marseilles. From the vista, in our approach to the city, we enjoyed a fine view of the Mediterranean, gleaming with the sun, and spreading itself to the horizon in one wide glittering sheet. The surrounding country is covered with small white country houses, called *bastides*, so close to each other, that the whole appears, at a distance, one immense city. We entered Marseilles by the porte d'Aix, from which the view extends along the charming Cours, and to the extremity of the long Street of Rome, ornamented with an elegant obelisk and fountain.

The foundation of Marseilles is generally attributed

to a colony of Phoceans, who, in one of their piratical voyages, arrived near the mouths of the Rhone, about six hundred years before the Christian era. When they returned to Phoecea, they depicted, in seducing colours, the beauty of the country which they had seen, and its salubrious climate. Many of their fellow citizens were thus induced to form a colony with them in this newly discovered territory. Protected by the King of the Segoregians, whose daughter had married the chief of the expedition, they founded the city of *Massilia* under a republican form of government, placing the authority in the hands of the most distinguished citizens. Marseilles soon became the most commercial city in the world, owing much of its prosperity to the friendship of the Romans, to whom they preserved unalterable fidelity. The situation is beautiful, in the centre of an amphitheatre of mountains, which bound the horison on all sides, except where the sea gleams before the eye of the spectator. The finest belvedere is Nôtre-dame-de la Garde, situated on a rocky eminence. The mountains bounding the horizon, the sea, the glittering country seats, and the buildings of the city, afford successive pleasures to the eye. The houses of the new town are regularly laid out ; but those of the old present all their various heights and crooked streets.

The port of Marseilles is quite safe, but not of sufficient depth for large vessels. The quays are very beautiful, always affording charming walks ; that of St. Jean is peculiarly interesting, on account of the crowd and bustle which reign there, and the variety of costumes paraded, Turks, Greeks, Arabs, Italians, in fact, all nations may be distinguished here by their

dress, language and manners. The Greeks wear a sort of calotte, with their hair hanging in a bush from the back of the head, a dirty jacket, and a loose pair of breeches. They have a dark complexion, and very dirty faces! Fruit of all kinds, and from every part of the Levant, and dates from Barbary are here sold very cheap. But the French grapes, figs, and pomegranates yield to those of no other country.

LETTER LXIV.

Marseilles, Oct. 17, 1819.

IT has been my melancholy task to unveil to you the atrocious conduct of the ultras, in many parts of Southern France. When the emigrants returned to this country, at the heels of the Prussians, Russians, and English, they resolved to punish the existing generation for the faults of the reign of Terror. The Revolution has been accomplished, and with it were committed some crimes; the authors of those crimes no longer exist, they have dug the pit for one another, they drenched the Guillotine with their own blood; few, very few have escaped the Revolutionary Axe! Thus the King who has closed the yawning chasm, had clemency alone to exercise, because those men of the Revolution who still exist, have been seduced, or terrified into the path of blood. Louis knows it well, and so do the Ultras, but they wished to do something to raise themselves from their profound insignificance.

On the 25th June, 1815, the populace of Marseilles had some intimation of the defeat at Waterloo: this rumour was soon spread far and wide; the mob assembled on the Cours Canebière, and the public squares, those suspected of an attachment to Bonaparte, were attacked in the streets, a bust of Napoleon with which they were preparing to celebrate the victory of Fleurus, was broken in pieces, and the friends of the Emperor were dispersed. About this time the abdication of Napoleon was made known, and the

white flag was displayed at the forts. A set of villains were observed, stimulating the people to acts of carnage, each rabble had its agitator, the soldiers were insulted, attacked, and some massacred? The instigators of these crimes, directed the populace to the assassination of all, whom they proscribe under the name of Bonapartists. The horrors of Marius and Sylla's proscriptions were renewed! The murderous hordes entered the houses of their victims, and struck them dead in the arms of their wives and parents. The city-guard did nothing to oppose the torrent, nor even made a show of opposition to the assassins.

In the afternoon, bands of rustics to whom a deputation had been sent, entered Marseilles renewing the bloody scenes with increased violence, murder succeeding murder, the houses were pillaged, and the most execrable crimes committed. During the night, the soldiers in the fort St. Jean, and who had dispersed the assassins by a single fire on the populace, were obliged to quit the town, and on their march along the road to Toulon, were attacked by the brigands concealed behind the houses and walls.

After this atrocious conduct, the villains enter Marseilles at daybreak, and commit the most dreadful outrages; their victims are tied to the trees in the Cours, and massacred in the most cruel manner. But I will no longer dwell on these horrible details, they tore off the veil which had enveloped the designs of ultra-royalism, and they showed to what extent of crime an ignorant populace may be excited! After such abominable conduct,

"Who o'er the herd would wish to reign"
 "Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain ?"
 "Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
 "And fickle as a changeful dream ;
 "Fantastic as a woman's mood
 "And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood !"

The people of Marseilles are the most ignorant, superstitious, and depraved in their morals of any city in France. The porters in the streets are such hideous looking fellows, that, I am told even the merchants, who employ them, fear their violence and brutality.

Most of the fountains we see at Marseilles are surmounted by high and narrow obelisks, which have been erected to the fame of some person, as Pujet, and Homer. One of these columns, of the finest granate, stands on a pedestal topped by the Genius of health, with one hand raising up the almost extinguished flame of life, and with the other crowning the names of those who distinguished themselves in the pest of 1720,* among whom is that of my ancestor Deydier, a physician of great celebrity.

The Theatre is peculiarly famous for its ballets, and the brilliant costumes of the actors. The edifice itself, in the style of the Odeon at Paris, is of beautiful architecture. The interior is elegant and well arranged for hearing, being in the horse-shoe

* "After the death of almost all the physicians, three others arrived from Montpellier by order of the Regent, Duke of Orleans. Their exertions were so active and disinterested, that their names, (Chicoineau, Deydier, and Verni,) deserve to be written on the same page with those of the benefactors of humanity, whom we never mention without profound veneration."

Lacretelles, Hist. 18me. Siècle.

form. The scenery is not to be compared to that of the Académie Royale de Musique; but the costumes are very magnificent. Gold, silver, and precious stones glitter on the silk robes, on the purple mantles and superb head dresses of the actors. The lover of splendour can, at this theatre,

"See the same sun with all diffusive rays,
"Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze."

The frequency of oriental strangers at Marseilles is one cause why the Greek and Turkish costumes are here so accurately represented.

LETTER LXV.

Hières, Nov. 1, 1819.

I ARRIVED here by the way of Toulon, where I will remain a short time, on my return to Marseilles. The road to Hières, appears to pass through a perfect garden, planted with the rarest productions of a fertile Province. Immense forests of orange trees, and the most odorous plants surround the town. Lemons pomegranates, oranges, and olives are seen in abundance; the trees almost bend to the ground with their precious load. The air is literally embalmed with the exhalations from innumerable flowers, that bloom in this truly delicious climate :

“ No killing, deforms the beauteous year,
 “ The springing flow’rs, no coming winter fear ;
 “ But as the parent rose decays and dies,
 “ The infant bud with brighter colours rise
 “ And with fresh sweets the mother’s scent supplies.” }

The irregularity of the seasons, so destructive to vegetation elsewhere, is here exchanged for an uniform and almost imperceptible progress ; the light tinges of the spring yield insensibly to the more splendid tints of Summer ; and Autumn creeps on, blushing with the deep crimson, and glittering with golden hues ! Unexposed to the bleak influence of the North, the fruit soon comes to maturity ; the citeron, the orange, and the olive, promise an ample reward for the peasant’s toil. If frost occurs in this climate, it

is but slight, and soon melts to "airy nothing" by the rays of the sun :

" So morning dews on new-blown roses lodge,

" By the sun's amorous heat to be exhaled !"

The environs of Hières are very fine, but the town itself is a miserable group of houses, extending from the top of the rocky mountain that protects it and the plain from the north wind. From the base of this mountain, a vast plain extends to the sea, covered with the finest fruit trees, growing in wild luxuriance. From my windows, I can see the famous isles of Hières, to which I made an excursion on foot, taking with me an elegant little work, called " Recollections of Hières." It has been the lot of these isles to belong to almost every nation in the world ! In them were united many pious hermits ; and in the sixteenth century they were inhabited by a legion of criminals.

After the seige of Toulon, in 1793, many of the inhabitants, to escape the vengeance of the conventional troops, took refuge in these islands, in batteaux and fishermen's boats. The summit of the hill on which Hières is built, is perfectly bare, and presents many irregular shapes, such as towers, columns, men, &c.

" The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been,

" In mockery of man's art."

I lodged at the hôtel de l'Europe, the dearest and dirtiest in the town. The expensive living here, and the complete solitude of the place, will prevent my remaining any longer. I am as lonely as a hermit, and can find neither book nor journal to amuse me. It is in such a retreat that Zimmerman will be read with most advantage !

LETTER LXVI.

Toulon, Nov. 14, 1819.

TO J—— D——.

I THINK that the climate of Toulon will suit me so well, that I will remain here until I set out for Paris. To be sure, I do not find many sources of instruction or amusement among galley slaves and soldiers ; yet the promenade around the ramparts is very agreeable, in which is presented the perfect image of a fortified city. In this walk I always meet a number of soldiers, in march to the exercising ground. Even in the reading room, it is impossible to have a moment's relief from the drum and fife. The streets are thronged with bands of insolent military idlers. The *gallériens*, arrayed in bright red cap and jacket, work on the fortifications, on the roads, port, and even the botanic garden, presenting an agreeable appearance from their uniformity.

This town is infested with beggars, but not so much so as Marseilles, which literally crawls with that sort of vermin, the disgrace of civilized countries. Toulon is situated in a fertile valley, surrounded, except towards the south, by mountains, which protect it from rude Boreas.

The bread, like that of Aix, is uncommonly excellent ; but I was much disgusted when I was told that the dough is worked up by the baker's feet.

This morning I saw the frigate *Muron*, in which Bonaparte sailed, in his flight from Egypt. He landed at Frejus, from which he soon hurried to Paris, and caused the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, so fortunate for himself, the Abbé Sieyes, and Roger Ducos.

LETTER LXVII.

Toulon, Nov. 23, 1819.

DEAR JULIA,

IN spite of the bad state of my health, my journey to this place has afforded me much pleasure. I came from Paris to Mâcon in a private berline, which I preferred in order to avoid night travelling. During this journey, I was much amused with the persons who travelled with me. The moment I entered the carriage, I found myself on terms of perfect familiarity with all of them; indeed the scene in a French travelling coach is the most amusing that can be imagined; every person in it, is bent on making himself, and every one around him as happy as possible. Laughing, playing, singing, declaiming, versifying,—every light and amusing pastime is adopted. Sometimes one of the company will propose some pleasurable employment, or some game involving forfeits; every one joins old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, are all included in the proposal. The forfeits ensure punctual performance: to pay a handsome compliment to one of the ladies, to cite some piece of poetry, to kiss the prettiest girl in the party, or to *faire une confidence* in her ear, are accomplished as soon as enjoined. The zest of the thing is, that these kisses, &c. are often made in the dark, and are sometimes rather more than gallant! Besides the above pastimes, the delightful chit-chat of the French serves to make the time roll on very agreeably. The conversation of this

amiable people has a sparkling variety and playfulness, which are truly fascinating. Ah! Julia, how much will I regret them, when I return home!

On entering Lyons, being dressed uncommonly well, I went to the most fashionable hotel in the city. The people in the house took me, doubtlessly, for little less than a marquis. I was received at the bottom of the great staircase, by the master and several servants, each holding wax candles. They conducted me to a brilliant apartment, where

“ I slept with soft content about my head.”

This flattering attention recalled very forcibly, to my mind, the reception which *Guzman d'Alfarache* experienced, after his servant had announced him as the Abbé don Juan de Guzman, the son of a noble Genoë! “It was night, and as my equerry had gone on before me, in order to give the host a high idea of his intended guest, I found on my arrival the whole house in confusion: a number of servants were at the door with candles; and their master after having politely handed me out of my chariot, conducted me to the most elegant room in the house, from which he drove a gentleman, who deserved better than myself to occupy it!”

How differently did J. J. Rousseau pass a night, on his arrival at Lyons! He slept in the open air, in a road which runs near the river side; and yet the philosopher did not complain of the hardship, but found in it a subject of agreeable feelings. “It had been a very warm day, and the evening was delightful; the dew had bathed the withered grass; the air was fresh without being cold; the sun had left the horizon, but

red vapours circled along the sky, and their reflection gave the water the most beautiful rosy tinge; the trees were covered with nightingales, which produced the sweetest music. I walked in a sort of ecstasy, my senses being absorbed in the most delicious trance . . . At length I stretched myself voluptuously in a grotto, dug out of the wall of a terrace; the canopy of my bed was formed by the interlacing of the boughs; a nightingale was perched just above my head—its voice lulled me into a delicious slumber. I awoke early, and perceived the river, the bespangled verdure, and a beautiful landscape. I arose, shook the leaves from my clothes, and walked, with a good appetite and in excellent spirits, into Lyons, where I breakfasted on the last sous I had in my pocket!"

I came to Marseilles by Grenoble and Aix, and arrived at Toulon, after having visited Hières. Four leagues from Marseilles, I passed by Gemenos, the birth place of the amiable Delille.

"O riant Gemenos! O vallon fortuné!

"Lieu charmant! trop heureux qui dans ta belle plaine,

"Où l'hiver indulgent attédie son haleine,

"Au sein d'un doux abri peut sous ton ciel'vermeil,

"Avec tes orangers partager ton soleil,

"Respirer leurs parfums, et comme leur verdure,

"Même au sein des frimas défier la froidure."

Gemenos is one of the most fertile and delicious valleys in Provence, and belongs to the Marquis d'Alber-tas, peer of France. His predecessor was murdered in his garden, in the midst of a charming fête, which he gave to his neighbours. The garden of Gemenos is in the English style, and is truly magnificent. De-

lille retired to this place in 1769, to escape one of the most rigorous winters ever known.

Toulon is only agreeable on account of the mild climate, and the beautiful fountains with which its squares are decorated. There are no public amusements : the theatre is below mediocrity ; and the galley slaves and soldiers in the streets fill the mind with the most painful sensations. I will not trouble you with a description of them, but will refer you to the " *Hermite en Provence*," which gives ample details on the subject. I amuse myself sometimes with walking to *La Valette*, a house of entertainment without the gates of the town, where the peasants and the citizens assemble to enjoy their sprightly dancing and rustic melody. The peasant girls dress with great neatness and uniformity ; they wear a black straw hat, edged with dark ribbands, and fastened to one side of the head ; a spencer, worn tight to the body, shows their person to advantage ; their frock is of the same colour ; over their shoulders they wear a light handkerchief, which ornaments, but does not conceal, their bosoms. Their eyes are glossy black, and have very rougish looks.

The delicious climate of Provence has been of more service to me than all the doctors in the universe could have been. At this moment the weather is as fine as in the month of June ; for here, as Delille truly observes, "*Phiver indulgent attréduit son haleine.*"

" ——— Nature here

" Wanton as in her prime, and plays at will

" Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet

" Wide above rule or art ———."

In walking around the ramparts, or along the romantic road to Toulon. I often indulge myself with charming reveries; I sometimes imagine you at my side, joining with me in the same pleasing meditation—and in respiring the embalmed atmosphere. I sometimes think on death; then the sublime idea of *Corinne* often presents itself to my mind! “If death be merely an appeal to a happier existence, why should not the perfume of flowers, the shade of beautiful trees, and the refreshing zephyrs of the evening—announce its approach?”

LETTER LXVIII.

Beaucaire, Dec. 1, 1819.

I ARRIVED here from Toulon, via Marseilles and Aix, and I will continue my journey to Paris to-morrow morning. The scenery about Aix is truly delightful; an extensive valley in the highest state of cultivation delights the spectator. It is divided into luxuriant plantations, vineyards, wheatfields and gardens; the whole enclosed by hedgerows of almond and mulberry trees. The picture is quite enchanting, round the "*riant vallon*," a succession of picturesque hills covered with woods, form a fine termination of the landscape. The flowers in the little Edens about the town are in perfect bloom; and this morning I saw strawberries in blossom, and beautiful violets in the open fields! The paths which lead winding over the pretty hillocks are so dry, that I almost every day enjoy some delightful expedition over them. The weather is perhaps not quite so warm as at Toulon or Hières; on account of the *mistral* or north west-wind, which occasionally, though not very frequently, blows, and the interruption is but slight to the serenity of the weather.

Aix is very beautifully built, and is adorned with elegant fountains, than which nothing can contribute so much to the beauty and salubrity of a town. Here are also many valuable antiquities: such as baths, statues, mosaics, broken columns, remnants of aque-

ducts, portions of the Aurelian road, the walls of a temple of Apollo, &c. The Thermæ Sextii, or warm baths, have been long famous for rheumatic disorders: I gave them a trial, and actually caught a horrid rheumatism, although I had none before! so much for the warm baths of Sextius!

In 1815, when the frightful spectre of Feudality stalked with hideous shrieks over this devoted country, *Aix*, although placed between the two political volcanos of Nîmes and Marseilles—remained comparatively quiet; the citizens did not join the sanguinary horde; but remained tranquil spectators of the dreadful scene. There are, however, within its walls, a handful of *Ultràs*, who would be very glad to trouble the public tranquillity, and afterwards dance around their victims, with the ferocity of savages. These wretches would have been as mischievous here, as they had been elsewhere; but the brave National guard terrified them.

Nîmes is but a short ride from Beaucaire, and Tarascon is just at its elbow. It was in the chateau of Tarascon, that the abominable cruelty of the *Glacière* was renewed, in 1795. Sixty-three prisoners, for political opinions, after having been massacred by the ruffians, who are always ready to murder for money, were hurled from the top of the castle-tower, on a rock below, from which the corpses rebounded and fell into the Rhone!

I have been twice at Nîmes, and once as far as the Pont du Guard, since my residence here. The *Pont* consists of three magnificent arches; and what most excites the wonder of the spectator, are the huge masses of stone which compose its structure. It does not appear to be the work of men; it would seem that

the Titans had amassed together these enormous blocks; the compliment which Chaptal paid to Napoleon, might have been well applied to the Romans: "They go to the boundaries of the impossible." I cannot deny myself the pleasure of translating for you, the fine description which Rousseau gives of the Pont du Garde, in his *Confessions*.

"The sight of this simple and noble structure, produces an effect on me so much the more powerful; as it is situated in the midst of a desert, where stillness and solitude render the objects more striking and the admiration greater. We ask ourselves, what force has transported those enormous rocks to so great a distance from any quarry, and has united the arms of so many thousand of men, in a place where there is scarcely a human being; with profound respect, I walked over the three storeys of this superb edifice. The echo produced by the sound of feet, in the immense vaults almost made me believe, that I still heard the powerful voice of their gigantic builders. I was lost like an insect in that immensity! But whilst I felt my own littleness, I experienced an elevation of mind indescribable, and exclaimed with a sigh "why was I not born a Roman!" I remained there several hours in an ecstatic contemplation, and I left it in a state of melancholy."

I have remained for hours at a time examining the wonders of Nîmes; but as I have already given you some account of them, I will content myself with referring you to what the above-mentioned inimitable writer says of them, in the same admirable production, which is as great a wonder as the sublime objects he describes. At Nîmes there are ninety widows, whose

husbands were massacred in 1815, by the ultra-Catholics, or rather atheists. I knew a Protestant lady at Marseilles, who had fled from Nîmes, where her husband had been torn to pieces, and who could never hear Nîmes mentioned without a transport of horror and indignation.

The assassins of 1815—'16, dare not accuse those of '93! They have committed similar, if not more abominable crimes, and their motives for so doing were infinitely worse. Do they dare think that the French nation, which has suffered so long and so much for the cause of liberty, will suffer as much for the sake of ultra-royalism? These contemptible wretches have even destroyed the pity once inspired by their misfortunes, the fruit of their cowardice and imprudence. For the future, they are to struggle alone in the anarchial darkness which despotism, with its hideous wings, is endeavouring to spread over the world. Napoleon said most truly, that the emigrants have neither learned nor forgotten any thing by their calamities.

LETTER LXIX.

Paris, Dec. 26, 1819.

My late delightful journey has added, if possible, to my fondness for travelling. You have devoted so much of your own time to that agreeable employment, that I need scarcely attempt to enumerate its advantages, which are somewhat undervalued by my dear fellow-citizens. Their advantages are particularly obvious in the parent, surrounded by his family.

“ Souvent près d’une épouse, à son foyer assis
 “ Il aime à la charmer par d’étonnants récits ;
 “ Et, suspendant leurs jeux, dès l’âge le plus tendre
 “ Ses enfans enchantés se pressent pour l’entendre.”

Delille.

In your last letter you request me to give you a sketch of the agricultural state of France. The task is almost beyond my powers ; however, I will do my best, and you certainly can expect no more !

The luxuriance of vegetation, which springs from the warmth of the climate, is one of the principal sources of delight in the south of France. Here nature appears, in the genial warmth of a southern sun, arrayed in a robe of the softest colours, and beams with an expression of loveliness and vivacity ; she pours forth her bounteous gifts with a profusion bordering on prodigality, and covers the earth with a splendour of beauty which almost renders this part of the world an Elysium ! But whilst the face of the

country wears a continual smile, its very heart has been recently torn with faction, and its energies are fettered by tyranny.

When their rights are preserved to them, the peasantry become the most important members of civil society. It was the peasants who carried Napoleon, almost on their shoulders, from Cannes to Paris :

“ Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade ;
 “ A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;
 “ But a bold peasantry, their country’s pride,
 “ When once destroy’d, can never be supplied.”

By their condition, says Arthur Young, may be estimated the real prosperity of a country ; the real opulence, strength, and security of the public, are proportionate to the comfort which they enjoy ; and their wretchedness is a sure criterion of a bad administration. Napoleon well knew the advantages of supporting the peasantry ;—for their sake, the nobility and freedom of citizens dwindled into comparative insignificance. During the Revolution, they acquired the property which had been abandoned by the nobility and gentry. “ *Guerre aux chateaux, paix aux charnières,*” was the cry, and the estates were divided among the supporters of these maxims. Napoleon respected their property, and the peasants adored him : his principle was, never to interfere with their possessions, and for this reason, they easily submitted to his taxation and conscription. The present King began by encouraging them in the idea that their rights would be respected ; but his imprudent ministers, by attempting to restore to the emigrants their estates, was the principal cause of the revolution of the 20th

March. The peasants received Napoleon with open arms, and were violent in their allegiance during the one hundred days. The King being again restored, for a time behaved with decent prudence ; but the poor weak creature is so beset with senseless wretches, that he will probably yield to their suggestions, to dispossess the peasantry ; and if he does, woe to him, to his family, and to his imprudent and criminal advisers ; the whole of the powdered, snuff-taking gentry, will be in danger of perishing in one common ruin, by

“ That might that slumbers in a peasant's arm ! ”

A remarkable circumstance in the agricultural districts of France is, that the farmers do not live in detached cottages, placed in the centre of their properties, as with us ; but in villages, often at some distance from the farms they cultivate. I have frequently noticed the great industry of the peasants, and often saw Young's observation verified, “ That there is no such instigator to severe and incessant labour, as the minute subdivision of landed property.” The peasant's property is not surrounded by enclosures, nor is there any ocular proof of separate boundaries ; the extremities, however, of the several properties, are marked by great stones, which are often concealed from superficial observation by the luxuriant vegetation with which they are covered. In the country, the Gardes Champêtres are always in activity, to protect property from depredation, being armed, and authorized to use force, if necessary. When they seize an offender, they carry him before the Mayor of the Commune, who punishes him according to the enormity of

the offence. "The gardes champêtres are so watchful and alert, (says Birkbeck,) that they seem to possess a sort of ubiquity, which is very effectual in preventing petty depredations."

I think that the peasantry possess the greatest part of the riches of the country; they had divided among themselves the property of the emigrants, and their present condition shows them to be in affluent circumstances. From the extreme subdivision, each family is enabled to till its own little "modus agri," and are not obliged, as formerly, to sweat and toil for odious barons. Every particle of soil is turned to some account, but their method of tilling the land is not perhaps so perfect as ours. I have often been extremely amused at beholding a French peasant at work, in velvet coat and breeches, powdered hair, a thick bushy queue, and a cocked hat! However, in general, the dress is plain, neat, and leaves nothing to desire. I have observed that some of the ploughs go with wheels, drawn by two horses, and guided by women! The ploughing is more neat, and the harrowing more regular than in A. Young's time. As Nature does almost every thing for this country, little labour is necessary, and manure is seldom employed. It will pretty generally be found that the finest grapes are the produce of the driest, and seemingly the most barren hills.

The limits of my letter, will not permit me to enter into particulars on the use of machinery in the farmstead, on crops, fallows, pastures, and live-stock. To tell the truth, I am conscious of my own inability to do justice to the subject.

LETTER LXX.

Paris, Jan. 5, 1820.

TO MRS. LETITIA.

CHRISTMAS passes off almost unnoticed at Paris; the midnight mass is the only circumstance, which distinguishes it from other *fêtes*: this formerly gave occasion to many scenes of midnight licentiousness, in which even the temple of the Almighty was often polluted. New-Years's day has always been kept sacred by the French. Every person buys his sugar plumbs, and *diablotins*, and sends them to his female acquaintance; the porter of the house in which you live, always expects his new-year's gift, and even the coffee-house boys, bribe you to open your purse, by some dainty slipt into the basket of bread. These painted sugar-plumbs are ruinous to the teeth and stomach;—no matter! young women never think of health till it is lost, as the spendthrift never thinks of economy, till a jail stops his profusion.

The following anecdote will perhaps amuse you. Some days past a lady was walking in the country, when she was suddenly stopped by a dog, which had left two men at some distance. The animal, after having tried every method to attract her attention by barking, and gesture, of which she could not comprehend the motive, at length would not let her proceed, by putting himself in her path. The lady was at first alarmed, but the caresses of the dog, gave her to know

that she had nothing to fear ; she then tried to find what could have induced the animal to behave so singularly ; and on examining her clothes, found that she had lost a fine lace veil, and a gold chain of great value. The dog seeing he was understood, ran back, and the lady followed him to the spot where she found her veil and chain. When she had got them, the dog returned to his master without waiting for any grateful caresses from the lady.

In the late exposition at the Louvre, there was a fine painting of a poor man's funeral ; the horse is followed by—not weeping friends—for the poor have none !—not affectionate relatives—but by his faithful dog, whose demeanour, walk and look, announce the most profound affection. Indeed so great is my attachment to this friendly creature, that in reading lately Labaume's eloquent account of the campaign in Russia where he portrays the horrors of Moscow I was affected, when he described the dreadful shrieks of the young females, who fled for protection to their weeping mothers ; and whose ineffectual struggles, tended only to inflame the passions of their violators ; but I felt the tear gather in my eye when I came to this passage. "To these dreadful groans and heart-rending cries, which every moment broke upon the ear, were added the howlings of the dogs, which, chained to the doors of the palaces (according to the custom of Moscow,) could not escape from the fire that surrounded them !"

I do not generally write to you about the plays, but as Julia, who likes that subject, sees all your letters, I will describe to you of a most beautiful ballet, which has often given me much pleasure, at the Académie Royal de Mu-

sique. It is termed *Psyché et l'Amour*, and is founded on La Fontaine's lovely poem of that name. The whole history of which, is this: Cupid fell desperately in love with Psyché, a mortal of exquisite beauty, whose charms were thought to eclipse those of Venus herself. The Goddess of Love saw her shrines deserted, her temples neglected; nothing was thought of but the beauteous Psyché. At length, enraged at the preference given to her detested rival, Venus condemned her to be attached to a rock, there to be devoured by a horrid leviathan. Just as the monster is ready to seize upon his prey, Zephyrus, the friend of Cupid, perceives the lovely mortal,

“ ————— And as angels look

“ On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,”

he transports her in a cloud to the palace of Love. The next scene represents Psyché, reclining on a superb couch, surrounded with all the magnificence, and splendour of Olympus; something more than terrestrial, appears to dazzle the eye of the spectator. Psyché is roused from her slumber, by the delicious lute. She starts from her reverie; and the terrible impression of the sea-monster, not being effaced from her imagination, she gazes with a wild astonishment on every object. Her lover appears before her; and his caresses restore her senses to their natural calm. She freely partakes of all the pleasures of the palace, surrounded with loves, and goddesses in their celestial array: “Dark with excessive bright, their skirts appear.” The happiness of the lovers is suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Venus, who hurls her rival to the infernal regions, there to be tortured by

the furies. Not content with thus exposing her to every variety of torment, she orders her thread of life to be cut across by the scissors of the Fates. Psyché falls dead at her rival's feet. Cupid now arrives in hell, and perceiving his mistress dead, fills every place with his lamentations. The top of Acheron opens, and Jupiter, Juno, and Mercury descend in a cloud—Jupiter confers immortality on Psyché, and restores her to the arms of Cupid. Oh ! Letitia, it would baffle even poetry to describe the decorations and the performance of this truly splendid ballet ; the illusion produced is most complete, and the enthusiasm of the spectators is beyond all bounds !

LETTER LXXI.

Paris, January 12, 1820.

TO J—— D——.

THE inimitable Potier is now at the acme of his glory at the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin. This humorous man is full of those "flashes of merriment, that are wont to set the whole house in a roar." Liston and Harley in London or Jefferson with us, can give you no idea of Potier's uncommon powers in farce; his *forte* is in solemn gravity, parodying the tragic furies of the actors, at the Français or the Opera, and particularly in hints, and half-smothered expressions. His significant shrugs and winks, and the extreme mobility of his features render him so truly diverting, that I have often thought, that if a dog were to watch him with attention, he would infallibly understand his meaning. This actor appears to be one of those who Madame de Sévigné says, abuse the privilege that the men have to be ugly.

The following anecdote made me laugh most heartily. An Englishman, who had but a superficial idea of the French language, was sitting near a couple of young ladies in a box at the Théâtre Français. After the play, he turned round to them, and translating literally the English phrase "have you been well entertained,"—he asked them—"êtes-vous bien entretenues," i. e. are you well KEPT! You may easily imagine their blushes and confusion, and the awkward

situation of the poor Englishman! These fellows make a number of similar mistakes, which draw on them the greatest ridicule. One of them confounding *miroir* and *glâce*, wishing to ask for an ice-cream at a *café*, exclaimed "*Donnez moi un miroir à la glace*" i. e. an icy looking-glass! Another, finding in his "*Boyer*," that both *garçon* and *célibataire*, meant bachelor, and that *garçon* also signified waiter, cried out at a Restaurant—" *Célibataire donnez de l'u !*" *Loge grillée* at the theatre is a box with grating before it; *grillé* and *rôti* both mean roasted. A John Bull confounding them brawled out for a *loge rôti*!

A fellow has lately been amusing himself by sticking some sharp instrument into the ladies. Several have been severely wounded by this odious monster, who appears to be addicted to one of the most horrid of vices. The police is in pursuit of him, and if he is caught (as he infallibly will be,) his punishment will not be a day's imprisonment on sweetmeats!

During the preceding year, France has been peculiarly favoured. An abundant harvest has generously rewarded the labourer's industry, the joyous vintage has not been troubled by unfavourable weather. The English, comparing the azure sky and serene atmosphere of this country, to the eternal fogs of their dreadful climate, and the smoke from their coal fires, seem for a moment to have shaken off the spleen, and imagine themselves in a fairy land! The happy state of France, forms a singular contrast with the discontent and misery, which reign in other European countries. Spain is at such a low ebb, that her most cruel enemies are filled with pity. Italy once the mistress of the world, is now one of the least on the scale of civilized states. A great part of its population,

driven to despair by the tyranny of strangers, and by bad government, are forced into the most dreadful excesses; and to suppress for a while the outrages of robbers and assassins, their largest cities are razed to the foundation. England groaning under the weight of an enormous debt, is threatened with a bloody Revolution, from the struggle between the aristocrats and radicals: What advantage has she gained from her late prosperity? Taxation has raised every article of necessity and convenience to such a price, that the labourer cannot derive even the most wretched subsistence from the branches of industry, and he falls for his support on the parish. The number of paupers is now rated at the one-ninth of the population! and notwithstanding the enormous sums which are levied for their relief, the peace of the country is perpetually threatened by the outrages of famished multitudes. Peace which, in days of yore, brought real prosperity to the country, now finds poverty and misery; taxes collected by additional coercion—magnificent fortunes rapidly made by unprincipled speculations. The riches of the few, are taken for the prosperity of the nation! The carriage that glitters along the streets of London, often deprives the wretched inmate of the distant cottage, of the chair he sits on, the table he eats on, and the bed he lies on: The Champaign paid for to quench the insatiable thirst of a profligate Regent! the diamonds with which Lady Castlereagh glitters, to the envy of the *beau monde*! the money which pays for the low vices of a degraded Royal family! would scatter plenty and happiness over hundreds of poor families. The German princes have announced to attentive Europe, that they tremble on their thrones; they have promised their subjects,

constitutional and representative governments—but they give them special commissions, and threaten them with dungeons and scaffolds!

In this country, the Ultras are the only persons who can be regarded as Revolutionists, because they wish to extinguish the light of the age : their intention is to subvert the existing state of things, and to substitute feudality for liberty. I have already mentioned to you, that the venerable Bishop of Blois had been elected member of the House of Deputies. Through the violence and intrigues of the Ultras, his election has been declared null, and Grégoire has been ejected in the most ignominious manner. The debates on the subject were eminently characteristic of the French, and recalled to my mind the story which Addison tells of the French bookseller, who was so indignant about the loss of his volume of sermons! It is a pleasure to observe what rapid strides liberty is making in France, and how much the partizans of the ancient government have fallen into contempt. A few days ago, I was present at one of M. Daunou's excellent lectures on history. In the middle of the discourse, that "expectancy and rose of the state," M. de La Fayette, entered the room, accompanied by his bosom friend, M. Dupont, and were received by the audience with the most enthusiastic applauses. After the lecture, these distinguished patriots were greeted with a treble salvo, and were conducted to their coach with every demonstration of the most unfeigned attachment to their principles. You know what passed at Nîmes in 1815, when the Ultras predominated—the Protestants were butchered in their houses and in the streets : but now that those wretches are no longer in authority, the murderers are denounced at the tribunals. Already

two of the assassins (Servant and Truph  my) have been condemned to lose their heads, to the great consternation of the Monarchists, who fear that they will reveal the secrets of the faction !

I hope that this nation will be able to resist all the ultra-royal storms. In vain the feudalists attempt to cover it with *Fr  res ignorants*, Missionaries and Jesuits ; the light of reason shines with a brightness which nothing will be able to diminish ; "*la pens  e ne ralentira pas son rapide essor.*" The enemies of civilization will fail in their attempts to extinguish it on the piles of the Inquisition ; like the phoenix, it will rise with two-fold splendour from its ashes ! " The consciousness of independence (says the Edinburgh Review) is a great enjoyment of itself, and without it, all the powers of the mind, and all the capacities of happiness, are gradually blunted or destroyed. It is like the privation of air and exercise, or the emasculation of the body ; which, though it may appear, at first, to contribute to tranquillity and indolent enjoyment, never fails to enfeeble the whole frame, and to produce a state of oppressive languor or debility, in comparison with which, even wounds and fatigue would be delicious !" The Ultras evince, not only wickedness, but the grossest stupidity, in their attempts against the liberties of men. If they were not blindfolded to their ruin, they would know, that all opposition to freedom is " kicking against the pricks." The friends of independence will be as formidable as the " trusty warriors" of Kosciusko :

" Firm pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
" Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm."

LETTER LXXII.

Paris, January 25, 1820.

DEAR JULIA,

IN one of your letters you request me to draw a parallel between the two tragedians, Kean and Talma. You know my sentiments with regard to the French Roscius ; Kean, in my humble opinion, is not to be compared to him ; yet I will endeavour to give you an idea of his manner of acting, and leave you to draw the parallel between them.

The first part I saw Kean perform, was that of Sir Giles Overreach, in that stupid tragi-comedy, the "New way to pay Old Debts." The part of Sir Giles evinces no beauties ; it is fixed on the solidity of marble, and of marble that gives no new veining, or sudden richness of colour to the actor's elaborate polishing. The impression on seeing Kean for the first time, is undoubtedly in his favour. His strength of manner, the decision of his countenance ; even the rudeness of his gesture and harshness of his voice, imply a greatness of mind. In the riot of the wilder and more savage feelings, he joins with the extravagant delight of a barbarian, dancing round the fire where his prisoners are consuming : his mimic agonies give us the picture of that fierce emotion, which, to some men, is life—and to all men, a craving appetite, which perhaps the earth is not made to satisfy. He gives it without its pains ; and looking upon this

man's struggles, we have at once the stirring aspect of the storm, with the consciousness that we have no share in its dangers :

" *Suavè mari magno, motantibus equora ventis*

" *E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.*"

Or, with Horace,

" *Neptunum procul e terrâ spectare furentem !*"

But Kean's moments may all be anticipated ; the elevation of his voice in one part, his stride in another, the convulsion of his form in a third, are all as regular as the tune of a German clock ; even those more fluctuating features, which seem in other men to defy discipline, in him fall into the same rigorous obedience ; and the quiverings of his lip, and the roving of his eye, would do honour to the regularity of an automaton. His sudden change from tremulous rage to wild rejoicing, and his fainting in the arms of his attendants, when detection and disappointment have frenzied him, closed with an effective display of his physical powers.

In the character of the "all accomplished Hamlet," Kean is deficient in the suavity and gracefulness, as well as in the dignity, which are essential to the efficient representation of that amiable and interesting personage. His action, indeed, is sometimes easy, but his deportment wants gentility, and his elocution refinement. His pauses are too frequent, too long, and often out of place. The tones of generous exultation have in his utterance too close a resemblance to the growlings of malevolence ; but what he has above all offences to answer for, is the monstrous disregard which

he shows to the integrity of Shakspeare's text. This was manifest and flagrant throughout the play ; and the fine soliloquy of " to be, or not to be," was so delivered, as, in every sentence, and almost in every line, to alter the language and to vitiate the sense and harmony of the poet. The scenes with the Ghost, Rosenkrantz, and Ophelia, were certainly entitled to much praise ; but a want of filial respect to his mother, and the too frequently repeated action of pressing his hand to his forehead, are great defects in his manner of performing.

A pretty good idea may be formed of Kean's acting, by observing him in the character of Othello. In the "Tender Lover," the "Speaker before the senate," &c. he is weak and often ridiculous ; his reception of Desdemona at Cyprus is frigid in the extreme. When Iago, after instilling the first embryo of suspicion into him, says, "I see this hath a little dashed your spirits," Kean answered, "not a jot ! not a jot !" with a loud laugh, which was very little suited to a tragedy. But he is very fine, when driven to the acmé of despair by the suspicion of his wife's "stolen hours of lust." His whole body writhes with agony when Iago asks him,

"Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on ?

"Behold her ? _____"

The only moment in which I thought him comparable to Talma, was in the *fureurs* of Orestes, in the *Distressed Mother*, an almost literal translation of Racine's splendid tragedy of *Andromaque*. In the mad scene, Kean was truly sublime, and he convinced me that he was an actor of talents. If he had cultivated his mind by "classic lore," he would be one of the

finest tragedians of the age. Talma has the advantage over him of a liberal education, gentlemanly manners, and a noble person and countenance.

In a subsequent letter, I will give you criticisms of this actor's performance in his other rôles, for I have seen him in all his favourite characters, and have taken notes on his peculiarities in acting them.

In about six months, I shall be with you. Ah! my Julia, how often do I picture to myself the pleasure of returning home! the faces radiating with joy! the thousand questions asked and answered, and the sweet attentions of the dearest friends in the world! When we form one society, I will look about me, and behold the persons to whom I am most attached; may I not add, the best, the most virtuous of human beings? Of all authors no one has written so feelingly on this subject, as the amiable Campbell. After describing in the most affecting manner, the happiness of the traveller, returning to the "Grot that heard his song of other times," and depicting the "friend's familiar face" and the "rapture-speaking tear," he does not forget the faithful companion of his former rambles!

"While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
"His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
"Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
"His wistful face, and whines a welcome home."

LETTER LXXIII.

FROM JULIA.

Jan. 30, 1820.

I WRITE this in the room of sickness; I am now suffering with the fever which rages in Baltimore, and has proved very troublesome; but I hope soon to be able to leave my room. At present I am in that peculiar languid state, which is much easier felt than described. In my slumbers, the most singular dreams haunt my imagination, and in my moments of wakefulness, I sometimes write down the ideas which have most crowded on my fancy. I will keep by me the notes I have made during this time, to see what I will think of them when my health is restored. I caught the fever by exposing myself to danger, in the midst of the scene of sickness and death; and have therefore at least one consolation in my bodily affliction, that it was unmerited!

Although I can scarcely believe that I am in any danger, I think it necessary to make every preparation for another life; and yet when I reflect seriously, I cannot find in my imagination the slightest subject of terror—

“ Within my rising bosom all is calm

“ As peaceful seas, that know no storms, and only

“ Are gently lifted up and down by tides.”

My sister is of my opinion in all these matters, but there are some over-officious friends, who are of the

same sentiments as Matilde de Vernon in *Delphine*. I have just been reading over the description of Madame de Vernon's last moments, and this circumstance gives me additional disgust, for the gloomy harbingers of woe about my bed. I answered one of Miss R—'s rhapsodies this morning, by the following sensible remarks of Dr. Franklin, in a letter to Whitefield; "I wish the faith you mention was more productive of good works, than I have generally seen it: I mean *real good works*, not holyday keeping, sermon reading, or hearing, and making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. The worship of God is a duty; the hearing and reading of sermons may be useful: but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered, and putting forth leaves, though it never produced fruit."

There are some persons who, like Matilde de Vernon are quite scandalized at the thought of a person's leaving this world with cheerfulness; they think this a breach of the baptismal vow! But is not this serenity a better proof of purity, than the dumb despair of Cardinal Beaufort (for instance,) "who died and gave no sign" of his hopes of future bliss. How did Addison die, when he sent for his profligate step-son? I will not speak of Julie de Wolmar; her example might be objected to! I shall only add respecting myself, (in the words of the illustrious writer just quoted) that having experienced the goodness of the Supreme, in conducting me prosperously through this life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next,

though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness.

Oh! my dearest friend, the greatest blessing which it is possible for the virtuous man to enjoy here below, is a consciousness that death, which involves so many in despair, will be to him a passage into a state of perfect bliss. The wicked and unjust man looks upon death as a hideous spectre, which every moment is advancing nearer towards him. This embitters all his pleasures, aggravates his afflictions, and threatens to deliver him up to the wrath of God, who is the avenger of injured innocence. The most flattering notion that he can form in the prospect of Death, is that he may be utterly annihilated!

LETTER LXXIV.

Paris, February 3, 1820.

THE gaming houses of Paris, are the most dangerous haunts of this seductive capital. They are open to all, and possess every charm to captivate unwary youth. Besides the public establishments in the Palais-Royal, there are certain private *réunions*, that are usually kept by some decayed nobleman, who takes to this disgraceful resource, in order to retrieve his former losses. To enjoy the dangerous privileges of being initiated, it is necessary to have a formal introduction to the mistress of the house, and to appear in small clothes! You will find a magnificent saloon filled with "Gentlemen whose occasional chariots roll only upon the four aces, and are liable sometimes to have a *wheel* out of order." A few evenings ago, my friend Mr. O—— introduced me to the *princess* of an establishment in the Rue Grange Batalliere. On entering the saloon, I thought I was in a splendid palace, rather than in the haunt of crime and debauchery. The lady of the house received me with that peculiar grace which belongs to the French women in every class of society. I observed many young men and women at the green table; and I could not help thinking, that most of the ladies there had a tender regard for the success of the owners. They gently encourage the youthful devotees to Palamedes—and seduced them by that irresistible charm;

those enticements, which Parisian women possess to the greatest degree. No ! never did pleasure wear a more fascinating countenance ; it seemed to me that such temptations could not be resisted by incautious youth, and I repeated to my friend, these exquisitely beautiful lines, of the melancholy Childe Harold.

“ Ah Vice ! how soft are thy voluptuous ways !
 “ While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
 “ The fascination of thy magic gaze ?
 “ A cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
 “ And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.”

At eleven o'clock, an elegant supper was served up, in which nothing was wanting to tempt the sensuality, satisfy the palate, or inflame the imagination. The most delicious wines circulate in profusion ; and the “ giddy, thoughtless tribe” rise from the table to resume their destructive pastime.

In my opinion, few situations are more cruel than that of the unhappy wretch who is led on by degrees to an invincible passion for gaming ; who perceives, that, by repeated losses, he has brought himself to the brink of ruin. Horace makes use of the term *præceps alea*, to show the rapid advances this destructive habit evinces on the purse and mental feelings. Perseus sily observes, “ hunc alea decoquit,” as if the gamester was consumed, or boiled down to a jelly. The unhappy adventurers,

“ With none to bless them, none whom they can bless,”

throw themselves, in a fit of despair, on the sofas, unpitied and unregarded.

LETTER LXXV.

Paris, Feb. 12, 1820.

TO J—— D——.

As I am convinced that you would not get half through my letter if I should moralize, or write a formal dissertation, and as I am very ambitious that my letters give you pleasure, I will lay aside all solemn gravity, and always address you as humorously as possible.

Of all the old customs observed from time immemorial, there is none more rigidly followed at all the restaurants, coffee houses, and reading rooms of Paris, than having half a score of cats, or bushy headed dogs, in every saloon. I was very much amused, a few weeks ago, at my restaurateur, with the manœuvres of a kitten, who, after a variety of gambols about its grave sire, at length fixed its volatile attention on a large fly, on the window. Mademoiselle, bidding adieu to all sort of reverence, jumped upon the table of an old politician, who, while waiting for a plate of calf's brains, was very seriously poring over a soporific column of the *Moniteur*, and did not observe the visitation of the disrespectful puss. Our heroine, perceiving a good opportunity, at length darted up at the fly, knocked through a pane of glass, and, in her brisk evolution downwards, overturned, on the old politician's breeches, the remainder of a plate of noodle soup, which he had not finished. The cook and poli-

tician, in a true French sally of indignation, ran after the affrighted kitten, who put herself under the protection of a pretty sweet creature, who was quietly partaking of a slice of wild boar !

I can solemnly assure you, that, since my being in France, I have not once been barked at by a dog ! Whether this is owing to that politeness which seems epidemic here, or to fear of the police, which has no less influence with the Parisians, I cannot tell. A French dog will grin and fawn like any other ; but I have not yet met with any Cerberi among them.

I am really much obliged to you for the American Newspapers, some of which I do not like to lend out, for fear of throwing a disgrace on our character. I do not allude to style, spelling, and lottery notices, but to the filthy language used by certain champions, who are determined to let the public into the secret of their quarrels. " These newspaper disputes, (says Dr. Franklin,) " subject us to a reflection like that used by a gentleman in a coffee house, to two quarrellers, who after a mutually free use of the words rogue, villain, rascal, and scoundrel, seemed as if they would refer their dispute to him ! I know nothing of you, or your affairs, said he, but I only perceive that you know one another."

LETTER LXXVI.

Paris, Feb. 14, 1820.

DEAR JULIA,

THE near approach of the moment when I must bid adieu, perhaps for ever, to this delightful residence, fills me with a regret which is only obliterated by the sweet hope of meeting you, and my other friends. I feel now more sensibly the advantages presented by this instructive and amusing people. Looking over the Bulletins of Laws, one cannot help observing the prodigious number of strangers of all countries who have, within these few years past, demanded and obtained letters of naturalization in France, Spaniards, Italians, Swiss, Belgians, Germans, Poles, and Irishmen, "and (says Voltaire,) even powerful monarchs, have preferred the delightful repose enjoyed at Paris, in the bosom of the arts, and those moments so agreeably employed in the midst of peaceful and delicate pleasures to their country, and all the splendour of the throne." All those who have tasted the sweets of this country have desired to own no other. On the list I see the hard names of Greeks, Egyptians, Syrians, men born in Africa and Asia! If, that beautiful France has such irresistible attractions for strangers, how dear should she be to her native sons! It is not alone the delightful soil and climate, the unclouded azure sky, the politeness and urbanity of manners, the superiority of the arts, and the variety of pleasures for which France never had a rival, but the progress of reason, and the de-

velopement of the principles of liberty, which give this country such decided advantages.

Burke, in one of his facetious letters to the school-master, Smith, after drawing a picture of the vices, and follies of London, consoles himself by saying, "Her hospitals and charitable institutions, whose turrets pierce the skies, like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of heaven." Indeed all travellers dwell with admiration on the number of institutions for the relief of misery and disease, which distinguish England; but, with all due deference to the judgment of these observers, I will venture to affirm, that there is more pride than real philanthropy in this vaunted charity. It is necessary for a Frenchman to have lived among strangers, in order to appreciate the generosity, and inexhaustible tenderness of his own fair country women; even Rousseau with all his sarcasm, on the Parisian ladies, agrees to this. Yes, my Julia! they alone know the secret of doing good, and of adding a certain grace to the smallest portions of their kindness. If the journals at Paris were accustomed (like the English papers,) to publish every thing, and if they were allowed to reveal the smallest portion of the charity and goodness of the French ladies, all nations would be forced to agree that wealth may not exist in this country, with such profusion as in England, but that true beneficence is only known to women of France. The insolent generosity of an English fine lady, may give a momentary relief to the wretched, but the sweetness, the captivating voice, the irresistible unction of the Parisian, will dry the tear which flows down the care-worn cheek, and will infuse a gleam of hope into the soul depressed by mis-

fortune. They humiliate themselves to the condition of the poor being, and with gentleness present more agreeable prospects,

"To that closed eye which opens but to pain."

The Abbé Sicard's deaf and dumb Institution ; that for the blind boys ; the house of retreat for the poor old man ; the Asylum for old valetudinarians ; the Magdalen for those females who have "sinned by stealth, and blush'd to find it fame ;" the honourable retreat for old soldiers ; are a few among the numberless instances of the pre-eminence of this country in works of charity. There is no sight more affecting than that of the old men at Bicêtre, working at their different trades, some make combs, ink-horns and hunting articles ; others paint on glass, copy manuscripts, or keep the books of the house. At their academy, the blind from birth are taught to read, which to my astonishment I found they could do, as fast as I could, by merely tracing the letters with their fingers. The letters to be sure, are in relief, and the books they read must be printed on purpose for them, which is so very expensive, that a small quarto costs a thousand francs !

I have just returned from the Café Procope, where I found it rumoured, that the Duke de Berry was assassinated last night at the Opera. As this report may be unfounded, and as the Journals of this morning say nothing about it, I will not enter into the particulars which I heard at the Café. I was last night at the Opera, and observed on my leaving it, a great collection of soldiers, and a violent noise of carriages and horses—but I suspected nothing. At all events, I will speak more fully on this subject in my next letter.

LETTER LXXVII.

Paris, February 23, 1820.

I WAS at the Opera on Sunday evening, 13th inst. I left it, my mind still filled with the delightful images which had amused me during the evening, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie, by the noise of carriages and the clattering of arms. As I am not very fond of Paristan mobs, I did not join the crowd which formed around the Académie Royale, but made the best of my way to my lodgings. Next morning at the political Café Procope, I found it rumoured that the Duke de Berry had been murdered; but the particulars were not known, and as the supporters of this coffee-house often talk at random, I began to doubt the truth of the report; however, the Journals next day came out with the history of the "foul and most unnatural murder."

The Duke de Berry left the Opera, a little before the conclusion of the ballet; he had just handed the Dutchess into the carriage, when suddenly a fellow rushed through the crowd, seized the prince by the arm, and plunged a dagger in his breast. The screams of the Dutchess gave the first signal of alarm; she rushed upon her husband, and was covered with his blood. The prince was immediately carried into one of the apartments of the Opera; surgeons were sent for—and soon all the members of the Royal family

were apprized of the horrible murder. *Monsieur, Madame*, the Dukes of Orleans, and Angoulême were first sent for—shortly afterwards the King arrived, with the first dignitaries of State. Every effort was employed to keep the unfortunate princess from the miserable scene; but she broke from her attendants, and threw herself on the almost inanimate body of her husband. She contemplated his convulsed form with silent anguish,

“ Resembling 'mid the tortures of the scene

“ Love watching Madness with unalter'd mien.”

The Duke de Berry expired at six o'clock in the morning, after all the “pomp and circumstances” of the Catholic religion had been used to usher him into another world. The body was placed in that same pavilion of the Louvre, in which the murdered corpse of Henry IV. had been brought, after the execrable crime of Ravaillac, or rather of the Jesuits. In the midst of the alarm caused by the rumoured assassination, the murderer alone, appeared perfectly calm. He had meditated this crime for five years, and he owned that the whole Royal family were devoted by him (had he escaped,) to the same death inflicted on the Duke.

The conduct of the Ultras on this occasion was worthy of them. Their journalists were quite furious; they accused the Liberals (that is, nearly the whole French nation) of “being accomplices in the assassination.” Martainville, editor of the *Drapeau Blanc*, said that the prime minister had armed the murderer. Nodier exclaimed, that the instrument which had killed the Duke, was “a liberal idea”—“Indeed (cries

M. Etienne in the *Minerve*) it would seem that the ultras had only drawn the poignard from the wound, in order to plunge it into the bosom of their country, and that with the same dagger which assassinated a French Prince, they wished to murder the liberty of France."

Immediately after the death of Berry, Count Decazes presented his three bills, on the Law of Elections, the Habeas Corpus and Liberty of the Press; but the outcries of the ultras were so violent, that he suddenly resigned . . . being particularly driven to that measure, by repeated insults from *Monsieur, Madame* and the Dutchess de Berry. The king alone wished to protect his favourite, and by way of consolation created him Duke and ambassador to the Court of St. James. The ultras, on this became more furious than ever; they insulted with wanton cruelty the fallen minister—"our tears"—cried Chateaubriand—"our sobs and groans have astonished an imprudent minister; *his feet slipped in blood!* and he fell in the gore."

M. Decazes never resembled Fouché so perfectly as in his fall; both of them were dupes to the last moments of their ministerial career. The enemies of Fouché only waited for his list of proscriptions in order to disgrace him. Decazes, also, thought to save himself with his three disgraceful bills; but he only succeeded in thickening the tempest of curses and discontent which had been gathering over his head. The Duke of Richelieu is now Premier, and he will strike up the prelude to an ultra-royalist ministry. But the nation knows what to expect from such rulers. It was not in order to re-establish privileges and absolute power, that France struggled in 1789, and that she has fought

for these last thirty years against every power in Europe. Enlightened by experience and misfortune, she knows that peace is necessary to her safety; but she also knows, that love of peace would be but pusillanimity, if she sacrificed her rights, her prosperity, and honour, to such a consideration.

The news from England shows the disturbed state of that country. Is it not remarkable, that, as soon as Napoleon was banished from Europe, the governments which had conspired against him were immediately convulsed? That extraordinary man has left an immense chasm in Europe; but (to use the expression of the *Bibliothèque Historique*) that chasm is a volcano!

LETTER LXXVIII.

Paris, March 6, 1820.

TO MRS. LETITIA.

It has been some time since I have received a letter from you or Julia : I hope that no misfortune in your family has been the cause of this neglect. In this letter, I will endeavour to comply with a request made in your last favour, to give you my opinion of the Parisian women. " He that would describe the fair sex, (says Diderot,) must dip his pen in the colours of the rainbow, and throw upon his paper the powder taken from the wings of a butterfly."

The Parisian women unite, to a perfect degree, all that is amiable in the French character. They appear to have been nursed by the Graces ; the art of pleasing has been instilled into them from their very cradle. Gracefulness is a sort of transparent veil, through which the mind may be discovered : it hides the rude nakedness of nature, and diffuses a charm, which is the effect of art, on a happy and inherent disposition. An English or German lady, educated with a Parisian, will never acquire the easy grace of the latter : it appears, that the same degree of care employed on all of them, would make an English girl a flirt, the German a sentimental and romantic female Quixotte, and the French lady a model of the Graces ! The French women have not, in general, such handsome faces as the English and American fair ; their com-

plexion is generally darker, and their features not so perfectly formed ; but when a Parisian lady is really beautiful, she is certainly the most lovely object in creation. Nothing can be so enchanting as a display of elegance and beauty in the Tuileries and the Opera. Delightful country !

“ Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,

“ Gay as the gilded summer sky,

“ Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,

“ Dear as the raptured thrill of joy.”

Strangers often take their notions of French women from such works as the Chevalier de Faublas, les Liaisons Dangereuses, les Mémoires de Fronsac, &c. Even Voltaire, Rousseau, and Montesquieu, have taxed their fair countrywomen with infidelity. “I do not mean to infer (says the latter) that there are no virtuous women among them ; on the contrary, there are some ver distinguished Lucretias.”

I think a sensible amelioration has taken place in that dissoluteness introduced by the gay and licentious Duke of Orleans ; and the brothel-like court of the protector of the “ Parc aux Cerfs,” have, in a great measure, disappeared before the enlightening spirit of the present age.

That seeming want of decorum which gives such scandal to the English *dragons* of virtue, is, in my opinion, merely the effect of characteristic vanity. The married lady will listen without disdain to the compliments of her admirers, and will receive with pleasure the incense offered by her circle of adorers ; but the husband remains unbiased by jealousy ; nor does he

“——— From his own weak merits draw
“ The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt.”

The lover, in paying compliments, displays his bon-ton and his grace ; the lady, in receiving them, accepts an homage to her charms ; the husband is indirectly flattered on the taste displayed in the choice of a companion—are [they not all guided by vanity, and must not a person be a perfect Juvenal to attribute such amiable conduct to immoral inclinations ?

I have observed that with our women, marriage is a signal for seclusion from all the elegant pleasures of life. It is quite the contrary in France : the girls here are not permitted to glitter in the beau monde, before the Hymeneal torch has secured their future destinies ; but the married ladies deny themselves no pleasure within the bounds of decency. They do not follow Pope's advice, to retire from the world, “ Ere tittering youth shall shove them from the stage,” but continue gay and fashionable as long as possible. Such were the attractions of Ninon de l'Enclois, when she was nearly three score, that the Chevalier de Villiers, a natural son she had by the Count de Gerzé, on his arrival at Paris from the Provinces, where he had been brought up without any knowledge of his parents, was introduced to Ninon, and fell desperately in love with her. This could not escape the penetrating eyes of the modern Laïs. She sent for him, carried him to her bed-chamber, and pointing to a clock, said ; “ Imprudent young man, look there ! at that hour twenty-two years ago, I was delivered of you, on this very bed.” The unfortunate Villiers could not support this disappointment ; he flew into the garden, and falling

upon his sword, thus terminated his existence. I have often been highly diverted at the forced vivacity of old couples in the Parisian saloon. The room is splendidly illuminated, and the walls decorated with large mirrors which reflect every object, however ridiculous, in indefinite multiplication. Sometimes in hobbles an old fellow, dressed in the most exquisite style, "perfumed like a milliner," and every ruffle replete with effect; he trips lightly at the heels of some *old Marquise*, who is on the shady side of sixty, and yet dressed like a finished dandysette! Often these antiquated devotees of Therpsichore will drink off a few humpers of punch, before bidding defiance to nature by beginning the reel round with the dancers: this puts me in mind of Miss Edgeworth's Irish horse, *Knockegroghery* "who needed to have porter poured down his throat, and to be warmed in his harness, before he could achieve any thing like continual motion." Dear Letitia, it would almost make you die with laughter, to observe the sly tenderness, fascinating glances, and significant smiles, with which these veteran worthies amuse each other!

But, this dancing-mania apart, the old French lady of breeding, is generally both amusing and instructive in her conversation. I know one particularly, the Baronne de Cretot, who has been a source of amusement and instruction to me, since my first introduction to her. She is well acquainted with French literature, and reads and declaims uncommonly well. Her long residence in the beau monde, and her acquaintance with the persons who have figured on the chequered scene of life during the late vicissitudes, render her the mirror of fashion, and an inexhaustible source.

of anecdote. Indeed, very few women of twenty in other countries are so agreeable as Madame de Cretot is at sixty-five, and if she had been born in the nineteenth century, I should have fallen in love with her, had I not fixed my affections in another quarter. Julia will certainly smile, when she reads this!

The French lady of condition does the honours of her house with infinite grace and dignity. In the assembly which forms round her, she omits nothing to interest every one; to each guest she says something agreeable, and, without troubling the order of the society, the least considerable in the company is not more forgotten, than the most distinguished. At table she guesses at the dishes which you look on with most pleasure, and has them presented to you; while she speaks to her neighbour, her eye omits nothing, even at the farthest end of the table. Each guest thinks that she has only attended to him, and that she has not had time to eat a morsel!

LETTER LXXIX.

Paris, March 12, 1820.

IN compliance with your request, I will endeavour to give you a general idea of the French theatres. The strict observation of unity, gives great formality to their theatrical representations. Boileau requires

“ Qu'en un lieu, qu'en un jour, un seul fait accompli,
“ Tienne jusqu' à la fin le théâtre rempli.”

He only allows twelve hours for the dramatic action, that of *Athalie* fulfils most strictly the conditions laid down by the *Législateur du Parnasse* ; it is therefore considered by French critics as the most perfect, and classical of tragedies.

The English drama appears to me essentially absurd : in the best of their plays, the principal action of the theatrical piece is multiplied ; several ages pass away in a few hours, and the spectator is instantaneously transported from one country to another. All these absurdities destroy the effect of dramatic illusion, and proclaim to us the folly of shedding real tears for misfortunes which are altogether fictitious.*

* “ In our theatres (says Faublas,) it is not the rich who are affected by tender scenes ; none but the lower order weep at the exhibition of misfortunes. The fashionable gentry scarcely know when the actor is on the stage ; they go to the play to ogle each other in the boxes, and to make bows, and scrapes in the saloons. You may well imagine that they are not amused at the theatre, but they endeavour for some hours, to shake off the ennui which is the curse of their existence.”

Most of the English tragedies are a tissue of horrors, and their comedies are rarely written in

“Verse that a virgin without blush may read.”

“There is nothing (says Addison,) which delights and terrifies our English theatres so much as a ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt!” The French audience would think such an apparition an insult to their understanding, and, instead of being delighted and terrified, they would either indulge in their constitutional gaiety, or whistle off the horrible phantom to the tomb where he had been quietly inurned. The French *bien séances* will allow no immodest double entendres: even Voltaire’s Prude could never be supported on the stage.

Among the numerous improvements introduced by Talma into the dramatic art, I will particularly notice the costume of the actors. It is impossible for words to do justice to the classical perfection of his own dress in his various rôles. “His costume in the part of Bayard, his plain and appropriate gestures, recal the statues of knights that we see in old churches, (says Madame de Staël,) and we feel astonished that a man who possesses so truly the feeling of ancient art, has been able to transport himself also to the character of the middle ages.”

The English have no idea of accuracy of costume: for instance, the Royal ladies in the tragedy of *Brutus* (by Payne,) mistake the Roman colour of purple! *Red* was the colour of ancient royalty, and the meaning of the word *purpureus*. This can be proved by translations; thus Gray speaks of the “purple light of

love" on the cheeks of Venus, which it would be a great heresy to think *blue*, unless we suppose that the goddess's cheeks were frost bitten! Cowley in translating a beautiful ode from Catullus retains the same word in speaking of a lady's mouth; which is the *purest red* extant!

"And her *purple* mouth with joy

"Stretched to the delicious boy."

In the best French tragedy, there is none of that butchery which gives such zest to the theatrical pleasures of the British. "There is nothing so insipid, as a person who kills himself on the stage"—says M. Geoffroy—In Racine's *Andromaque*, Oreste does not put a tragical end of his *fureurs*; Pylade exclaims,

"Il perd le sentiment! Amis le temps nous presse;"

and he has his friend transported to a place of safety.

Burke in his *Regicide Peace*, says that—"Whilst courts of Justice were thrust out by Revolutionary tribunals, and silent churches were the only funeral ornaments of departed religion, no fewer than ten theatres were kept open at the public expense. At one time, I have reckoned fourteen of their advertisements of public diversion. Among the gaunt haggard forms of famine and nakedness, amidst the yells of murder, the tears of affliction and the cries of despair, the song, the dance, the mimic scene, and buffoon laughter, went on as regularly as in the gay hours of festive peace. Under the scaffold of judicial murder and the gaping planks that poured down blood on the spectators, the space was hired out for a show of dancing

dogs!!” By a decree of 1791, any person could open a theatre after giving due notice to the local authorities: As might be expected, this produced if not overflowing houses, at least an overflow of houses! At present there are about twelve theatres in the capital, which are open every night.

There is no manager to the Theatre Français. The controul is under the *premier Gentilhomme de la chambre*—whose orders are executed by a commissioner appointed by government. The actors of this theatre, furnish their own dresses, and defray all their private expenses; whereas at the Grand Opera, the dresses and decorations are paid for by government, and a fixed pension is allowed to the actors.

The manner of remunerating authors deserves notice. They are allowed a certain share of the profits during life, and the benefit descends to their family for ten years after their decease. This regulation descends through every theatre in France: No provincial manager can exhibit the production of a living author, without making him this allowance. The proportion depends on the celebrity of the author, and the specific agreement between him and the manager!

When an actor has served for a certain number of years, say twenty-five or thirty, he has permission to retire with a handsome pension. The administration of any spectacle, can permit an actor to absent himself, and make a *tournee en Province*, for a certain time; but if he exceeds the limited period he is severely fined.

The *Conservatoire de Musique* furnishes the best singers of the Operas. It usually contains four-hun-

dred pupils, who, before admission, are strictly examined on their acquirements and their genius for the art. Lectures are delivered on music, and premiums are distributed to the most deserving students. Connected with this institution, is the *Ecole de Déclamation* destined for the subjects of the French theatre. These institutions furnish most of the first players for the theatres ; if on trial, the public and the administration are pleased with their efforts and their promising talents, they are received as Pensioners.

Mercier, in his "Tableau de Paris," expresses a wish for the formation of a second French Theatre, in which should be performed the works of Corneille, Molière, Racine, &c. The Odeon, burnt in 1818, has reappeared with new brilliancy from its ashes, under the title of Second theatre Français. Although but a new establishment, it appears with great éclat, and "vires acquirit eundo." It is an arena on which champions are invited to try their strength, and it is only by such encouragement, that talents are supported.

The Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, was built in six weeks, and was originally destined for the Opera. It is distinguished by its beautiful ballets, scenery, and the exquisite farce of Potier. This theatre has carried melo-drama to its highest pitch in the *Vampire*: the decorations are magnificent, and the costumes well chosen ; but the fiction is so improbable, that a person must be a great amateur of the horrible, to admire this piece. Lord Ruthven, the hero of the melo-drama is twice killed, and still obstinately continues to visit "the glimpses of the Moon, making the night hideous." In the first scene, all the tombs of a grave yard, open their ponderous "marble jaws" and display their

contents. At this moment, the Vampire glides forward with all his hideous attributes, and prepares to seize a young virgin, who, exhausted with fatigue, lies asleep on a marble tomb; but she is saved by the tutelary genius of the place.

Every one who knows the taste of the French women, may conceive with what grace and elegance the Opera is conducted. The female dancers wear pantaloons, as their robes do not descend much below the knees, thus unencumbered they have all the freedom of motion. Whoever has seen the Académie de Musique before the affair of Louvel, and visits it at the Salle Favart, will perceive the vast difference between them! The scenery is not half so splendid, and the machinery, is not to be compared to that of the Ambigu or Gaieté.

A propos of scenery: I think that I never witnessed any, which afforded me more pleasure than a moonlight view of Dublin, in the Dream at the Ambigu Comique. The city is seen at a distance reflecting the pale rays of the moon; nearer the spectator is an eminence, which ends abruptly towards the town in a precipice. On the hill is the theatre of melo-dramatic horrors; the whole rendered still more horrible by the night, the dimness and occasional disappearance of the moon, and the breathless silence of the spectators.

LETTER LXXX.

Paris, March 19, 1820.

THIS winter has been colder than any preceding one since 1785. The Seine has been frozen so hard, that the foot passengers deserted the bridges, in order to walk on the surface of the water. It appears by the newspapers, that this "bleak winter's force," has been exerted over every part of Europe. It is also remarkable, what a number of singular events, have lately crowded together in a small compass of time. The death of the eternal George III., the persecution of the ill-fated wife of his degraded successor, the discovery of a bloody conspiracy in London, the splendid Revolution in Spain, the trial of notorious assassins and traitors in England, Germany and France, the destruction of the liberties of a great nation, the banishment of the Jesuits from Russia—are events which have succeeded each other with incalculable rapidity.

M. Savary, duke of Rovigo, who was condemned to death in 1816, has just been acquitted by his new and more equitable judges. Most of those illustrious Frenchmen who were condemned, during what is termed the second Reign of Terror (that is, during the bloody sway of the "*Chambre Introuvable*,") and who had the good luck to escape execution, have had an opportunity of proving the execrable tyranny of the Ultras, by presenting themselves for a second trial. M.

Lavalette "whose flight caused the Chamber Introuvable to roar like a lion," (says the *Bibl. historique*) is now at Paris, but his wife is perfectly deranged ; that woman to whom Greece and Rome would have erected altars, is thus obliged to waste her weary moments within the melancholy precincts of Charenton. With what truth, could Lavalette have addressed to his admirable wife, that sublime effusion of gratitude, which a condemned criminal poured fourth to Dr. Doddridge : "Every drop of my blood thanks you, for you have had compassion on every drop of it!"

Marshal Soult, Cambacérès, Arnault, General Gilley, whose conduct excited the fury of the Ultras in 1815, have been recalled. These men afford a living proof, that in Revolution, to gain time, is to gain every thing !

If every feeling of honour and humanity has not fled from the hearts of the Bourbon faction, how "repentance must at this moment raise its snaky crest" in their bosoms, for steeping their hands in such generous blood as that of *Ney* and *Labédoyère* ! The escape of Marshal Ney was utterly impossible, as a number of noblemen, disguised as gendarmes, watched him, and even slept near the door of his prison. If the execution had been deferred a quarter of an hour, perhaps the King would have relented. At the fatal moment, Madame Ney was at his Majesty's feet, and might have melted his heart, had it not been for the wicked precipitation of the royalists. When the Marshal arrived at the place of execution, it was perceived that they had forgotten a handkerchief to bandage his eyes. As the assassins had not the slightest idea that a hero could look death in the face, they sent for

one in a great hurry to the Luxembourg Palace. A peer of France gave his own for this fatal duty. The confusion which seized on him at that moment, prevented him from cutting off the corner that was marked with his infamous name. Two minutes afterwards all was over ! If the officious, blood-thirsty peer had not been there, perhaps France would have been spared an eternal subject of disgrace, and the royalists a horrible crime ! During the ignoble tyranny of the Ultras, the dungeons, the guillotine, hunger, and banishment, decimated the French army even more than the battle of Waterloo. There, at least, the heroes of France died with their brows entwined with laurels ; but here, they fall under the hands of the executioner, and even overwhelmed with humiliation and disgrace ! They have only one consolation, that which took from the intrepid Charlotte Corday all the horror of her fate : " Shame consists in the crime, and not in the scaffold ! "

The ministry are now the instruments of the Ultras, and the poor King " is blown with restless violence " amid the parties contending for supremacy. This is a most improper period for executing the feelings of the people. Louis, not long since emancipated from the harsh tutelage of England and Russia, is now in fact the French Monarch : and, considering the advantages which the Revolution has conferred on his subjects, it ought to be his object to act in a strictly constitutional manner. The world is now too old to be tickled with stuff about coronations and holy oil. The French nation (for it would be absurd to make any exception on account of a few hundred half-starving Ultras) is thoroughly disgusted with all arbitrary pro-

ceedings of those in authority, and will not long bear the ignoble yoke now preparing for them. The combinations which have been formed against liberty, can only be checked by a firm union among the friends of freedom, who will long remember that formidable association which sat in judgment upon the human race at Aix-la-Chapelle, the members of which, were they not notoriously beyond the reach of human law, ought to be tried for blasphemy, for assuming the title of the "holy alliance!"

LETTER LXXXI.

Paris, April 10, 1820.

TO MRS. LETITIA.

YOUR letter describing the death of Julia is now before me. I shall not pretend to depict the effect it has produced on me, nor shall I attempt to offer you any consolation. "There are some strokes of calamity (says the author of the *Sketch Book*) that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom." You are well aware of the engagement which we had made to each other; our fortune, to be sure, presented an obstacle to our union, but we both resolved to be happy in spite of the caprices of the world. Did we require the parade of grandeur, and the haughty privileges of fashion, to render us perfectly content with our lot? Oh, Letitia, what a society would we not have formed together! After my long absence from home, what would have been my delight in beholding her and you in health and happiness. My feelings would have been those of *St. Preux*, when he folded to his bosom his much beloved Julie.

Whenever I felt an inclination for solitude, I retired to some sequestered spot with her letters, all of which I have transcribed in a neat volume: there I fed my imagination with her beauty and charms; but now, she will rise before me like Astarte, in all the deadly silence of a ghost, with glazed and passionless eyes,

and revealing all the dreadful mysteries of an after-existence !

If any part of your letter can afford consolation, it is the description you give of Julia's angelic conduct on her death-bed. What a contrast between her last moments, and those of the rich man depicted by the eloquent Massillon ! That collection of flatterers, slaves and subjects, in the midst of whom the child of prosperity thought himself immortal, can do nothing more for him. "Like those who see a man at a distance perishing in the waves, (says he,) they can only pity his calamity, or offer useless prayers for his deliverance." The bed of Julia was not surrounded by interested friends ; she had the satisfaction of closing her eyes amidst those persons who had the most devoted and sincere attachment for her. Ah ! why was I not there, to perform the last melancholy duty ? to seal her eyes, to hear her parting words ?

You have detailed the circumstances of her funeral, with frightful truth. The very shrouding, her appearance in the coffin, the placing of its lid, the solemn procession to the "low delved tomb." I felt as if I had been present during the afflicting ceremony !

" _____ Still I seem to hear

" The clod that struck her hollow sounding bier ;

" When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,

" Her solemn rites ! _____"

I told you before that I would not pretend to offer you a balm for your grief. Read over the Letter of Gray to his mother, in which he gives her such sublime consolation, under similar circumstances. "You more and more, said he, need a consolation that no

one can give, except HE who has hitherto preserved her to you, and at last, when it was his pleasure, has taken her from us to himself!"

I am very sorry that you intend leaving Baltimore for St. Louis, although it is said to be an agreeable town, particularly on account of the society. I wish you could have resolved to live in your native place, to be sure, your reasons for leaving it are so good that I will not oppose them. If then I do not meet you on my return,

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been,

"A sound that makes us linger; yet, farewell!

LETTER LXXXII.

Paris, April 23, 1820.

“ En foule dispersés dans un beau paysage,
“ Les tombeaux d’un héros, d’un poète, d’un sage,
“ A l’œil religieux s’offraient à chaque pas.”

I FEEL a sort of melancholy pleasure in walking over the Cemeteries of the Père Lachaise, and the Champ du Repos. The former is remarkable for its charming situation, the magnificence of its monuments, and the remnants of the grandeur of the Jesuitical Lachaise, its former master ; the Champ du Repos, although not so fashionable an asylum for the dead, is a more picturesque and romantic spot, than its rival. It is perfectly sequestered, and presents numberless objects which “ bid every fierce tumultuous passion cease.”

After the destruction of the grave yards in 1790, three cemeteries were established outside the barriers ; previously to which it was the custom to inter the dead in and near the churches. The putrid exhalations from such a number of bodies, caused great mortality, till the focus of contagion was removed out of Paris, and the bones of the cemeteries within the walls were conveyed to the Catacombs.

In my way to the Père Lachaise this morning, I observed several garlands of flowers beautifully wrought, and exposed for sale in the shops leading to the grave yard. With these the pious survivors of their recently departed friends, in a manner “ embalm the dead in the recollection of the living.” Irving observes, that

"there is something more affecting in these prompt, and spontaneous offerings of nature, than in the most costly ornaments of art; the hand strews the flower while the heart is warm, and the tear falls on the grave, as affection is bending the osier around the sod; but pathos expires under the slow labour of the chisel, and is chilled among the cold conceits of sculptured marble."

After walking for a couple of hours beneath the elms, cypresses, and willows,

"Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap."

I came to the horrible great common pit in which are thrown the corpses of those who could not pay for a grave. These bones are not even screened by some frail memorial, "with uncouth rhymes, and shapeless sculpture deck'd." Pieces of coffins, or rather boxes unplanned are seen projecting from the small portion of earth which covers them, and the mouldering bodies exhale (to use the language of Falstaff,) "the vilest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril."

The ground of the Champ du Repos is covered with weeping willows, cypresses, yews, and ivy. And the eye is never gratified with the distant prospect of beautiful landscapes; the whole attention is concentrated in the melancholy objects in the Cemetery. Immediately on entering the Champ du Repos, a deep valley presents itself before you, and you plunge into the dominions of Death, surrounded on all sides with objects for contemplation.

Burke calls a grave, "the common treasury to which we must all be taxed." To what a train of re-

flections, does not such a remark give rise! But I cannot close this letter so well, as by the following pathetic exclamations, in a book already quoted, which does honour to our country and language—"Oh the grave! the grave:—it buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets, and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him."

LETTER LXXXIII.

Paris, May 5, 1820.

I HAVE just returned from Marie Antoinette's *Expiatory Chapel* at the Conciergerie. In this room which has been converted into a Chapel, the wretched Queen was confined seventy-six days previous to her execution. Here mass is said, at the anniversary of her Majesty's Execution. Below the altar, the following extract of the Queen's letter to Madame Elizabeth, is cut on a marble slab: "My son, never forget the last words of your father, never attempt to revenge our death. I pardon my enemies the ill they have done me."

The chapel is adorned with two pictures, one representing Marie's separation from her family, on quitting the Temple. The other was exposed at the Louvre in 1817, (See Letter XIV.) The Queen is seen a few moments before her execution, sitting on a miserable cot, and surrounded on all sides with emblems of her profound wretchedness. A screen separates her persecuted Majesty from the parade of Justice; this part of the cell, is now closed by a wall. From hence she was conducted to the Place de la Révolution, on the 16th Oct. 1793. The King's sister, the incomparable Elizabeth, was executed the year following.

The bodies of the King and Queen had been carelessly thrown in a ditch at the St. Magdeline. At the Restoration, the mortal remains of these and other

personages were dug up and conveyed to St. Dennis; these acts of piety gave rise to the following effusion from Mr. Hobhouse, in his letters from Paris: "Relics rattled together from the four quarters of the capital, to be re-adjusted, and re-enshrined by a second St. Louis. But the King might have "given their daily bread" to his sixty priests! he might have said his thousand masses! he might have devoted his France to the Virgin, or *grubbed up his brother's bones!* his Antigone* might have shut the Sunday shops, or even have gone the greater length of forbidding the masquerade of *mi-carême*:—these offencees might have been forgotten, or been condemned to ridicule, with the gaiters of his Majesty, or the English bonnet of *Madame.*" This is disgusting. Surely the cause of Republicanism is not in need of such arms, to overwhelm Royalty; and the stoutest partizans of equality, will shudder at the sentence, where the author calls the horror, felt at Louis XVI's fate, "a playing off, court horrors at the very sound and smell of regicide!"

I have frequently visited the Foundling Hospital, which contains upwards of one thousand children. This charitable institution was first commenced by the philanthropic Vincent de Paul, in 1640. Orphans or children abandoned by their parents, are here received, without questions, recommendation, or inquiry. The child is laid at the door of the Hospital, or handed to one of the sisters of La Charité. It is placed in swaddling clothes in an iron cradle; the physician makes his visit every morning, and sends

* The Dutchess de Angoulême, so called from a personage in *Œdipe à Colonne*.

those who are sick to the Infirmary, and such as want suck, into the country, where their expenses are defrayed by government. At a convenient age, they are sent to the Orphan's Hospital, where they are taught to read and write, and learn some trade. During their study or *travail*, inspectors examine them; in order to judge of their inclinations and talents, and to see if they perform their tasks with exactitude.

A gentleman wishing to adopt a child, can be supplied at the Foundling Hospital; but the Administration first requires a certificate, that his fortune, talents and character, will enable him to educate the child with decency. Over the door of the Reception Room, is written the following verse, of the Psalms (xxv. 16.) "Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted."

I will conclude this letter by translating the following paragraph from a morning paper: "During the year 1819, the births of Paris were 24,342; the number of deaths was 22,670; of marriages 6,240. Of the births, 8,641 were natural children, and of these, 2,000 were not acknowledged by their parents! Among the deaths were 376 suicides!"

LETTER LXXXIV.

Paris, May 18, 1820.

A FEW days ago I was present at the execution of a servant lad, for the murder of his master. Anxious to finish an existence which was a curse to him, he did not appeal to the Court of Cassation, which would have prolonged his life about a month ; and although the most wicked of beings, he hastened into the presence of his eternal judge. He approached the dreadful scaffold with all the security of atheism, for we cannot call it courage. To use the words of M. Lacrosette, when describing the execution of the Duke of Orleans : " Never could one have felt more sensible than at this awful moment, how terrible is the doctrine of annihilation of the soul, since it inspires tranquillity in the monster of iniquity."

The young criminal rushed impatiently up the steps, and looked back on the priest and executioner, as if to hurry them to their fatal duty. The evening was very fine ; the sun shone with uncommon splendour, and appeared to play forth its rays on all the terrible implements of execution—the blood-stained platform, the carpenter's utensils, the fatal bench, the prisoner's fetters—

" But brighter still the beam was thrown

" Upon the axe which near him shone."

The executioner made the unhappy youth stand facing

a plank, while his feet were strapped to the bottom ; the board was then turned *en bascule*, and pushed forward till the head of the malefactor projected between the two beams which supported the knife. His neck being secured as in a pillory, the executioner pulled out the peg which supported the axe—the fatal instrument fell—and the head tumbled into the box below !

Madame de Staël, in her admirable posthumous works on the Revolution, compares the Tribunal, of which Robespierre was the sanguinary tyrant, to the guillotine. "The government resembles the horrid instrument of death ; one saw the axe rather than the hand which caused it to fall." True enough, I never could perceive by what hand the axe was precipitated on the neck of the criminal. The guillotine was first employed at the commencement of the Legislative Assembly, in 1791. The person who proposed it was a physician, named Guillotin, whose object was to take from the people the idea that they were privileged executioners. The guillotine has some resemblance to the *Maiden*, employed in Scotland in the seventeenth century. The Duke of Argyle is the first person mentioned by Laing, as executed by the maiden. His son suffered this punishment twenty-four years afterwards, (1685.) In kneeling to submit his neck to the block, he embraced the instrument of death, (with an allusion to its name,) as the *sweetest maiden* he had ever kissed.

During the tyranny of the Tribunal Révolutionnaire, the guillotine perpetually streamed with the blood of the suspected. Shortly before the memorable 9th Thermidor, Fouquier Thinville was reproached by the execrable Comité de Salut Public, for not causing a

greater number of criminals to be guillotined at a time! He was ordered to have an hundred and fifty heads struck off each day!! "On my return from that sitting, (cried Fouquier,) my mind was so much filled with horror, that the river appeared to roll with blood!"

M. de Chateaubriand has just published his *Memoirs of the Duke de Berry*, on which the monarchists founded such hopes. They are written with that peculiar wildness which characterises the Viscount's rhapsodies. I will quote the following as a specimen of the style of his work: "France has been thrown by the Revolution into an abyss, where she has remained thirty years. She would have been devoured in that lion's den, if she had not screened herself behind the virtue of a few just royalists. We doubt not that we were saved by the merit of the descendants of St. Louis. When the blood of the Bourbons ceased flowing for our glory, it was spilt for our salvation!" That is, the blood of the "Enfans de St. Louis" has been offered as a sacrifice to the beneficent Divinity; but, if I judge rightly, God does not require *blood-offerings*, to be appeased. To speak candidly, M. de Chateaubriand can almost be pardoned his fanatical nonsense. When we consider the losses he sustained by the Revolution, and the dreadful calamities he has experienced, we cannot help pitying the poor man. His mother, thrown into the dungeons of Robespierre, died miserably, on a wretched straw bed! his brother, son-in-law to the virtuous Malesherbes, perished by the axe of the Revolution! his cousin, Armand, was shot on the plains of Grenelle, by the order of Napoleon. The Viscount went out to assist the unfortunate

man in his last moments ; but he arrived too late ! he saw the corpse stretched on the earth, and dogs licking up the blood and devouring the brains of the ill-fated Armand !

I have just read the two first cantos of *Don Juan*, by Lord Byron. It is the most immoral work he has yet produced ; humanity will never pardon him for the horrible picture of the shipwreck ; he appears to dance about the palpitating victim with the hellish joy of an Indian savage. No ! it is impossible to describe these horrors with such calmness and jesting, and have one spark of fellow feeling, one ray of humanity ! And yet, the diction though often abrupt and irregular, frequently realizes all that is said of inspiration.

LETTER LXXXV.

Paris, May 27, 1820.

THE chamber of Deputies is now occupied with the new project of the Law of Elections. Already the bills suspending Individual liberty, and that of the Press, have passed both Houses. The censorship of the press, has already produced an éclat not very delightful to the ministers. Among those who had accepted the dishonourable office of Censors, was Raoul Rochette, professor of Modern History at the College of Plessis. The students having learned that their Lecturer had desired to descend to this degrading employment, received him with loud hisses, and cries of "down with the Censor! down with the spy!" M. Lacrosette, who had refused this vile office, was on the contrary greeted with the most rapturous applauses, on his entrance into the amphitheatre.

France presents the picture of a troubled sea; the Ultras and Jesuits are the elements of disorder, and the murder of a prince furnishes a pretext for their despotic measures. Liberalism has been enveloped in the same winding sheet with a frantic assassin, but to use the words of one of the first politicians of the day, "*Ravaillac, poignard ait en citant l'Evangile, et, l'Evangile n'a pas été flétri par cette profanation sacrilège.*" The fanatical missionaries sow disunion in the southern departments,

"Tison de la discorde, et fatale furie

"Que le démon de Rome formée nourrie.

The catholics look "with wolfish eyes" on the protestants of the Gard, and cries of vengeance have been heard in the Cour Royal of that city in which Calas fell under the axe of judiciary murder, and when Ramel was massacred by a horde of profligate rascals. The ministers take off the mask, and appear in all the nakedness of genuine Ultra Royalism, but the Frenchman merely balances between the feeling of contempt and ridicule, for a *ci-devant* prefect of Police (Pasquier) who, at the head of a few hundred ultras, has the audacity to ask, as a mark of confidence, for that absolute power, which Napoleon, although adored by a million of soldiers, exercised in all its plenitude and yet did not avow it!

I often reflect on the blindness and absurdity of the Monarchists, in their attempts to conjure up the Vampire of Feudality at such an eventful period as this! We are now very happily in an age when power is divested of all its fascinating delusion. / Have we not seen, within a short space of time, every colony shake off its oppressors, North America freed from the despotism of England, South America break the sceptre of Spain? a king of Portugal driven from his dominions and seeking a refuge beyond the seas? a king of Spain exiled to Rome, his son prisoner at Valençay, a king of France tried, condemned, and massacred, and seven princes of his family perish by a violent death? an Emperor who had shaken the world to its foundation, chained to a rock in the ocean? another monarch, after twenty five years of exile, placed on the throne of his ancestors, driven, abandoned from it, and again reinstated? all the princes of Italy banished from their states? the Pope a prisoner? a king of Na-

ples shot in the plains of Calabria? a king of Sweden dethroned, and the sceptre bestowed on an illustrious stranger? the Empire of Germany destroyed? an emperor of Austria flying from his capital? a king of Prussia on his knees before the conqueror ready to crush him? the Confederation of the Rhine created and abolished? an emperor outlawed, and crowned heads proscribed at a set price? In every part of Europe, Royalty has been "pelted by the pityless storm" of adversity, and princes have felt all the misery of the lowest condition! Thus Majesty is now but a word, and the people have been taught to feel their own importance. "In every country, (says Bernardin de St. Pierre) the people are all; but consider them as a body, isolated from the other bodies which constitute the State with them, and you will find that they are the first in antiquity, in usefulness, in number and power, since the power of other bodies flows from the people, and only exists for their benefit."

There appears to me something burlesque, and futile in the pompous show of despotism prepared by the Ministers. It is a phantom of tyranny appearing for the last time in Europe, and which seems rather a ridiculous and fantastic bog-bear, than a frightful spectre; it appears to have been conjured up to teach the present generation that violence is useless, and that the breath of derision is sufficient to annihilate it! What a spectacle is it for the politician, to behold a handful of superannuated idiots attempting to stifle one of the greatest crises of mankind, in which society wishes to destroy its ignoble shackles! At the time of the Restoration, Europe seemed to be ripe for this crisis, "but her time was not yet come." It is *now* come,

and no power under heaven will be able to prevent the explosion.

The Académie de Musique has been abandoned since the duke de Berry's murder. I am assured that a Right Reverend Bishop, who had been called to administer the consolations of religion to the dying man, said that he would not put his foot in that defiled place of vice, unless the king would consent to have it demolished ; and his majesty promised that the first theatre of the Lyric scene should be laid in ruins !

I have lately seen Talma perform a most odious character, that of Leicester, which, by the way, is Frenchified into *Lé-cess-terr*. The Earl loves Mary for the sake of her "golden hopes ;" but when he finds that he is suspected by Elizabeth, he basely betrays the unfortunate Queen. The closing scene is extremely affecting. Mary is led out to the scaffold, and Leicester remains alone upon the stage : he listens at a window to the sounds which proceed from a chamber underneath, in which the execution takes place : he hears some one praying ; he catches the sound of his own name, as if the victim was praying for him in her last agony ; a breathless and portentous silence ensues, which is at length broken by the descent of the axe ;—he utters a soul-harrowing scream, to which every nerve in the house vibrates, and falls senseless on the floor ! The deep murmuring voice of Talma exerts a tremendous and almost supernatural power : its bursting out is like a volcanic explosion of mingled passions—pity, love, self-hatred, horror, and despair, are all set forth in one wild expression of voice, countenance, and attitude !

The Emperor Julian said, fifteen centuries ago, "I

love the Parisians, because they resemble me, and because I find in them that *gravity* and *melancholy* which is the principal feature in my character." Those who are acquainted with the vivacity and good-humoured gayety of the modern Parisians, will be apt to think that, since Julian's time, considerable change has taken place in their character : however, an accurate observer cannot fail noticing a shade of suspicion and gloom hanging over their amiable levity. The various changes of fortune which have taken place these last thirty years ; the terrible abyss of the Revolution through which they were obliged to pass ; the neglect of the education of youth during that period ; and the despotic conscriptions of Bonaparte—produced a deplorable effect on the national character. During the Imperial dynasty, the young men were torn from their families, and immersed in all the disorder and immorality of a camp ; that precious time, which should have been consecrated to the Muses, was consumed in idleness and vice ; and the young men returned from the armies with a character scarcely Parisian, except in its impetuosity and frivolity. Burke says, rather harshly, that " France, when she let loose the reins of regal authority, doubled the license of a dissoluteness in manners, and of an insolent irreligion in opinion and practice ; and has extended through all ranks of life, as she were communicating some privilege, or laying open some secluded benefit, all the unhappy corruptions that usually were the disease of wealth and power." Every class of society felt the influence of the anarchical shock ; the nobles were enraged at the loss of their odious privileges, and they became sullen and morose ; the rich suspiciously guarded their

wealth which seldom escaped the greedy rapacity of the plunderers; the middling class wept in silence over the misfortunes of the country, or deplored the loss of some dear relation, the low populace degenerated into barbarians; the frequent sight of the bloody executions of the Guillotine, of licensed massacres and pillaging, entirely changed their natural good humour into the most savage ferocity. In the midst of murder, arose the monster of the Revolution or to use Marmontel's expression, "*ce colosse de fange pétri et cimenté de sang.*" If France enjoys for a long time the benefits of peace, and if liberty arrives, uncontrolled to perfection,—the natural disposition of the people will return in all its purity. But the late disastrous events are too recent in the memory, for that change to take place immediately. As soon as the last vibration of the chords, which have been touched so roughly, shall cease; the Parisian character will again shine forth with two-fold brightness.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Paris, May 29, 1820.

TO J—— D——.

I HAVE been highly diverted with Lord Blayney's "Forced Journey" through France. It is an exquisite dish of blunders. His Lordship appears to have eaten his way through Spain and France; for every page contains something about cooks and cookery and truffles! But amidst the other amusing absurdities, it is impossible to account for the deception of sight, which presented the Palais-Royal to him, as a "circular row of buildings." He must have seen it only at times when every thing seemed *to go round!* To the rest of mankind, it has always appeared a downright parallelogram! Of the numerous descriptions hitherto given of the Palais-Royal, that of Mr. Shepherd is the best: It is an extensive edifice, built in the form of a parallelogram, including a large garden, ornamented with trees, and laid out in straight gravel walks. It was formerly the property of the late Duke of Orleans, who converted the apartments on the ground floor into shops, the rent of which composed a considerable part of his overgrown revenue. In the Palais-Royal, are united all the pleasures, misery and vices of the world. A man could spend his life there, and satisfy all his tastes, without ever forming a wish to go out of its limits; where, was he philosophic, he

could find ample provision for his taste in the reading rooms and bookseller's shops. Is he an epicure? all the productions of Nature and Art, are displayed in the galleries. If a devotee to Bacchus, the most delicious wines can be procured here. Is he fond of those "ecstasies too fierce to last for ever?—but I must draw an impenetrable veil over scenes which would have tempted Messalina, "Palatino tegetem preferre cubile!"

In the piazzas, gardens, alleys, and on the benches and chairs so tastefully arranged, a thousand loose women, constantly spread the net of destruction. The full blaze of light poured forth from the lamps, illuminates the galleries, and the gardens. On the first and second stories, are presented dreadful scenes of vice and misery; here,

"————— the sons of riot flow

"Down the louse stream of false enchanted joy

"To swift destruction—————."

I have been told, that, in one house, the ground floor is occupied by a seller of arms, the first story by a Restaurateur, the second by a gambling shop. the third by a prostitute, and the fourth by a Priest! So that if the gamester is lucky, he can call on the Syren and treat her at the Restaurant! if he is unfortunate, he can buy a pistol from the gunsmith, confess himself to the priest, and blow his brains out in the attic!!

The big herculanean dogs, which do the business of horses, are often very troublesome; their carts being small, the dogs trot near the houses, and thus make dreadful havock with all the unlucky toes in

their way, not to mention the filth they scatter from their greasy vehicles? It was formerly the fashion to have great dogs running after the carriages of the beau-monde. Rousseau was laid sprawling in the road to Menil-Montant, by a Danish Dog which ran before an elegant equipage. The gentleman who was riding in the carriage, having heard next day the name of the philosopher, sent his servant to know what he could do for him. "Keep your dog in better for the future"—answered Jean-Jacques with the utmost coolness!

I have lately visited the flower market, which is one of the most beautiful establishments of the kind I have ever beheld. Flora reigns here, and revels. Two copious fountains refresh the plants, which are drooping in the rays of the sun. This is the only work of art seen in this place, consecrated to nature: on all sides we observed the most beautifully coloured and sweetest flowers, and we breathed an atmosphere impregnated with their delicious exhalations. Among others which "dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass,"

" — The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,

" Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems colour'd by its skies."

The roses, the tulips, the ranunculas, which border the long alleys of the Quai, present the image of Spring in all her luxuriance; it is particularly in that delightful season that the flower market is charming; you imagine that you are walking through a well-cultivated garden, "the mild air of which," says an elegant writer, "comes stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life into nature, and wooing every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty."

LETTER LXXXVII.

Paris, June 8, 1820.

YESTERDAY Louvel expiated his crime on the scaffold. At least two hundred thousand persons covered the place de l'Hôtel de Ville, the quays and bridges, to witness the assassin in his progress from the Conciergerie to the guillotine. The windows of the houses along the quays through which the cart was to pass, were let at an exorbitant price ; and it is asserted by the *Journal de Paris*, that a couple of Englishmen paid four hundred francs for a window facing the place de Grève ! At six o'clock, the cart entered the square, with Louvel, and a priest, who was in vain trying to fix his attention on the awful subject of religion : his looks were haggard, his countenance pale, but his demeanour bold and determined.

" There was in him a vital scorn of all,
" As if the worst had fall'n that could befall ;
" He stood a stranger to this breathing world,
" An erring spirit from another hurl'd."

A sort of buzz of horror resounded from the multitude, as the axe separated his head from his body. I found much difficulty in making my way home through the crowd ; but there were no excesses committed, owing, in great part, to the soldiers. However, if there had not been a single gendarme, no one would have attempted the rescue of the assassin. He was

(like the crime he committed) isolated from every thing human !

In order to divert the melancholy always excited by such dreadful objects, I went in the evening to the Théâtre de Pierre, which, although generally little known to strangers, is one of the greatest curiosities in Paris. The design of this ingenious establishment is to represent the wonders of nature and art in varying scenes, animated by moving objects. One of the most enchanting, is the break of day, and rising of the sun near the sea shore. I saw the clouds open gradually from right to left, rolling over one another in revolving wreaths, and the tide, as it flowed upon the shore, first frothy white, then mildly dyed with purple and yellow ;—all at once, the horizon was streaked with a line of indescribable brightness, that soon gathered into an orb of glory, too insupportably splendid to be gazed on ! Another decoration represents the evening ; in this, the agreeable illusion afforded by the progressive splendour of the queen of night, produces an effect which, to be felt, must be seen. The gradual formation of twilight, by the sinking of the sun below the horizon, with the rising of the moon, first blood-red, and gradually assuming a silvery brightness, by the dissipation of the vapour, are presented with infinite truth and accuracy. In the Storm at Sea, may be seen the real “ darkness visible” of Milton. The clouds are seen gradually darkening ; thunder growls and lightning flashes, either in bursts of light, which permit the objects to be discerned, or by streaks which seem emanating from heaven ! The sea is troubled, and the waves parting, almost engulph the vessels which are tossed on its bosom. The tragic scene is at

length terminated by the sinking of a ship, which presents to the beholder "plurima mortis imago."

This sublime and awful picture, is delightfully contrasted by enchanting landscapes, in which Nature is seen in all the "blessedness and glory of her deep, calm, and mighty existence." In one lovely scene, a large serpent advances over the grass, and seems by its guileful tricks to enhance the charm presented by the soothing stillness of the landscape.

"_____ Oft he bowed
"His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,
"Fawning _____."

I am sorry to hear of the medical wrangling in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and rather think that the sage doctors are scribbling against each other in order to be talked of by the public. This is very disgraceful to the profession, and does it more injury than the satire of all the Molières and Le Sages in the world. I almost think myself called on to vindicate that noble profession, "bien que je n'en tiennne pas, boutique" as Madame de Sévigné says!

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Paris, June 12, 1820.

Is suicide more common at Paris now than it was formerly? I do not think so. In the *bon vieux temps* the unhappy instances of self-destruction, were concealed from public notice: at present every case of suicide is mentioned in the public journals, and often with invidious comments. The fanatical priests deny as much as in their power, the religious ceremonies of the church to suicides. The Abbé de la Mennais, has defended this brutal interdiction in one of the numbers of the *Conservateur*. He attributes the prevalence of suicide to the Revolution, and the influence of modern philosophy! Mercier gives the best answer to this absurd assertion: "Those who put an end to their lives, not knowing how to gain their bread, are any thing but philosophers; they are poor wretches, tired of life because they know not how to satisfy the cravings of Nature!"

The number of suicides is much greater in London, than in Paris. In the latter place, indigence or absolute ruin, are almost the only cause of self destruction. The Parisian has a fund of gayety sufficient to ward off the suggestions of any depressing passion, but the most abject despair. On the other hand, instances of suicide are frequently met with in respectable classes in England, and the cause can be traced to a "*tædium vitæ*," or spleen, induced by their natural gloomi-

ness, their manner of living, and their foggy atmosphere. Lately in London, a woman of respectability was found very calmly cutting her throat before her looking-glass, with a basin under her chin to catch the blood! A man in Bedlam, from whom every offensive weapon was removed, was caught scooping his eye out with a piece of queensware, which he had picked up! The death which Vatel inflicted on himself at Chantilly, because he could not get fresh fish time enough for the supper of Louis XIV., is related by Madame de Sévigné in her usual charming style. "Vatel monte à sa chambre, met son épée contre la porte, et se la passe au travers du cœur; mais ce ne fut qu' au troisième coup, car il s'en donna deux qui n'étaient pas mortels; il tombe mort. La marée cependant arrive de tous côtés; on cherche Vatel pour la distribuer, on va à sa chambre, on heurte, on enfonce la porte, on le trouve noyé dans son sang."

The bodies of suicides that no one will own, are carried to that horrid den, that cave of Trophonius, the *Morgue*, where they are stripped, and exposed naked on an inclined plane, until they are reclaimed or buried, although they do not receive "*Arenæ ossibus, et capiti inhumato particulam.*" (Hor.) The bodies of those who drown themselves in the Seine, float down the river, if not fished up, until they are stopped by the nets of St. Cloud.

In the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, there are two letters on suicide, one eloquently defending it, and the other as eloquently reprobating it. Montaigne apologizes for suicide in one passage, and rails against it in another. He says "*la volontaire mort est la plus belle.*" A French officer lately shot himself; near his body was found a

volume of Montaigne, with the leaf turned down at the passage alluded to. It is well known that Robeck wrote a voluminous apology for a crime which he meditated. He killed himself with the same sang froid with which he wrote his book! Madame de Staël, in her *Letter, sur les Ouvrages et le Caractère de J. J. Rousseau*, expresses a suspicion that this distinguished writer put an end to his existence. "The morning on which Rousseau died, "says she," he arose in perfect health, and said he was going to see the sun for the last time; and before leaving the house, took a dish of coffee which he made himself. He came in sometime afterwards, and then began to suffer the most horrible agonies in the midst of which he expired." This is contradicted by Madame de Girardin, in a letter to Madame de Staël.

The procession of the Corpus Christi this season, was far from being splendid on the first Sunday of the ceremonies; but on the second, all the pomp of the Catholic religion was displayed. The day was beautiful, so that to use the language of De Jouy, "it appeared, that heaven was in the secret of the fête." The streets through which the procession was to pass, were hung with Gobelin tapestry. The figures embroidered on the carpets, represented the loves of Venus and Adonis, and the sufferings of the martyrs! a feast of Bacchanalians, and the holy supper! the devotion of an anchorite! Four beautiful columns, adorned with wreaths of roses embracing them in a spiral direction, sustained the dome of the Reposoir from which was suspended golden cloth; the altar was supported on a scaffold covered with Turkey carpets.

There is no law obliging the Protestants to cover

the fronts of their houses with carpets, &c. Some-time ago M. Romain, a member of the reform church at Aix, was taxed for refusing to display his tapestry during a procession. Romain had the fine confirmed by two courts, to which he appealed; but the Court of Cassation has annulled these stupid decrees. In the beautiful discourse which M. Barrot delivered in defence of M. Romain, he made use of a happy expression: "The law is atheistical and it ought to be." The Jesuitical faction, immediately took fire at this impious assertion, although they knew very well, that it was a mere figure of speech, to explain the inflexible impartiality and tolerance of the laws. On reading their incendiary stuff, one would be apt to imagine that these sectaries wished to renew the horrors of St. Bartholomew's day! The assassins of the South may still conceive hopes of butchering their fellow-citizens under colour of religious zeal, and the *rabats* may scribble in the Journals: but they will never produce another St. Bartholomew at Paris. The priests and their jargon are laughed at, and the gay Parisians will sooner be amused than inflamed by modern religious contests and jesuitical *jérémiads*!

LETTER LXXXIX.

Paris, June 21, 1820.

I HAVE been accustomed for some time, to note down every thing remarkable which I learn in French society. Last week I enjoyed a very delightful and instructive company, in which M. de Jouy, Fievée, Madame de Cretot, and an old politician who had passed a great part of his time in Russia, were present. The conversation at first turned on the character of Bonaparte. Having read an instructive article in the Quarterly Review the day before, I attempted to give the same abstract of his character, as is there laid down. The impossibility of quiescence, has been the mainspring of his fortune and fate. Conqueror of Italy and idol of France, he was still unsatisfied. First Consul—sole Consul—Consul for ten years—for life—Emperor!—King of Italy—protector of Germany—mediator of Switzerland—Sovereign of Holland—an Arbiter of Europe,—he could not rest!*

* The greatest of Conquerors, in an age when great conquests appeared no longer possible; the most splendid of usurpers, when usurpation had not been heard of for centuries—who entered in triumph almost all the capitals of Continental Europe, and led at last to his bed the daughter of her proudest sovereign—who sat up kings and put them down at his pleasure; and, for sixteen years, defied alike the swords of his foreign enemies, and the daggers of his domestic factions. This is a man on whom future generations must yet sit in judgment.”—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxx,

Then followed the Spanish paroxysm—and a new German war, and a Prussian war, and a Polish war, and a Russian war—Moscow and all its consequences,—Elba,—Waterloo,—and St. Helena! “The best description to be given of him, (exclaimed an old ultra, after a hearty pinch of snuff,) is as *Robespierre à cheval*.”

The conversation insensibly turned on the murder of Paul I. of Russia. The old gentleman, who was at Petersburg at the time (1801) gave some interesting details on that subject. After Suwarrow's defeat by Masséna, Paul joined France and seized the English goods in his dominions. On this, Lord Nelson was despatched to Copenhagen, and the gentleman just spoken of, suspects the English of having had some hand in the bloody scene which took place in the palais Michel.

On the death of Catherine II., Paul gave full scope to his wild and disorderly passions, which had been fettered down by his mother, during her life time; but even in the riot of his disorders, one could discern a mind which would have done honour to the throne, had it been more carefully cultivated. “At length,” (says Madame de Staël,) “his passions encompass'd him on all sides like the serpents of Laocoon,” like Nero, he finally threw off all restraint, and appeared in the nakedness of despotism. He always kept a list of proscriptions, and resolved to let no one live near him, on whose fidelity he had the slightest suspicion,

“And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,

“Hope withering fled, and Mercy cried farewell.

M. de Pahlen was then Prime Minister of Russia ; he was the servile instrument of the Emperor's passions ; but this modern Sejanus, at length, suspecting that his own name was on the fatal proscription list, he conferred with the Grand Duke, Alexander, on the measures to be adopted, and found him but too ready to listen to his overtures ; a conspiracy was formed to dethrone the Emperor, and the night of the 23d March, 1801, was fixed for the accomplishment of their traitorous designs.

Paul had retired to his Chamber in the Palais Michel, an impregnable fortress, flanked with bastions ; none but Pahlen knew the out-lets, trap-doors, and " passages that lead to nothing," by which human contrivance had secured his Majesty from intrusion. The assassins collected by the traitorous minister, were about sixty in number, and had all been well plied with wine. Bennixen and Subow (the last favourite of the voluptuous Catherine) commanded the horde. After some difficulty, they made their way to the Emperor's bed chamber ; but to the consternation of Subow, Paul had left his bed. He had concealed himself behind a screen, where he remained almost motionless with fear. " Sire," exclaimed the traitor, " you are our prisoner, by order of the *Emperor* Alexander ; you had better make no resistance, as your life would be endangered." " What have I done to deserve this treatment?" said Paul. " You, have been martyring us for the last four years," answered one of the ruffians.

During this scene, the Grand Dukes, with their wives, were in an apartment immediately below their father's, where they waited to learn the issue of the

conspiracy. A party of desperadoes headed by Prince Tatchwill (who was extremely intoxicated) now entered the Imperial room. Some of the conspirators, less ferocious than the rest, were for sparing their master; but Tatchwill's horde insisted on despatching him.

The Prince threw himself on the unfortunate Monarch, and in his fall with him, threw down and extinguished the lamp. The remaining scene of midnight horror was passed in the dark. Bennixen left the room in search of a candle, and on his return he found Paul lying dead on the floor. The ruffians had strangled him by means of a scarf. He made but a feeble resistance, being paralyzed with fear, having only passed his hand between his neck and the scarf, and cried out, "Gentlemen, for heaven's sake, spare me! Give me but time to make my peace with God!" "Go make it with the d——l!" exclaimed one of the inhuman monsters, as he stopped the breath of his victim.

Immediately after this murder—before death had spread its freezing coldness over the Monarch's corpse—the Empress and Grand Duke quarrelled about their respective rights. She wished to act over the part of Catharine II., and insisted, that since she had been crowned, allegiance was due to her alone. At length, Pahlen hurried off Alexander to receive the oaths of fidelity from the grand dignitaries of the empire; and the Empress was persuaded to give up her pretensions in favour of her son. In the interim, the report was circulated that Paul had suddenly died of an apoplexy; and they even ordered his body to be opened, to ascertain the cause of his death! Paul was expos-

ed fifteen days on a bed of state, and at length was entombed with his fathers, with the "pomp and glorious circumstances" usual on such occasions. I have only this one fact to add, that not one of the Emperor's assassins has suffered the punishment due to traitors; and Pahlen, who instigated the murder, now lives in ease and affluence!

By the Law of Elections, the number of Deputies is increased from two hundred and fifty-eight to four hundred and thirty. An addition of one hundred and seventy-two will be made to the next Session, in order to complete the four hundred and thirty members. This law passed after a very tumultuous discussion of a month's continuance. It is certainly bad enough; but an amendment, proposed by M. Boin, has prevented it from being completely execrable. During the stormy debates, Paris presented the same awful picture as in 1789. Immense numbers of anxious citizens assembled about the House of Deputies, and the cry of "*Vive la Charte!*" "*Vivent les Libéraux!*" resounded on all sides. The Marquis de Chauvelin, who had himself carried to the Chamber in a sedan-chair, appeared in the crowd, and was greeted with enthusiastic peals of applause. He had left the bed of sickness in order to assist at the debates. Like the immortal Chatham, he was transported to the house, although suffering under the agony of pain; and like Chatham, he determined rather to expire in defending the cause of truth, than to consult his own safety by a pusillanimous retreat!

In the discussion of the Budget, in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Rodet read the twenty-fifth article of the capitulation entered into between the French Govern-

ment and the Swiss Cantons. It runs thus : " The Swiss troops shall preserve the free exercise of their justice as before 1789, and the men who belong to them shall in no case be amenable for acts of discipline, offences, or crimes, to any other than Swiss military tribunals." So that whatever crime the Swiss may commit, however they may choose to insult the French people, they are, forsooth, to be their own judges! However tyrannical Napoleon is represented to have been, he was never afraid to appear amidst his subjects : he surrounded himself with soldiers ; but they were French soldiers. He would never have permitted Swiss troops to trample with impunity on the people over whom he ruled.

I have taken my seat in a *Vélocifère*, for Havre, where I will probably embark without delay for America. If the opportunities from that port are not favourable, I shall set off for England, and take passage from Liverpool. It is therefore very probable that I will be with you in August ; but I fear that the recollection of the advantages I enjoyed at Paris, will somewhat dampen the pleasure of my return. When I shall be fixed at home, without any hopes of revisiting this country, without one of those resources which induced Madame de Staël to say that " Paris is the only city in the world where one is able to enjoy happiness," then I will feel more sensibly the little faults inseparable from the commerce of life. In the meantime, I picture to myself the many agreeable scenes which I will witness on my return.

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,

" Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;

" 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark

" Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

LETTER XC.

Liverpool, July 7, 1820.

As I will not set sail till the *Telegraph* is ready, I send you these lines by a vessel which will leave this port to-morrow morning for New-York. Nothing is heard of in town and country, but the affair of the Queen ; all public business is suspended in both houses of Parliament, and their *high mightinesses* make the air resound with the discoveries of the Secret Committee, Bill of Pains, and the Green Bag ! " Here, for a whole fortnight," says the *Examiner*, " has the dispute of a King and Queen been the tattle of the town and kingdom. The noise has been a million times greater than that of an ill-assorted husband and wife, scolding in an alley, with all the neighbours' nightcaps looking out of the windows !" All this does not speak much to the honour of the English character, and a superficial observer would be apt to conclude, that the people of England had not much improved, since the chivalrous days of the Knight of *Ivanhoe*. " They are a fierce race ; quarrelling ever with their neighbours or among themselves ; and ready to plunge the sword into the bowels of each other."

Every attack sustained by the Queen, has been the signal for a fresh attack. As soon as her friend Pitt departed, the Douglas conspiracy was trumped up against her majesty. This foul plot was dispersed by the enthusiastic and dauntless Percival : who after-

wards perished by the hand of a dark and bloody assassin, and his murder was the signal for a new affront to the unfortunate princess: then appeared the Order in Council restraining all intercourse between her majesty, and the princess Charlotte. Her daughter fell a victim to some savage wickedness, and the people had scarcely "stopp'd the source of sympathetic tears" for her loss, when the fiendish Milan commission was hatched! To close this "sad eventful history," the very day in which George III. was entombed with his grandchild, that very day the execrable Majocchi paid his first visit to Carlton House!

After such cruel persecutions, it is time that the Queen should enjoy repose. In her younger days, she was better able to support her manifold afflictions; the sorrows of the young are seldom of long duration: "their growing minds" (says the Author of the *Sketch Book*,) "soon close over the wound, their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure, their green and ductile affections soon twine around new objects."

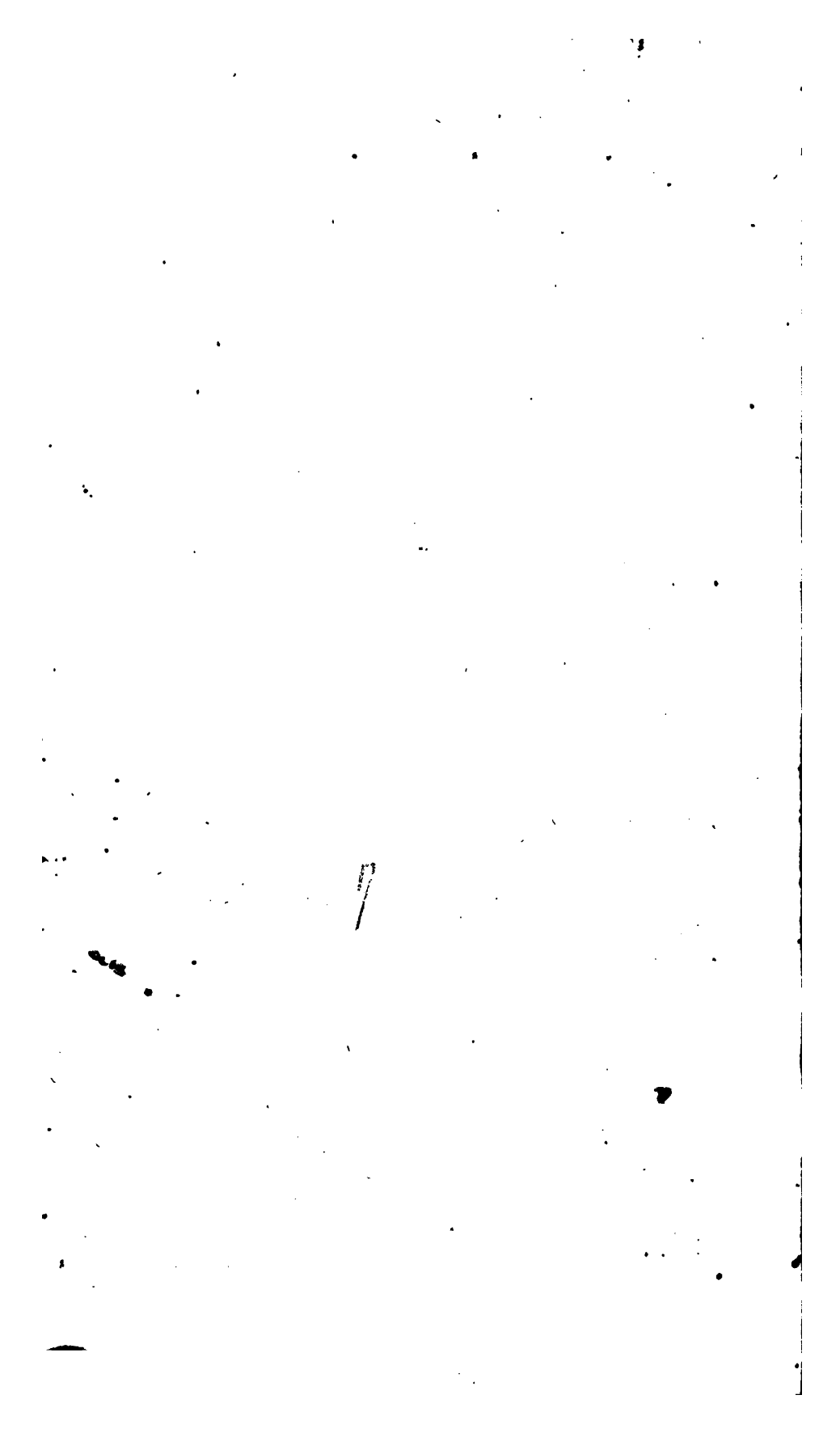
Before I left London, I called on Mons. Godefroy of Baltimore. He gave me a long description of his misfortunes, the death of his step-daughter, his pecuniary losses, and the conduct of "his better half." I never beheld an object so venerable and affecting, as M. Godefroy; he appears to be extremely melancholy. Yet wretched and lowly as he is, there are frequent flashes of illumination through his misery, his mind preserves the majesty of a shattered edifice, the hues of which have been "sobered by the passing wings of time." The ill success of this man is a satire against the city in which his talents received no encouragement!

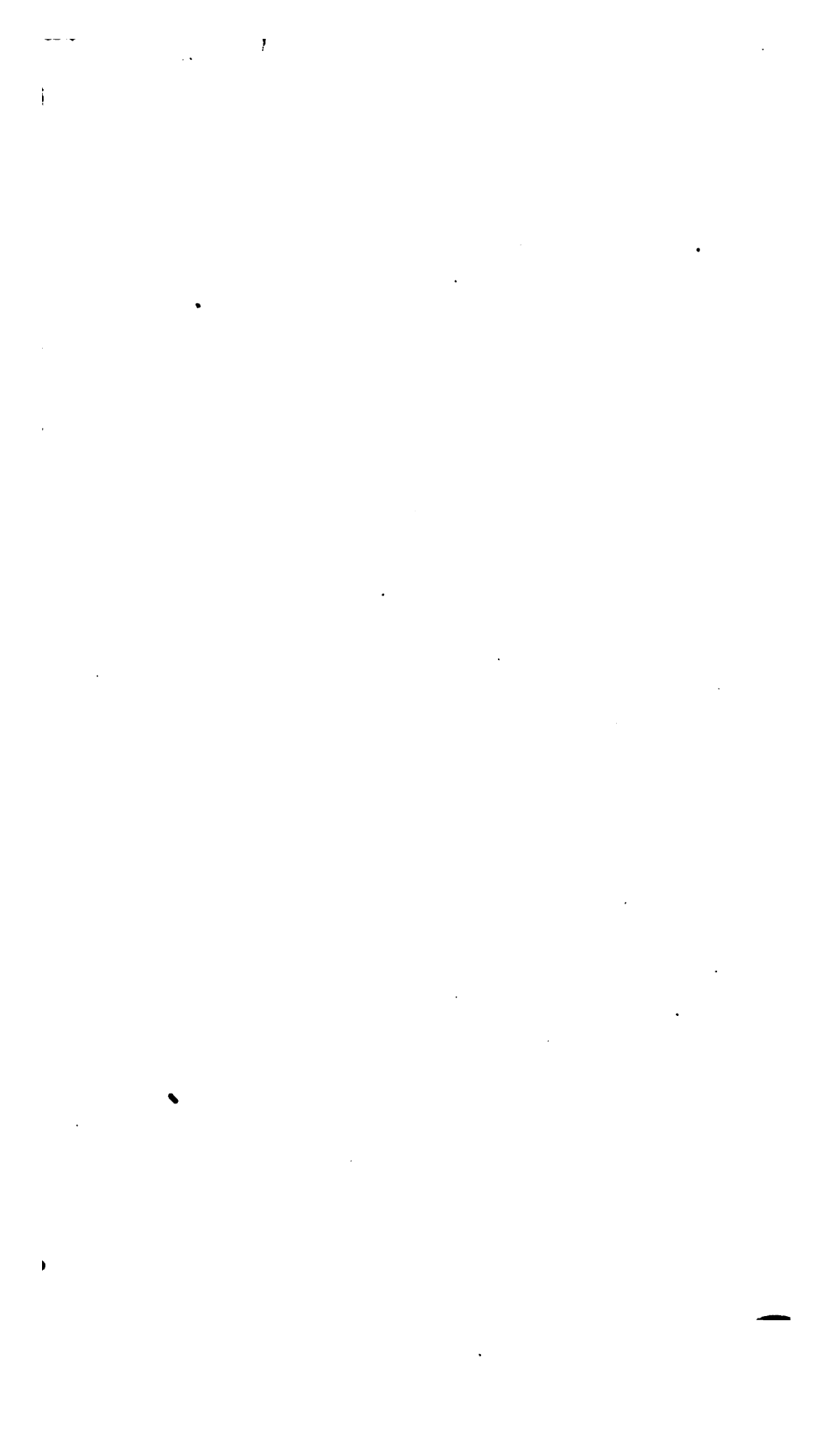
I often take solitary walks along the sea shore, and as I look on the vast expanse, either "diffused in glassy breath," or rising in gentle billows, I frequently repeat the following beautiful and sublime lines,

"O thou vast Ocean ! Ever sounding Sea !
"Thou symbol of a drear immensity !
"Thou thing that windest round the solid world
"Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
"From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone
"Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone."

THE END.

J. & J. HARPER, PRINTERS,
230 Pearl-street.





3 DUAN 29 1915

